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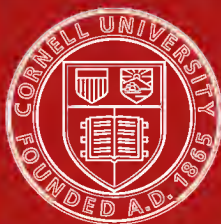
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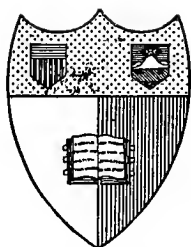
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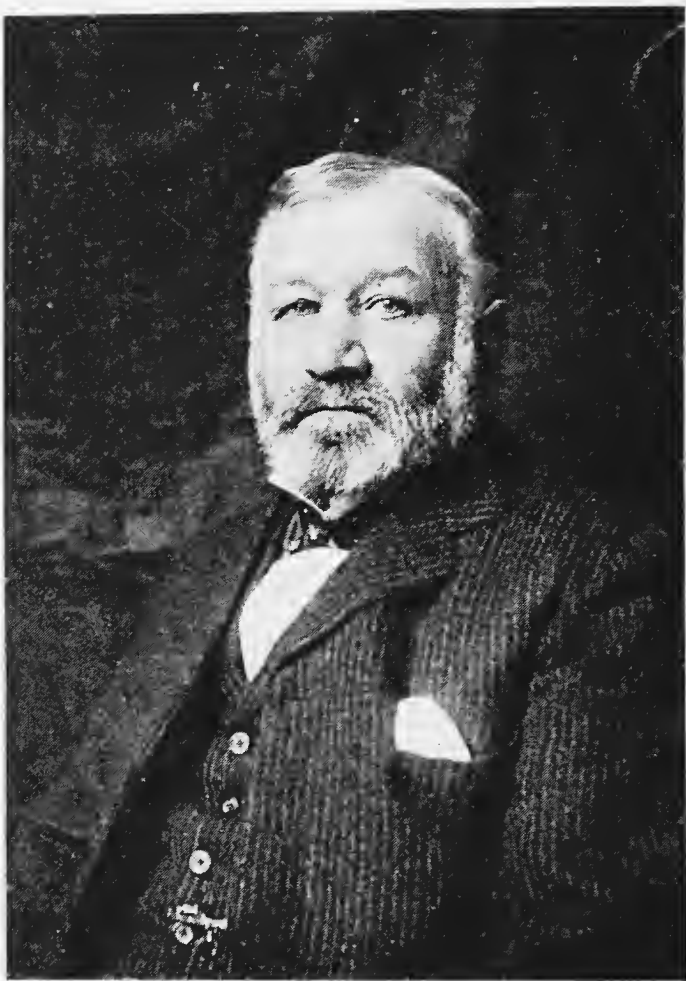
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RICHARD CROKER



RICHARD CROKER.

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RICHARD CROKER

By

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

Author of

"Wolfville," "Sandburrs"

Etc.



New York

Life Publishing Company

1901



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THE CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
AN AUTHOR'S ARGUMENT,	xiii
I. AN ANCESTRY,	1
II. CROKER'S PARENTAGE,	12
III. SCHOOL DAYS—A TRADE,	30
IV. ATHLETICS—SELF-DEFENSE,	42
V. THE PRIZE FIGHTER,	54
VI. SOME SMALL CHANGE,	69
VII. A CHARACTER STUDY,	82
VIII. MORE SUBSIDIARY COIN,	97
IX. SOME CHURCH THOUGHTS,	117
X. BALLOT DUTIES,	134
XI. ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO,	169
XII. BURR AND TAMMANY,	181
XIII. THE VENGEANCE,	202
XIV. JOHN KELLY,	224
XV. AN EX-PRESIDENT,	251
XVI. SNOBS, MY MASTERS !	272
XVII. HILL AND GORMAN,	288
XVIII. BRYAN AND A PRESIDENCY,	310
XIX. THE REFORMERS,	333
XX. THE TRUSTS,	348

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

RICHARD CROKER,	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
RICHARD CROKER AS A YOUTH, . . .	<i>Facing page</i> 26
TAMMANY HALL,	“ 42
RICHARD CROKER'S OFFICE AT TAMMANY HALL, . . .	“ 74
JOHN KELLY,	“ 90
THE TAMMANY HALL PORTRAIT OF RICHARD CROKER,	“ 106
EXTERIOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB, . . .	“ 122
MAIN HALL OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB, . . .	“ 154
JOHN J. SCANNELL,	“ 170
FIREPLACE IN CAFÉ OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB, . . .	“ 186
STATUE OF ST. TAMMANY FROM THE FAÇADE OF TAMMANY HALL,	“ 218
ARTHUR PUE GORMAN,	“ 250
MEETING ROOM OF THE EXECUTIVE COM- MITTEE OF TAMMANY HALL,	“ 282
GROVER CLEVELAND,	“ 314
DAVID B. HILL,	“ 346
THE TAMMANY MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG, . . .	“ 362

DEDICATION.

To the HON. OLIVER H. P. BELMONT.

Dear Sir: As a mark of my respect and friendship, sentiments which find root in those several years we were together in relations of close social and business kind, I dedicate this volume to you. And thereby I more especially desire to testify my admiration of those qualities of honesty, courage, generous energy, and a fair and democratic Americanism which move you to strive in the general interest rather than the narrower service of yourself. Often I have considered that the most desperate test to which man's nature can be subjected is the inheritance of great wealth. To begin poor, and amass riches and retain them, and be safe from life's commencement to its close, are common and, indeed, natural conditions. But to be born with great wealth—to be wealthy without effort and when young, blights more frequently than it benefits, and becomes the very reason of ruin oftener than anything else. One has but to call the roll of one's own acquaintance to be taught the perils that lie in ambush in a cradle full of gold. Beyond other effects such condition of earliest wealth is prone to sap one's energy and destroy one's hard capacity for toil. I do not now speak of him who picks up a system of gainful commerce when it falls from the dead hands of a forbear; who goes on with an existing enterprise which runs of its own momentum; and who offers the spectacle rather of being conducted by a business than of conducting one. There are herds of these, of any

one of whom it might be said that a fortune inherited him and not he a fortune. No; I mean an energy that is original and a toil that plows new fields. And it is the assertion within you of this virile energy, and a work-willingness, and that despite the handicap of riches yours from the first, that challenges my applause. Work when one feels the spur of need in one's flank or shoulder is a leap we all will take. But to toil when no selfish occasion compels, and when the coaxing idleness of some pleasant pleasure allures, is a thought too hardy for most of us who must be driven to every field of effort and held there under guard. So rare are folk of this sort that, aside from yourself, of those scores of Rich-when-born whom I've encountered, I noted but three who, with tempers fine enough to resist those moral delinquencies that are the seeds of a sweet destruction, had also the honesty, courage, and energy of initiative in combination which will attempt new paths, and strive in a great enterprise for a reason not self. These were Messrs. Hearst of the *Journal*, Roosevelt of the Vice-Presidency, and Cable, one time Congressman from the Rock Island District, Illinois. You, or any of these, are, to my mind, among the best examples of man, and a far nobler headland for our youth to steer by than is he who, adding to a healthful and coercive poverty some genius for voracity and to make a prey, has conquered to himself a mountain of money to no one's good but his own. It is for these qualities I touch my hat to you; and hoping for your future that success which I do not doubt it will have, I remain,

Sincerely your friend,

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

AN AUTHOR'S ARGUMENT.

FIRST among the arts is the art of existence. And one may make of one's life a picture whereof the framing shall be one's birth and death. The picture in its making will be much within one's own hands. It may show bright or dark, sunshine or storm, tragedy or comedy; and it will entertain, or teach a lesson, or be a warning. And in this life-picture, for either its beauty or interest, that trade or purpose to which one betakes one's self, wherewith to live or to kill one's time, is not of so much moment as those who only casually regard the subject might apprehend. All that is requisite in order that one's life may go "on the line" as of the best pictures is to be best and first of one's degree.

There is a good story in the life of every man. But the best stories will be the stories of those selected as the best lawyer and farmer and preacher and pirate and soldier and doctor and writer and politician and mechanic and fop and wit and what else one will. Whatever one's class, and whether the world call it humble or high, if one be but particular to stand at its head, one's story will be worth the telling, and hailed as of first and purest merit as a tale.

Of course, according to a taste, one onlooker will affect this picture and another that; one will peruse the dominie while another burns oil to read the buccaneer. Some, even, will prefer the fop. Byron was of

these, and solemnly protested that he would rather be George Brummel than Napoleon. And, truly! where is the better picture, or the better story, than a fop who is perfect in consistency and complete in each respect?

There was Scrope Davies, for example, whom Byron loved as well as he did Brummel and to whom he dedicated his "*Parisina*." Scrope was a neat and formidable contestant against Brummel for the crown of the Kingdom of Dandy; and, holding his own in all else—for Scrope was wit and scholar as well as beau—was only at last defeated by the desperate perfection of his rival's cravats.

Byron speaks of Scrope, and amuses one with his brief sketch of an evening—"At the Cocoa with Scrope Davies. Sat from six till midnight. Drank between us one bottle of champagne and six of claret. Offered to take Scrope home in my carriage; but he was tipsy and pious, and I was obliged to leave him on his knees praying to I know not what purpose or pagod."

Scrope was quite as difficult a picture, and just as perfect, as was Cæsar at the head of his Romans. The story of Scrope would be as interesting as that of Cæsar, and worth as much to men.

Become of the best of one's sort, and one will be entitled to go on the shelf as of the best books, or on the wall as of the best pictures, and hold one's own with competition.

Richard Croker is a politician and peerless of his kind. Which is why this book is written. Hate may deny and Envy frame a sneer and Defeat appeal the gods in contradiction; yet Richard Croker, the most

potential figure of the greatest city of the greatest State of the greatest country of the world, can be no too-little subject for any page or pen.

NEW YORK CITY,

May 10th, 1901.

RICHARD CROKER.

I.

AN ANCESTRY.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

—*King Richard II.*

THIS work is to have concern with Richard Croker. And while, by all known rules of book-building, what immediately follows should be named for its most part, "Preface," it is deemed well to make of it a chapter. There is a wisdom in this. A preface, commonly, is nothing set forth in from two hundred to ten thousand words, dependent for length on the writer's genius for preface. It is barren of idea, bankrupt of fact—a desert of inky desolation. This preface-waste of types, thrown between the reader and the book, does harm. It sucks up not infrequently those streams of popular interest which might otherwise have reached the book. No, of a verity! a preface is a disaster to reader and to writer both. It is a scarecrow to frighten timid fowl from that corn of fact or fancy lying just beyond. Therefore, let us have no prefaces. Let us in pleasant stead have chapters, as matters much more likely to win the eye of general interest. There was never the man save one

who might with safety hail himself master of preface—that was Walter Scott. He threw out and managed these skirmish lines of literature with a skill as rare as brilliant. With Scott the preface was often better than the book.

This volume, then, is to deal with Richard Croker, and in measure tell his story. Still, one is not to call it a biography. I, who write, have neither the bent nor yet such load of detail needed for one of those painful, hair-line etchings known to book-commerce as biographies. Again, your biography, worth the term, should have deference to a day at least a quarter of a century after its subject is successfully dead—until he who is to be biographed is locked in that sure stronghold of the grave. This work, as against all other titles, might best be styled a sketch. And while there is nothing in a name there is much in an example, and it would be well if, of writers past and present, we might pick on one to guide by. Macaulay did this sort of thing for a stout list of gentlemen, all good and dead to-day. Macaulay named them “Essays.” But one may not go too close in imitation of Macaulay. Our perfervid Scot was much warped of partisanship. Macaulay was thrilling, but untrue. Carlyle, another Scotchman with a French pen, left cords of similar contribution, doubly amazing for vigorous phrasing and anæmic veracity. Hazlett was another who, in his “Spirit of the Age,” followed this trail to market, and sold a deal of good wormwood to make a bad, poor living withal. Of the world’s sketch-writers, Plutarch succeeded the highest. Our Roman, like Izaak Walton, who, three centuries ago, was a later Plutarch in a little way to Wotten, Donne, and others,

baptized his efforts "Lives." But we forage too far and to no good end among these dust-heaps of dead time. None of them is a model. Let us get back to our task and depend on ourselves.

In dressing the stone, and mixing the mortar, and laying the walls of this story, there shall be but one purpose: The sole, lone target aimed at shall be truth. It may be well to wear this statement in one's mind. A procession of mendacity, in a very lock-step of lies, will follow Richard Croker to the end. It will be marshaled by partisanship, recruited by jealousy, and led by his foes. It is worth while, therefore, since none cuts coupons from any bond of error, to create a place in print where the truth of Richard Croker can be had. This is to be no attack, no defense; it is neither to blame nor to praise. "Sir Oliver," quoth Sir Peter Teazle, "we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better." The ill-used baronet's wisdom in this last fulsome behalf shall be to us a chart. No, there's to be neither love, nor hate, nor praise, nor censure, nor bouquets, nor brickbats, nor interest personal or political, from one cover to the other. Truth shall be the watchword, first as last. 'Tis a commodity grand, popular, and scarce—that Truth. There's little of it told; there's little of it sold. For which reasons, Truth, where and for what cause it comes to market, should carry that interest and selling quality commonly stated of hot cakes.

It is a fashion when one writes of folk of eminence, advertisement, and power, to plant some space with their pedigrees. Whether the subject be some kinless loon, or one rich in ancestry, is ever of deep im-

portance; especially in America, emphatically in New York. There are—by averment of the sole agents of these shores—more “Burke’s Peerages” sold each year in New York City than in London and all England. There are more carriages to be seen in any New York City day bedight with the coat-armor of the free and democratic American inside, than would roll by one in London in a week. And wherefore not? The veriest pessimist of lineage and heraldry would fain concede you full two thousand families of this city, whose rights rest on the Four Hundred, and who trace themselves to forefathers who “came over with the Conqueror.” True, not a few of these, our American nobility, have no knowledge of the “Conqueror”; whether of his name, his person, or that day of which he lived. They know not what he “conquered,” nor what he “came over”; they ken neither his start nor his stop—where he was nor where he went. Nor why. Admit it all: what then? Our hopeful patricians are still clear as to the coat of arms, and that forbear who “came with the Conqueror.”

One is not to suppose, however, for that it is common as a genealogical feat in New York City, Richard Croker in his ancestry is here to be back-tracked to the Norman. One is sure of the Croker line no further away than Cromwell. Still, this is well; for Cromwell himself in his day was quite a comfortable form of conqueror; and it is better than an even chance, had he been at Hastings that far hour instead of Harold, bold William with his ambitions would have gone limping back to France.

Richard Croker was born in 1843. He saw his first sun in Ireland, not over far from Cork and in the

farm regions about the hamlet of Castletownroche. His father was Eyra Coote Croker. In their original the Crokers were English, and came into Ireland with Cromwell as officers in his army of invasion. These Cromwell Crokers had celebration in their time for much soldierly stubbornness of heart and arm. They would face anything, fight anything, whether in public or in private war; and stood touchily upon their honor. There were Crokers in the army, in literature, in law, in parliament. They were of the gentry; but lacking thrift and prudence, and with an overpowering bent to wager their substance on dice, cards, and horses, no Croker of the olden time was very rich for very long. For two centuries and a half after Cromwell, those Crokers who remained in Ireland and their descendants, when not in the law or the army, were "gentlemen farmers." But whatever they were, they raced and rode and hunted and wagered and fought. Withal, they were strong in an inherited Presbyterianism; than which last-named virtue, "there is nothing," says some sage of arms, "so good to stiffen a line of battle."

Speaking of duels, it is said by some that it was a Croker who challenged that Castlereagh who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the earliest years of last century. The firebrand Croker aforesaid had been insulted by a beggarly gauger; and not caring to fight so low a fellow, and reflecting that Castlereagh as the highest civic authority must own the gauger for his minion, he sent a cartel to that nobleman as to one who by his agent had worked the offense. Castlereagh was discouraged. He opposed the construction of such a precedent. If he, as Lord Lieutenant, was to be

paraded at ten paces for the misdeeds of every ignoble gauger on his lists, his days would be filled with powder smoke, and his trusty "saw-handles" kept barking from morning till dark.

Castlereagh submitted these views to the hostile Croker. They, in no sort, appealed to the latter. He insisted that Castlereagh answer for his derelict gauger in the Phoenix. The question was referred to an Irish Court of Honor composed of gentlemen as ardent as the Crokers. The Court of Honor went heavily into the controversy. It heard Croker. It listened to Castlereagh and weighed the latter's defense. Then it gave decision:

"Castlereagh was right," said the Court, "in refusing to be held for the mal-deeds of the gauger. There were no such relations of confidence and nearness," argued the Court, "between a Lord Lieutenant and a gauger, which forced the first to the field to be shot at for the transgressions of the other. Castlereagh was to be upheld in his pose. But," continued the Court, with a fineness of perception born of its native greed for trouble, "there was another side to the case in hand. Castlereagh was not alone Lord Lieutenant; he was also a soldier. And a soldier, pugnacious by profession, was bound to accept all challenges without reference to the cause, and be ready to go to the field with any gentleman who had a mind for blood. It was the Court's unanimous voice that, on this argument, Castlereagh should fight."

Castlereagh, however, declined the decision and refused to be controlled. Croker was in despair, and the Court of Honor scandalized. They regarded the Lord Lieutenant as no better than a fool in his folly

for failure to have advantage of a quarrel offered with such integrity, and upheld with such skill. Lever, I believe, makes some use of this story in one of his tales of Ireland and the Irish. But Lever claps the narrative on the shoulder of one of his people of fiction, and not at all on that Croker to whom it properly belongs.

Richard Croker, on his mother's side, deduces his descent from Scotland. His mother's family, even before the Crokers came in with Cromwell, left their sterile, half-fed Scottish glens and pushed into Ireland, where, with a more lenient climate, and a gentler, richer soil, a man might take more for his tillage. Their family name was Wellstead.

Being equally of the gentry with the Crokers, the Wellsteads were on social par with them. With more mood to plow a field than train a dog or mount a horse and hunt a fox, and with nothing of that taste for quart-pots, wars, and wagers which so shone in the case of the Crokers, the Wellsteads far outtopped the others in point of fortune. The Wellsteads did not have so good a time as the Crokers; but they had more money. While there is no instance of angry collision between the two families, it is not understood in the traditions of Castletownroche that the Crokers or the Wellsteads found in the others much of deep delight.

"Ten years ago"—said Mr. John Scannell, a gentleman who has known Richard Croker since his boyhood, and of whom there will be more or less to say throughout these pages—"ten years ago I made a tour of Ireland. I called on Croker's uncle. His name was Richard Wellstead. The old gentleman was

the favorite brother of Richard Croker's mother. She named her son for this brother. This Wellstead was a 'gentleman farmer' of the type one reads about. He was hale and firm of mind and fiber. His farm had about one thousand acres. His business, and as well his joy, was to raise blooded cattle and swine, and show them in all the great fairs throughout the four kingdoms. He had a good library and a great wine cellar, and when not about his cattle, divided time between his bottle and his books. Well-educated and much-traveled, the old gentleman made the two or three hours I put in with him not the worst I saw abroad. I asked him about the Crokers: he shook his head; he didn't like them.

" 'I never liked the Crokers,' he said; 'the men of the family, while gentlemen, were sad roysterers. They had no turn for business and despised it. They couldn't keep money. They had but one ambition—the army. They held your swashbuckler officer, drinking and dicing away his patrimony, making vain wagers on the issues of a horse race, and all to the ruin of his fortune, in greater esteem than some honest farmer who, reaping his fields in peace, could win his pounds and count his pounds and keep his pounds with any of the land. No, no; it was a case of fire and water; at no time in two centuries have the Crokers and the Wellsteads overwell agreed. I did what man might to keep my sister from marrying one. But girls are hard to guide; she had her way.'

"The old gentleman," continued Scannell, "took a deep drink after this. Being refreshed, he went over an interminable list of Crokers who squandered their fortunes before middle age, and then

passed a want-bitten existence to the end of their days on the narrow pay of a captain. He seemed a bit mollified in the instance of Eyra Coote Croker, who married his sister and became the father of Richard Croker. He spoke better of him than of the others, saying that he was the best of the lot; albeit he, too, had been guilty of that family crime of the Crokers, and lost his money before ever he saw thirty years."

It will strike the calmer mind that in this matter of family we have done enough. Walton with his "Lives" will in five pages have you his pet Donne—family tree and all—to his twentieth year. Campbell, in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," deals out the genealogy of his wigged, grave heroes with but a scurvy scantiness. Even in the instance of the bloody Jeffries, about all that Campbell tells one is that Jeffries' father was a Welshman who took early occasion to prophesy a headless ending for his son with block and ax on Tower Hill; and then, as one who washes his hands of a bad matter, never spoke to his son again. Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," an indomitable work which extends itself in ten volumes, disposes of the "pedigree" and the "parentage" of his noble hero in twenty-five pages. And as Sir Walter was father of Lockhart's wife, the author was bound to warm to his subject, and hold for it a filial love by sheer artifice of law. And yet "pedigree" and "parentage" in twenty-five brief pages!

One is not, however, to blame Walton, nor Campbell, nor Lockhart, nor those others of our biographers who expend not themselves generously in affairs of pedigree. It's not so much neglect as caution. And

to you who read, and who, at this time, for aught one knows, may be sowing the seeds of the pedigree habit within your own breast, a word of warning should be flung. Beware! The appetite for ancestry lately developed in America is as pernicious as the poppy. Have a care as you climb the family tree, lest your sensibilities should heir a fall. One must not crowd one's ancestry to the wall, nor harass it with too strict a search, lest it turn and rend one. It has been the fault of every age that more folk were hanged than crowned. By that token! one should go warily about the heretofore. There lives none but who is bound, by the very argument of opportunity, and as one thousand is to one, to face the risk of an ancestry, which, with the last word, will climb a gallows rather than a throne. And doubtless this wisdom was in the thoughts of our historians of men when they disposed of the "family" in each coil with so much of a sharp suddenness. Those of us will be cunning who heed their examples. Let us, therefore, end this our search into the annals of past Crokers with a story of Richard Croker's great-grandsire. It may serve as a partial picture of the hardy home-love of the breed.

Our old gentleman lay dying; the preacher sat by his bedside comforting his departure with the loveliness of Paradise.

"Is heaven so beautiful, then?" asked the dying Croker.

"Aye! is it," quoth the dominie.

"Have you seen the River Blackwater that sweeps by us that handful of miles to our south?"

"Aye! have I," quoth the dominie; "I mind the Blackwater well."

"And do you know the land and the scenes of it that lie between Blackwater and Castletownroche?"

"Those scenes are dear and fragrant to my memory," quoth the dominie. "None knows them better."

"And is heaven so beautiful?"

"Aye! is it," quoth the dominie, folding his hands. "Blackwater banks, and the scenes about Castletownroche, are by comparison as a fiend-infested desolation—a sand-blown, awful waste."

"It's a lie!" whispering the dying old man, while wrath lit its torch in each eye. "It's a lie! Out of my house! None so false shall find shelter within four walls of mine!"

Having thus thrown out the dominie, the old man, with the gripe of death upon him, turned to the wall and passed without further speech. But he died sturdily as he'd lived, maintaining that in no most favored nook of the universe could a picture so fair be found, as that which spread from his door—the fields between Blackwater and Castletownroche.

II.

CROKER'S PARENTAGE.

Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud of the dead on the mountain's cold breast ;
To the cataract's roar where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.

— *Walter Scott.*

It was in 1846, then, that Eyra Coote Croker and his household spread sail for America. With him as his most valued possession came young Richard Croker, at the untried age of three. One didn't "step across" in those days, and the Crokers were two weeks in their coming. History is noiseless on the subject of that voyaging, and whatever of watery adventure was encountered is lost and not preserved. It is to be assumed that the Crokers met fair weather and foul, head winds and flattering gales, sunshine, and again those lowering clouds burned with leven flashes and split by the storm's hoarse voice, together with whatever of further phenomena are common to eyes which go down to the sea in ships.

It does not appear that at this hour Eyra Coote Croker was decided to make New York his abiding place. Evidently he had been taught that the Eldorado he came seeking lay westward and beyond. This seems plain; for after landing, no sooner was his family sheltered in safe comfort than the head of the house explored as far as Cincinnati in search of some place

that might cope with his hopes of a home. It was not to be. In that day, as in this, there was nothing to the West that quite repaid one for New York; and, following a few weeks of going about, Eyra Coote Croker, like many another of parallel experience, came back to New York to remain. The West held no offer which New York didn't double; and thus it was that Eyra Coote Croker made conclusion to live where he came ashore, and with that set up his lares and penates, and was at rest.

We will not continue in exhaustive recital the comings in and goings out of the parents of Richard Croker. They were folk of repute, law-abiding and industrious; and while they lived in circumstances of slender fortune—for Eyra Coote Croker, like all Crokers past and present of whom one hears a lisp, was born with both hands open, and had such hold of money as a riddle has of water—they were of good moment and respect in their neighborhood and day. Richard Croker's mother, the once Miss Wellstead, was peculiarly a lady of refinement and culture. In every rôle of life she was a star to steer by, while her deep sentiment of religion shone in her life like a grace.

Eyra Coote Croker, who had worn sword and epaulet as an officer of the Queen, threw away his commission when his money was gone, and brought to this country no method of bread-winning save a profound knowledge of veterinary, an art to which all Crokers are congenitally bent. What in Ireland had been the leisure of an amateur became here the profession by which he lived, and for many years following his advent in America Eyra Coote Croker practiced the mystery of horse-surgery with much resultant comfort of

money. When our civil battle broke in the war-wrung sixties, the old fighting spirit of those Crokers who rode at the back of Cromwell was roused, and Eyra Coote Croker struck in for the Flag and the Union. He came to no military eminence—for there is a politics in war as well as peace, and Eyra Coote Croker, a Democrat then as is his son to-day, had not that “interest” at Washington without which commissions walk slow as doom to meet one—and his quality as a soldier is now recalled only by some old, belated comrade, or those others who hold unfashionably with the song that, “The boys who do the fighting are the privates of the army.”

It is probable that the child-years of young Richard Croker would scarce repay a ransack in quest of the unusual. Childhood in most of its experience and expression is ever the same. It is a period of savagery, with only a half-threat of that eclipse which culture, arriving with years, will confer upon it. Childhood, whether it be white, or red, or black, or wheat-hued, as in China, is marked by a squalling impatience of restraint, and to mothers with moods for cleanliness, a maddening anxiety to embrace the earth: there to roll, and welter, and wallow, and collect a spirit, and lay up funds of health. Young Richard, one may be sure, attended to these important matters, and worked along to days when one loses one's first teeth, and acquires one's first roundabout, by trails which have been traveled by every healthy, young male child of the race since Adam flung Eden away in a passion of experiment.

Young Richard Croker's earliest schooldays were passed in an edifice which stood at the corner of Madi-

son Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, on ground now covered by Madison Square Garden. At that time his home was on Twenty-eighth Street near Fourth Avenue.

It has been the frequent effort of those who, by virtue—or vice—of an opposition in politics, were from time to time critics of Richard Croker, to intimate rather than set forth that he found his babyhood, and as well his boyhood, in an atmosphere of evil. They would have one believe that he had his upbringing in the “slums.” They do not define “slums” in this connection, but concede the term to be a synonym for all cesspools of general sin; and, proceeding on the assumption that naught good may come from Nazareth, they attain by graceful swoops to the conclusion that everyone, crop and output of the “slums,” must perforce be vile. Without pausing to contend with these notable moralists who provide this theory, one will go straight to the fact that in the fifties the region indicated as young Richard’s home-spot was one most reputable and quiet of the town, with the same claim to be distinguished as a “slum” as have the present corners of Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. Young Richard’s home was a scene of quiet and peace, the hall of order and religion, as must be homes where such spirits as his mother prevail as chief influences. And the neighborhood to surround it had similar decorous atmosphere.

It has been said that young Richard Croker’s first school was at Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. This seminary was of the quasi-primitive character of fifty years ago. There was but one teacher, the scholars sat on benches, and a box of clean white sand,

wherein the letters of the alphabet might be traced with the finger of the young idea a-learning, had the place of blackboard. Young Richard continued to take his young draughts at this well-spring of learning for divers years; indeed until he'd attained the age of twelve. He was not in this day famed for that book-hunger which devours knowledge by chapters. Young Richard didn't like books; he felt the lot of the student burdensome. He was a true Croker, and his thoughts ran to horses and dogs, and his heart was full of a love of athletics. School was hateful; lessons were exercises of pain. Young Richard found his joy in small explorations and those adventures by flood and field which Upper Manhattan and the East River afforded. Bearing in thought the above, it goes the more to the credit of young Richard, when, conquering that spirit of outdoors which possesses him, he sticks stubbornly to his bench and his book until his lesson is in hand and the approval of the pedagogue obtained.

Whether or no one is to believe with Campbell that "coming events cast their shadows before" will hang partly by one's ability for the reasonable, and partly by that hard-pan of superstition whereon the foundations of one's nature are laid. The subject surely will gain no illumination here. Apropos of this, however, many who in boyhood were schoolmates of young Richard, and who have since borne witness to him as that "unchecked autocrat," to borrow an enemy's description, who, with a firm wisdom and a wise mildness, has directed the government of hardby four millions of folk, declare that his boyhood gave abundant hint of that talent of domination which in later years has so filled

his hand with affairs. I confess myself victim to a considerable distrust of this. It is an easy and a popular exercise for many, sometimes led by fondness and again by hate, to roam away to the youth of folk confessedly powerful, and read in their baby-pages the story of tremendous deeds to come. It was so with Cæsar, with Cromwell, with Churchill, with Napoleon, with Wellington, with Washington, with Franklin, with Lincoln, with Grant. And it's as natural in the case of Croker.

Be sure I am well aware of the risk to be run while coupling the name of Croker with that procession of monumented leaders which precedes it. Only the dead are great. No arm is mighty until touched of that palsy of the bier; no tongue speaks wisdom until dumbled with the gag of the grave. And in Croker's instance there is a political opposition to find fault. There be those who, for a disappointment of place or a fear of defeat hereafter—they whose partisanship is their intelligence, and who feel with their spleen—will writhe in sneers at such hooking-up. Napoleon and Croker! Grant and Croker! they will almost die at it! And there is the tribe of the Pharisee, a prevailing sept in these streets, who thank Heaven they are not as other men; who, clothed of a white shirt and a snivel, pretend to patronize the race; whose notion of respectability is a notion of riches, and who, with that thought in their souls, would rather be respectable than right; whose belief goes to it that the best dressed citizen is the best citizen—these will scoff mightily at this. Cæsar and Croker! Wellington and Croker! it will eat into their ears as blasphemy!

This is a time of snobs in a town of snobs, and the pole-star of snobs is fashion. Democracy is unfashion-

able, Tammany Hall is unfashionable, Croker is unfashionable with these bandarlog—thank Providence and Kipling for the word!—rehearsed above. It may move to one's composure to remember that here in this very town Washington and Franklin, and later Jefferson, Burr, and Jackson, and in our own day Lincoln and Grant, were similarly chattered and mouthed against by these folk and their forbears. Such critics should be silent for a word. Their own clamorous and resentful tale of Richard Croker should put them down. By their story he dominates the town—their town—like a Colossus, and has for years; he holds it helpless in his hand; drives it north, or south, or east, or west, like cattle at his will. He may bury it with taxes or batter it to pieces with its own ordinances; in short—such is their story—he controls them and millions more in all they hold publicly dear, and of moment and civil, good value. By this, their relation and that of their tin-pan press, Croker, among nearly four millions of people defended by their ballots and with Albany in the hands of his enemies, has conquered to himself a coign of absolute autocracy. And all without pedigree or pocketbook, or any kindred influence so potent in this town's abjection, wherewith to make his way. Rome in the time of Cæsar was a hamlet to New York; Paris in Napoleon's day a village. By their very slanders his foes force Croker's name upon the roster of the world's conquerors, and make him great before his friends have moved.

Nor do they solve defeat by epithet; they but despite themselves. To say that Croker is corrupt, or dishonest, or ignorant, or of inferior and little girth in mentality or morals, is to call him weak five times.

None of these is an element of strength; one and all they make for downfall, not success. And as a proposal it seems clear that, once one concedes one's own conquest, whatever of a vile weakness one may charge upon one's conqueror, one but makes one's self both viler, weaker still. Croker's foes picture him a fashion of mal-Jupiter, who, if he would, could blast all good city things by the mere lightnings of misrule. If this be sooth, then failing fame for what he is, he should be given it for that which he is not; if he's not to have a niche for what he has done, he should at least gain one for what he doesn't do. But what accounteth argument! As was said above, the great are ever dead; and in the fact of a tomb there often hides the fact of a re-baptism. "What is a statesman, Mr. Speaker?" asked Thomas Brackett Reed on a House occasion when he had been much quoted to, not to say belabored, in debate with the utterances of "statesmen" not one of whom then breathed. "If we are to be controlled by what 'statesmen' have said, then let me ask again, Mr. Speaker, what is a statesman? I'll tell you what a statesman is. A statesman is a dead politician."

But we must pause. Where were we when this squall struck to drive us so far to leeward of a course? We were, I recall, in the midst of certain distrusts concerning stories told of Croker's boyhood deeds which foreshadowed his present generalship of men. And these distrusts are just. Never does one note an adult Hercules going about, clothed of power, club, and lion-skin, but one encounters a crowd of courtiers tagging at his hocks, ready with romance of how in his cradle-days he choked some python sent by some hate-moved Juno to coilfully compass his destruction. Thus it is

well and cautious to lay aside without retelling not a few traditions touching Croker's youth which have been offered. His boyhood, as well as one may know, was usual and commonplace. If attributes there were emphatic in him, they were traits of a quiet, steady, pains-taking intelligence; honesty, a soul for justice, and a courage that never swerved.

Coupled with these was a physical strength uncommon to the point of the phenomenal. Young Richard as a boy was what is termed "small of his age." Even at full growth he weighed but one hundred and forty pounds. Now, as he nears sixty years, grown broader, thicker, and heavier of limb, the scales tell his story with one hundred and eighty-five. But while physically small as a boy,—and by no means gargantuan as a man, with a stature of five feet, seven inches,—young Richard was proportioned with such accuracy and nice purpose of power that his strength of limb and body was a proverb before he'd gained his fifteenth year. This muscle-force among savages and boys has ever been a pedestal of dignity, and frequently marks the leader; and the fact that young Richard from his pinafore days was a captain among his companions, by virtue of some tacit commission granted by them, may find its source therein.

This element of physical strength is not to be despised. It sits on the front row with other forms of genius. Nor is it bound to modesty and to be uncovered in the presence of mere intelligence, or a genius of some other, gaudier hue. Your Tom Cribb takes his place with your Newton, your Lely, your Phidias, your Wren, your Händel, or what champion you will. He got his brawn where Newton got his brains,—at the

same bargain counter of Nature, and paid the same price. Why, then, may he not wear the one as proudly as the other does the last? Or why should some genius of ear, or eye, or hand of nerve-fineness, look over the poor fist-genius who is born to batter those features of mouth and nose and ears and eyes which a Lely is born to paint, a Phidias to carve, a Händel to compose a hymn for, and for which a Wren or an Angelo is to build a church? Even that poor thing, a millionaire, one vulgarly such from his cradle, is warranted of as much pride in his money as any of these in his gift. He came to his special capital of a million by the same effort that each of the others came to his—that is, none at all. Wherefore, then, should any be swollen when so brief a comment exhibits that the fat man of a sideshow is born heir to as much of honest honor as any Columbus sailing, or any Herschel staring at a star?

There is one story of young Richard Croker which tells favorably of his progress. At the age of eleven he was by his preceptor installed “late monitor” of that school which, as aforesaid, daily droned at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. Here was credit; because no pupil not prompt and perfect in his studies, and on time at the morning bell-tap, ever rose to such a height. Yet there dwelt a peril in such eminence. It was the “late monitor’s” duty to seek forth the truant in his desertion and bring him to school and to justice. And if the truant-felon were a sturdy rogue, one older, stronger, taller than the “late monitor,” it might well befall that the latter would win much sore fortune in his work. This fact opened sadly to the eyes of young Richard on the first day of his

high trust. Elate with promotion, young Richard came to school clothed with his Sunday vestments, the better to glorify his exaltation. On this morning it had pleased the worshipful taste of the "biggest boy in school"—he was a turgid, sullen villain of a boy, and a born battle hawk—to turn truant. Young Richard as "late monitor" was dismissed to his arrest.

"And, Richard," observed the teacher by way of parting counsel, "if Bobby doesn't come peaceably, I'd let him alone. He is bigger, older, and stronger than you, and a bad, quarrelsome boy; and if he refuses to return with you, it's no matter. I can tell his father to-night, and rest secure he'll flay him rarely."

That the malefactor was older and bigger than he, young Richard knew; that he was stronger, he much doubted. Moreover, the suggestion to tamely accept refusal of arrest from the derelict, and return without him, met with no grace from young Richard, who was himself of a proud stomach, and in whom dwelt a war-willingness none the less healthy for being generally asleep. He made private decision to engage the enemy if he showed his teeth. However, he offered no retort to the teacher's cautious advice, and felt nothing beyond regret that in a foolish weakness to be splendid he'd worn his "new clothes," and so exposed them to that present rough weather whereof the overture was at hand.

Young Richard located his quarry in Thompson's Tavern, a hostelry just across Madison Square from the schoolhouse, and which stood on the now site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. As the teacher had fore-feared, Bobby refused every suggestion of school. He would have none of it for that day; and waived aside the com-

mand of the "late monitor," and as well his argument, as trifles light as air.

With a sigh for his "new clothes," but never a hint in his young heart of quitting his capture now it was made, the "late monitor" unbuckled to his task. The war was long, desperate, and red; for Bobby, obdurate, strong, and hard of temper, stiff-necked and perverse, was no simple enterprise. But the "late monitor" had his way. His soul was as immitigably set against defeat in that day as it has been since. With the last word, Bobby, broken-hearted, subjugated, and with a face like a scandal, was haled to that teacher and those books on which he'd turned his morning back. But the "late monitor's" costume had forfeited its title of "new." Tatters, rags, and earth-stains, the pride had gone from it, a sacrifice to duty. Bobby was no better off; and as he pillowed his errant head that night he could look back on a day busy with desolation. The "late monitor" had mauled him, the teacher had feruled him, and his parent, a teamster, had gridironed his hide with the ancestral cart whip.

This tale of boyish chance-medley would have but idle use save for that it tells, at an early age, of the high heart and that incapacity of failure which has brought the subject of this sketch so far. There is a character of mugwump-moralist, who, himself of flaccid muscle and a hare's heart, is found to set physical courage, with physical strength, low in the list of virtues. These poodle-folk—lapdogs of Money they frequently are, or vassal-nurses of such lap-furniture—these poodle-folk, I say, railing at mastiff-folk, are wrong. They make the error common of our vain humanity, and believe that everything to differ from

themselves is worse than themselves. Physical stamina and courage, and of that sandstone sort that will, when needs crowd, stay the brunt of actual, physical conflict, is the first requisite of your best man; and he may no more be constructed wanting these, than might a house wanting foundations and footing stones. There is, to misplace a word, a phrenology of muscle which has precedence over other phrenologies, and a good heart is oftener child of a good stomach than of a good head.

To the ear of our mugwump-moralist this will trench on savagery. Yet that is no harm. We cheat ourselves with an appearance, and call it civilization. And while we do, there's much of argument to leave it far from sure that the perfect savage is not the perfect man. Your philosopher, aware of his limitations, might admit the possibility of a civilization which would be superior to savagery. Also your philosopher, alive to a gravitation in manners and in morals as much as to a gravitation in matter, might well doubt if there was ever one so good. There be those on the ramparts of an isolated, high indifference who, viewing the subject, have in it no interest other than the interest of discussion. Such at the worst are unbiased. To these your civilization is the putridity of that meat which as savagery was sound and hale. They would name you a flock of evils owned of civilization which are strangers to the savage, before you might credit one virtue to civilization which savagery lacks. Conceit may clamor and self-love take the floor; the fact lives that man is physical before he's either moral or mental, and that the stomach sways the soul.

True! there is a school of high-thinking adherents of the over-soul to be shocked by this. With talents for

melody rather than deep thought, these are to be convinced by word-jingling. Mistaking sensation for sense, they discover the reasonable by discovering the rhythmic. These will defy the above. Such melodious intelligences, with whom tempo, not substance, controls, may be marched or waltzed or polkaed to a conclusion without understanding a premise or realizing the route which disputation takes.

Once, to illustrate, a congregation of these folk, gifted with music-boxes instead of minds, was gathered unto itself to read and consider, sentence by sentence, an ambling output of that Emerson who is Mahomet of their creed.

"Education is the tar-pot of civilization," read the loud elocutionist intrusted with the book; that was the first sentence.

Discussion, not to say elucidation, was now a happy order. What did Emerson mean? For a moment the congregation was silent; only for a moment. Then it broke forth. The Concord disquisitor was easily understandable. There were a dozen ready to expound him. The sentence was of those rugged figures for which Emerson had fame. It was rude, but none the less lucent and beautiful. It was the rough nugget where others, of a vainer and more artificial merit, would have given one the conventional beaten gold. That was it. "Education is the tar-pot of civilization!" Why, surely! it was as plain as the nose on one's face!

It chanced that the reader took another look at the book. Horrors! there had been a misdeal. It wasn't "tar-pot." It read: "Education is the tap-root of civilization." All this explanation and appreciation

had gone adrift. That metaphor of the "tar-pot," clear a moment before, closed like a clam and became at once inscrutable. The congregation adjourned, leaving its that day's worship of the phrase-saint hanging by the gambrels.

Those who, while enthroning the mental and the sentimental, would make plebeian the physical, should be brought to this reflection. There is no wife to love her husband so dearly, should a toothache be made the penalty of her love, curable only by divorce, but would file her petition by the week's close. This is offered not for any lightness of a wife's love; rather for that it is the strongest sentiment of which humanity is endowed. No, forsooth! the physical is in the saddle; savagery sits on a hill!

This sketch, to say least, is becoming highly excursive. There will be those of its readers, doubtless, to marvel at its long legs and erratic wanderings. I may as well vouchsafe a syllable of explanation. When I began, after some thought on that point of discursiveness, I took the bridle off and turned my pencil out to pasture. It will graze where God pleases, and where the grass of that moment grows best to its taste. Like Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," and Southey's "Doctor," this book is like to touch a multitude of matter other than its subject. But to recur:

It has ever been, to me at least, a matter of wonder that civilization was so denunciatory of savagery; so imperiously certain of its own superiority thereunto. You who read this, and whose warm, brave wisdom is capable of initiatory decision without waiting for some other to speak first, tell yourself, or, if you will, the world, wherein civilization, as we find and define the



RICHARD CROKER AS A YOUTH.

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term, offers such successful best methods of this paltry existence of ours? You know New York, its people fretting like maggots, as many as four thousand in one block; you know the good and evil ground at these mills. Say, then, wherein are the folk present of this island fortress'd of a surer comfort than those red-savage folk who abode here three centuries ago? Is liberty your lodestar? Is it that to guide you? Why, then, who had liberty in such perfection as the savage? He had, too, his laws, and respected them; he had his tribe, and was a patriot fit to talk with William Tell. He fought his foe like a Richard of England, and loved his friend like a Jonathan. As for his religion—why, man, the test of religion is death. And your savage met, and still meets, death with a fortitude—and what is fortitude, but faith?—which few Christians are found to mate. And there were none without whom he feared; no one within to molest him and make him afraid. He paid neither homage to power nor taxes to men; and yet his privileges were as wide as the world's rim. His franchises of fagot, vert, and venison had never a limit. He might eat a deer a day, and burn a cord of wood to its cookery. It may be said, again, that he lived a better life, with more victory of liberty, comfort, and content, than ninety-five per cent. of New York folk to-day. He had more of freedom, and was more his own man, than any you are to meet on Broadway.

Civilization is an artifice, and there be those so trapped thereby that they conceive of no triumph of the natural. They are "cultured," evince it by coats from Bell and gowns by Felix, and find thought-models in Chesterfield's "Letters" to his son. They will

compliment a sunset by saying that it looks like a scene in opera.

As I write this, I look up to one of these climaxes of an enlightened age; I ask him what name he regards as a first expositor of civilization. He promptly gives the palm to Chesterfield.

"Yes, indeed!" says he; "I hold that civilization in its best expression means gentility; and Chesterfield taught the best gentility in the world. Horace Walpole was next."

As side-light on these highest types, not to say teachers, of our civilization, it might be added that Walpole, who chattered scandal and cheap tittle-tattle throughout nine volumes without one word of any virtue that dwelt above the pocket, found his own paternity at bay in a fog-bank of doubt. Chesterfield, on his part, wedded the illegitimate daughter of the First George and the courtesan Duchess of Kendal; was called "a dirty little tea-table scoundrel who talks scandal and makes trouble in families," by his unacknowledging brother-in-law, George the Second; and wrote the very letters which are such "lessons of gentility" to a son of the left hand who wore the bar sinister with the Chesterfield arms. Of the letters themselves, Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, that "they taught the morals of a harlot with the manners of a dancing master."

Excellent exemplars these, of a vaunting civilization! I hold the red savage to be a better man than either. No, I do not seek, nor even care, to set the brakes on any onward, and mayhap downward, rush of what is named "civilization." And if I could do so, lodged in an indifference to any racial end, I would not turn

hand nor head to start or steer or stop the age. I am alone eager over two points. Being civilized myself, dwelling in the midst of its results and as much its bondslave as any other, I would still testify to an intelligence equal to the discovery of the swindle of it, added to an honesty sufficient for that discovery's setting-forth. Civilization! it is like an appetite for alcohol. The evidence which protects the one will save the other.

III.

SCHOOL DAYS—A TRADE.

Jaq. Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

—*As You Like It.*

THERE was in the fifties a grammar school in East Twenty-seventh Street which had certain renown in its day for birch and thoroughness. It was ruled over by one Lafayette Olney, who was learned, stern, and grim. Moreover, he was a man of conscience; which, for the students, made matters worse. In that day all pedagogues were derived from Massachusetts; and it may have been, albeit gossip is tongueless as to the fact, that our Olney, the Dr. Birch adverted to of fifty years ago, was of a clan with that later one—half ice, half iron—who took place as Attorney General in a day of Grover Cleveland. There was a chill brittleness of temper owned of both which might go some space to prove this.

Exhausting the supply at Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue, young Richard Croker, at the age of twelve, reported for a further and higher enlightenment to the Olney Grammar School. There he toiled four years, and then went forth with the mark of a fair scholarship in such branches, and to such limits, as made up the programme of learning with that place. That was the last of young Richard's book-studies.

There has been much said of invidious, sneering sort touching the book-attainments of Richard Croker. Those folk of falsity and venom who at one time put fictional millions in his pocket for the sake of asking on a next mud-flinging occasion, "Where did you get it?"—spur themselves at another in efforts to clothe him with the book-ignorance of a Hottentot. This last is warp and woof of the same bolt of cloth with kindred untruths to curl the tongue of daily enmity of Croker. His book-acquirements compare evenly with theirs who, graduating at our common public schools, stand on the threshold of a preparation for our universities. At that point where others go to college, young Richard Croker halted in his book-searchings to learn a trade. And many of the greatest names of history did the like, and met no injury thereby.

Your college is graceful; and yet it by no means must be in this world of ours. It is ornamental; but like the brass-work and dead-wood about a ship that make no mighty contribution whether to the safety or the speed of the vessel. There's too much granted in favor of a course at college. And results do not sustain the concession.

It was a handful of years astern when a gentleman—a writer he was—visited one of these, our high seminaries; one not breathlessly distant from Boston. The magazine article he was commissioned to write would be excellent advertisement of the school. Therefore the invader was chaperoned in his lookings about, and replied to in his question-putting by one of the college heads. It would be impolite to name him; it is enough to say that he was one commissioned of

highest authority, so far as the college was concerned. He might take the institution and put "her full steam ahead," or "set her back on both wheels," as river folk might say, just as he should decide. I wax thus nautical, perhaps, because in their pretense our colleges occur in a character of ferryboat, bearing the traveler in search of learning from his natural shore of dark illiteracy to that other blinding of book-light.

Our college chief and the emissary of ink fell into joint debate. It was provoked by the visitor, who was thereunto incited by an irritation which had been gnawing about the roots of his temper for two New England days. He had come from the West. To questions, he confessed this ignobility of emanation; also, that specifically he was not born in New England, didn't live in New England, never, in purblind and degrading truth, had seen New England until this visiting occasion. These facts known, our wayfarer was at once entreated with a tolerant commiseration—a pitying disdain—by those whom he encountered, and whose brighter fortunes made them born children to the soil. In brief, the natives patronized him with an air which was two parts charity and one contempt, for that regional misfortune of his Western birth. Thus was our writer roiled and made subject to hot resentments. Thus, perhaps, was he become willing to disturb with interrogations, such as a Goth might put to a Roman, the lofty complacency of that great educator who, from a two-ply motive composed of willingness to answer queries and anxiety to make safe whatever of personal property, both loose and little, might be lying about, was guide to his tour. It was that old question which Cicero stole from Lucius Cassius: *Cui bono?*

"What good is your college?" asked the writer-barbarian of the educator; "I've been, as it were, all through your institution with a lantern. I've gazed at your libraries, I've glanced at your dining-halls. I've experienced your recitation rooms, and borne testimony to your gymnasiums, where students ambitious of fractures or dislocations may find every last appliance to aid them on their way. But at the finish I'm moved to ask: What good is it—what does the student get?"

"I don't understand," retorted the educator.

"This is the idea," explained the barbarous one. "The value of anything depends on comparison of what one gives with what one gets. No one will part with dollars to gain dimes. Everything in its attainment must cost less than it comes to, or the investment is a failure. You have told me that you can take a youth of fifteen of certain book acquirements and give him one year of preparation. Then with four years at your college he is graduated; in all five years. At fifteen it is a popular theory that one has fifty-five years to live; a theory, be it told, against which insurance tabulations militate. Taking the common view of it, however, you demand of the student—besides the fees—one-eleventh of his life. Therefore I ask: What do you promise the student in return? What unusual ammunition do you furnish him withal, which is to render him more than usually effective on the firing line of life? Your bed and board don't count; for they would doubtless find their equals in those feasts and feather beds which he left behind at home. Your athletics don't count; for every health result would have as prompt a coming if the student involved himself with a plow, or a pile of cordwood, for spaces similar to

those expended in the gym. The benefit must therefore lurk in the curriculum. And so, I ask again: In exchange for that one-eleventh of his whole remaining capital of years, what does the student take?"

"You will not deny," observed the pedagogue, with a cold acrimony, "that the student gets a finished education?"

"It might be complained," replied the barbarian, "that you too much limit the definition of the term 'education.' A man might know about a coal mine; how to discover, and open, and work, and market his igneous, jet vein of wealth. If that were all, you'd call him ignorant. Lacking this knowledge, however, and with an ability to read Greek, he might lay claim to 'education.' One might be wise enough, and of such deft, ingenious hand as to build and sail a ship around the globe. If that were to be the measure of his acquirement you'd write him ignorant. Wanting these abilities, still were he capable of some utter jugglery of sky-high mathematics; or to translate Cæsar, Salust, and Virgil as he ran, you might permit him coinage and circulation as an educated man. I trust that I neither ruffle nor weary you; but speaking of the usual and so-called classical courses of your school, and of the good to be child thereof, I'll say that I myself have studied both Latin and Greek until I was exhausted, if the languages were not, and I'll take two bits for all the good that's flowed from it. And to put it bluntly: Of what use is the employ of Latin and Greek to him who on the lines of law, or medicine, or commerce, or literature, to say nothing of trades and callings which grapple more with the physical, must win his daily bread?"

"Greek and Latin!" exclaimed the educator, and his tones had that horror which a priest of turbaned Ind might feel at insult done his idol. "Of what use is it to teach Greek and Latin?"

"Not teach; study," interrupted the barbarian. "I can discern a profit in teaching them; but speaking from the student's end of the alley, I ask, why should one study them?"

"Why? Even in your own business of writing," cried the educator, with an anti-iconoclastic snort, "it is worth one's while. It is of immense importance. The study of Latin and Greek would teach you the derivation of words—of the very words you use."

"And why is that important?" pursued the barbarian. "As a matter of fact, you're wrong twice. The languages you urge are but halfway houses on the trail of tongues. One might learn that this word, or that, had come blundering down the lanes of time from the Greeks or Latins. But where they got the word, as a query, would be left in the dark. Permitting that thought to drift, however, and speaking as one who lives by them, I must still point out that the derivation of a word is of no more mark to one who writes or talks than is the derivation of a potato or a biscuit to one who eats. Why should the banqueter burn with mad concern as to whether Russia or Dakota was mother of the wheat, or Bermuda or Colorado gave the potato birth? The culmination with our supposititious Lucullus is biscuit in one instance, potato in the other, and the advance guard of his interest pushes no further afield. And so of words. Their ancestry is only of imaginary moment. Surely, its discovery isn't worth one-eleventh of one's life. The exploration of

one's own ancestry, and to know one's own personal derivation, would not—unless the estate were a bouncer—be worth the loss of one year of life. And is one to give five years to locate the profitless headwaters of a word?"

Young Richard was now sixteen and must push his worldly way. He resolved to acquire the craft of a locomotive machinist, and with such plan in his mind found enlistment as apprentice in the Harlem shops. And in those days that was a brave beginning.

In 1859 New York City was a fairer field of effort, whether one followed a profession or a trade, than it is to-day. Millionaires were not so rife; there was none so rich, none so deadly poor as now, and fortune had more even distribution. The artisan was of respect and decent weight. He was not taught at every angle of the day his infinitesimal quantity, personal and political, in the equation of general life. And he came to more. The town was smaller by nine-tenths. One is of ten times the remark in a community of three hundred and fifty thousand folk that one is in one of three million and five hundred thousand. And men's view of wealth was smaller. Then he was rich who had twenty thousand dollars; to-day he is poor with a half million.

This last is to hatch woe like a serpent; it does now. The present sows the wind of discontents not to be satisfied; the future, gusty with revolution, is to reap the whirlwind. The common imagination has been debauched. Until one has at least five hundred thousand dollars one is of no New York notice, even by one's self. Without it there are folk one cannot know, places one cannot go, things one cannot have, and

others one cannot do. And he who starts with no capital save healthy head and hands has no more of present chance of gaining five hundred thousand dollars, by methods which Heaven will call honest, than he has—if such should be his thought—of haltering the Hudson. There's but one way, the Wall Street way—the way of the gambler. This truth, which many souls of commingled mendacity and ignorance will deny, has such broad concession that every man, not rich by inheritance, and who reaches for something better than a destiny of hand-to-mouth, is in the ring of the stock market or training for the conflict.

More than one half the present money made in New York is not the reward of toil in any honest sense; it is won at stock-hazard. And that, frequently, by methods of lie and cheat and swindle which would destroy with the disgrace of them the commonest faro-den. Were it not for the laws, and an innate thinness of profit to dwell therein, one might better in many cases turn from stocks to be of the craft of a pick-purse; for with morals of a par, the padder at least escapes the Wall Street vice of an inevitable treachery to one's friends.

Long ago the homestead of Captain Kidd, the pirate, occupied the site of the present Stock Exchange. I mentioned the fact on chance occasion to a speculator whose breadth of operation dealt in nothing less than millions. A gleam shone in his gray, bold-searching eye.

"Captain Kidd, eh!" he chuckled. "Well, if he'll return, he'll find his former residence in possession of people who could teach him his trade. There are those about there now who would, by comparison, make Captain Kidd appear like a canal deck-hand."

That deep courtier of the tape, in his scorn of Kidd and the latter's childish, black-flag commerce, was just. The modern pirate lives ashore; he has stock companies, not ships; his batteries are dollars and he trains his guns with the eye of fraud; he plunders a whole public at once, and not the trivial cargo of one cheap, starved keel. Aye! by the standards of this day, Captain Kidd would have been laughed to death for his simplicity, not hanged for his crimes.

In instance: There was a recent college-taught youth—and the stream of his family found its head among the wooden shoes and spinning wheels of the ancient Knickerbockers—whose debt-budget as he graduated was large enough to give his parent a pang.

"How came you to owe so much?" asked the parent, with that earnest severity which springs from a wounded bank-balance; "I can't understand how you got so deeply in debt."

"It was for money borrowed to pay my losses at poker," returned the son.

"What!" cried the parent; "have you been gambling?"

"Certainly I have," retorted the son; "you surely should understand, father, that we gentlemen must gamble."

"Then we gentlemen must win," replied the father.

This rebuke of the old gentleman is valuable, because it is in everything the text from which the daily sermon of New York City life is preached. There is no longer a moral side to "business." Get money! methods are of no moment; get money! Without it you are nothing; with it, everything. Money calls for no apology, poverty cannot be explained—in New

York. Possess yourself of money, enough money, and none will arise to discuss the strategy, however black, by which you managed its capture. The New York City decalogue lies buried in that objurgation of the father: "We gentlemen must win."

Young Richard Croker worked in the Harlem shops until far into his twenties. And he learned his trade and was a master machinist at the end. In a day when the hand wrought most and its task gained small aid of machinery, young Richard built a locomotive engine complete, from the tire on its driver to the bonnet on its stack; fired it up, and ran it out of the shops on its initial trial.

At this time Richard Croker was as silently modest as he is to-day. It is remembered among those who were then his companions, that he had a predilection for dress. When the "whistle blew" it was his first concern to get home; his next to bathe, and to don his finest raiment. When he sat down to supper—they ate dinner at noon in that crude hour—he was as well appareled as his wardrobe would permit.

This soap-and-water tendency, and as well that weakness of the spick-and-span, won young Richard the unsafe repute of dandyism. I say "unsafe," because his fellows of the shop, who wore in the evening the dress they had worn at their work, felt somewhat criticised by this white-shirt splendor and hailed it as of a spirit which felt above its caste. Their objections might have taken unpleasant physical form, for they were of a lusty brood, and hard knocks were going, had it not been that young Richard owned other virtues of a stout-heart kind which counterbalanced his insulting cleanliness and compelled them to a truce.

Young Richard was a profound and untiring athlete. His natural physical powers, as noted, were tremendous. These he was scrupulous to multiply by every form of physical exercise. He walked, he ran, he wrestled, he boxed, he swam. It is told of his strength, by a former Harlem shopmate, that more than once he beheld young Richard, while a helper turned the iron on the anvil, beat out the metal with a forty-five pound hammer in each hand. Nor was it done in any idleness of pride; the lad was working. Young Richard's prodigious strength was ever a cause of wonderment among his companions. Remembering the tale of Samson and the hirsute base of his supplies, they were inclined to attribute it to a thick fell of black hair which covered his back and shoulders to an extent comparable only with the coat of a Newfoundland dog.

Young Richard was at home in the water. Among those who have known him from his childhood, memory runneth not to a day when he wasn't an exhaustless swimmer. Off Long Branch on one occasion young Richard swam ten miles for his pleasure merely, and by way of holiday.

Richard Croker, too, is one entirely convinced of the harmless quality of sharks.

"We were at Palm Beach," said a friend in the course of a shark talk. "Croker, a general of the army, and myself were fishing for sharks at a retired part of the beach. We had no luck. It was a bit rough, and we couldn't throw our hooks and bait out beyond the rollers, where the sharks were waiting—a whole mass-meeting of them—apparently as zealous as ourselves for the success of that fishing. Following twenty minutes of futile effort to reach the sharks with

our bait, Croker gave over the enterprise. Perhaps it was ten minutes later, I was still engaged, and had forgotten Croker, when to my terror and amazement I beheld him swimming about among the sharks, not a few of which were eight and ten feet long. Nor was the scare local with myself; the general was as white and sick as I. We both expected nothing less than that our friend was to become shark-meat with each moment. But nothing happened. The sharks, beyond getting out of his way when he came too near, took no interest in him. They were as hungry as a band of politicians at that."

Croker listened to this recital with a worried look. It irks him to find himself the star of any story. I asked concerning his strange confidence in the innocence of sharks.

"It's entirely the truth," he replied; "a shark won't bite anybody. Of course, if one were to remain perfectly quiet and passive in the water, some shark might try it. Or a shark might snap at your hand trailed over the side of a small boat. But of folk swimming or moving about they are afraid. They never were known to attack anyone, man or boy, under such conditions. On the other hand, they scurry out of the way. No one need fear the biggest shark that ever flaunted a fluke; one will be in no danger of attack from him."

IV.

ATHLETICS—SELF-DEFENSE.

But when the bully with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edged round with tarnished lace,
Yield not the way—defy his strutting pride
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side.

—*Gay.*

"WHAT of the town in the fifties?" said John Scannell, thoughtfully repeating the question. "From the middle fifties, for full a decade and a half, New York City lived what one might term a 'strenuous life'—that is, the people did. The old volunteer fire companies, who fought one another as often as they fought fires, had their effect. Boxing was at a premium. To be a man of peace and sobriety was no protection. Thugs and roughs abounded, and they were the more ready to assail one whose look of respectability and quiet inclined them to a thought that he was 'easy.' A well-dressed stranger couldn't walk in certain regions along either river without being made to fight for his life.

"Election day was the busy day of the ruffian. Then no Australian ballot law protected the poll. The quiet citizen was hustled, and bullied, and brow-beaten as to his vote. If he pleased the toughs with his ticket, well and good. He could vote; the thugs would protect him through the ordeal. If he held contrary views to theirs, frequently to save his bones he didn't



TAMMANY HALL.

vote at all. Election day was a day of riot; folk not capable of self-protection were safer within doors.

"But a change came, following the war. A counter-irritant developed; and the Bill Pooles, the Yankee Sullivans, and the Owney Geoghegans were sensibly diminished. As one result of the Civil War, and during it, a great many pistols were made. They were of every size and sort, from the eight-inch navy which swung from a belt to the twenty-two caliber vest-pocket gun that didn't weigh two ounces. And a long-roll of thugs suffered pistol elimination. Everybody was carrying a weapon. The rough was no longer sure of his victim. He might select some harmless-looking consumptive as the object of assault. And the consumptive might develop into a masked battery. He might bring a pistol to bear on his enemy; and many a tough funeral was founded that way. It was impossible for the ruffian to make a safe match.

"Self-preservation is as much a law of nature among plug-uglies as among purer, better folk; and therefore it was that in the face of pistol-perils which he couldn't foresee, and against which his quality as a rough-and-tumble bruiser gave him no security, the plug-ugly was modified, and brawl and disturbance became exceptional where before they were the order of the day.

"In this hour, which is the quietest and of the least disorder of any that New York has known during the half century of which I have personal memories, the 'dress-suit' has captured the town. That sounds odd, but it's true. The 'dress-suit,' or evening garb, is no longer the privilege of the rich alone. It has become the property of all. Every tug-man, and truck-driver,

and everyone else, are proprietors of 'dress-suits.' Your tug-man lays aside his overalls at the close of the day, and if 'hop' or 'function' be the evening's programme of his 'set,' you'll find him present thereat, arrayed to the nines. Full evening dress! white kids, cloak overcoat, and crush hat, he sports the full regalia.

"And it follows, as the day the night, that our tug-man must live up to his costume. He must be polite, courteous, a gentleman of dignity. And he must not fight. I am not one of those who believe that the clothes make the man; but I incline to a theory that they have a deal to do with making a man behave. There is a morality of the 'dress-suit.' I regard evening dress as a great preserver of the public peace; more so, by far, than the police. That's the now condition of affairs: the 'dress-suit' has conquered the town; safety, courtesy, and peace are the profits of it."

Richard Croker, who saw his young manhood during that period spoken of by Scannell as being an era wherein the town witnessed its greatest fistic activities, became perfect as a boxer. There was no youth more moral in the city. He drank no liquors, he visited no saloons, he did not set foot in a brothel, and his language was without taint of profanity or violence. These were characteristics of his young manhood; they have found emphasis with every day he has lived. Richard Croker has been, and is, in the matter of personal morals, a lesson.

For these reasons of his moralities, in a day when a man's hand must keep his head or his rights suffer invasion and defiance, young Richard took up boxing as a purpose serious and worth while. At this game he had towering natural advantages. To a giant's strength

and an iron courage he added the activity of a goat. Nor was it long when his supremacy at the gymnasium was admitted. There was none of his fellows who might contend with him.

It was while perfecting himself in sparring and kindred exercises that something chanced which made boxing circles vocal with the name of Richard Croker. The instructor in the gymnasium affected by young Richard was one Otengen. This latter was of huge physical powers, famed for the force and fury of his blows, and, saving the names of a few professional fighting men of the Yankee Sullivan order, conceded to be unclassed among the gladiators of the town. Young Richard was among his pupils; and under his tutelage sparred himself into the notice of those who were workers or visitors at that gym. It befell one day when an unusual audience was present that our instructor notified young Richard that he was to box with him; that he must do his best.

"This is to be earnest, Richard," observed Otengen as he tied the gloves on his follower's hands; "I hear great stories about you from the others, and I'm going to try you out. I won't spare you, so do all you know."

Young Richard said nothing. He accepted the advice of the instructor, however, and determined to "do his best." It was supposed by some who witnessed the bout that Otengen, irritated a bit by the growing repute of his disciple, deemed it wise to lower the latter's vanity. It was Otengen's duty as well as joy to do this. Joy, because your true boxing master, working hour after hour with a bevy of feather-blown folk, every one of whom he is afraid to hurt, feels as does he who wears bonds. Therefore comes it that his heart leaps lamb-

like in his bosom when, getting someone before him for whose bones he has no concern, he may cast repression to the winds and give to the slaughter instinct within him freest head. Otengen arranged to reduce young Richard's opinion of himself with sentiments of satisfaction. He was to have much happiness. He would cut the comb of this cockerel in a friendly, almost fatherly, way. It would tend to subdue the cockerel's conceit, and make for his modesty and regeneration. Surely, with forty-five pounds the better of the weights, it would be imbecile to suppose that he, Otengen, was to run a risk!

No story by rounds exists of this battle. If that long-ago gymnasium had been the lists of Ashby, and I were Sir Walter Scott; or if the combat whose story pends had been that mailed and mighty set-to between Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald de Roye, and I were a Froissart, there might be managed a history of excessive brightness at this point. But alas! for myself, I limp from a dullness of imagination, am lame with a poverty of detail, and may only record this glove-tilt as the tale is given me.

Thus trots narrative: The parties most in violent interest faced each other; their guards were up on principles invented by the venerated Cribb. Otengen, four inches the taller, stood over young Richard like a tower. The two moved about each other like cats; their hands went in and out, "fiddling" for an opening. Then Otengen leaped in to his labors. It was all hurly-burly. There was jab! and hook! and jolt! and counter! and cross-counter! biff! bang! smash! For a finish, young Richard's head and shoulders struck the mat, and the round—London rules—was at an end.

Our knights went each to his corner; those students of fisticuffs who had been detailed as seconds worked towel and sponge. At the end of a half minute—a cruel short time, as he who boxes finds—that visitor who prevailed as referee called:

“Time!”

And again the combatants stood forth.

There was a mouse-hued lump over young Richard’s temple where he stopped the Otengen blow when he went down. There were no wagers on the battle between master and follower; and if there had been, what with Otengen’s size and hardy reputation, it would have been, in the language of sport, “apples to ashes on the big one.”

It should be noted, however, that young Richard in no wise indorsed these odds in his heart. There is an optimism of the thoroughbred, whether man or horse or dog,—an inborn confidence in a good time coming when the cup of victory will be full,—that hedges the soul against any touch of failure. Such folk may be slain; they cannot be defeated. And young Richard was thoroughbred.

This second round was much the fashion of war-party with the first. Its close found young Richard again on his back; a trifle ensanguined of a flush hit on the nose, otherwise hearty and hopeful. The third round was twin of the second; and its last chapter the old story of, “Knock-down for Otengen.”

It was the fourth round which beheld the end, and with it the laurels lost of Otengen. The latter, full of a ruinous gayety, was doing the leading; his future held no clouds of doubt. Young Richard on his part was in no whit dismayed; those three times when he had found

the floor served no purpose save the quick arousal of his every energy. Young Richard was improved by them; his sparring was cleaner and his blows were swifter, harder than at first. The smashing attack of Otengen had fired him; his steam was up. This fourth round was of that warm and vivid nature so commendable in the others. It was lead! and stop! and counter! and no one running away.

Abruptly came the close, with the bang and sudden vim of some wind-slammed door. Otengen was trying for a blow which should put the roof on that round. He sprang forward and shot his left at the mouse-hued lump which nestled above young Richard's eyebrow. But the latter wasn't there. Hand and foot and eye kept time like a chorus. Young Richard stepped to the right; the Otengen glove whistled like a bird in harmless passage by his left ear. Coincident therewith, young Richard's left struck Otengen where the short ribs end, while his right whipped over the big boxer's shoulder and reached the jaw with a crash. This last blow was like unto the kick of a pony. Otengen said later that it was as though he'd struck against the pole of a dray. The muscles of foot and leg and back and shoulder and arm were drawn on for fullest contribution. Young Richard piled the whole weight and power of his trained one-hundred-and-forty-pound body into the swing. And it did the work.

Otengen went down, and as it were a pole-axed ox. His adherents bore him to his corner; swamped him with sponges, and whipped him dry with towels. It was of no avail. Otengen slept the sleep of no dreams for full ten minutes; and when he opened his eyes his glories had faded and departed away. The master had

been mastered; the pupil was graduated and had taken his degree.

This battle made a flutter; none the less for that Otengen had been smote senseless at the end. In that day boxers knew of the "knock-out," but avoided it. They feared that death might follow. The sleep of Otengen, therefore, was a feature all but unique, and gave a wing to gossip. The encounter was the nine-day talk of the town; young Richard was hailed a prodigy of boxing skill and strength. He was but twenty years of age at the time, and there's scant doubt that in those rough days which followed, when in politics he fought Tweed and O'Brien, protecting the ballot box from bludgeon-wielding thugs and driving repeaters from the polls, he enjoyed a safety which was direct increase of his triumph over Otengen. Many have been the roughs and under-roughs—with orders which went even to the pitch of murder—who, knowing of his bout with Otengen, have looked into the even eyes of Richard Croker, and then, with hearts turned to water and courage gone, skulked away without spoken word or upraised hand. There was something about him, whether of personality or dread repute, and probably of both, which cowed the hardest ruffians. They seemed to smell a limitless trouble off him as one smells hidden fire in a house; and with a sense of peril on them, none the less profound for that it was vague and not defined, they parted before him like water, or drew away like sheep.

Richard Croker surely owed much in security in after years to his youthful victory over Otengen. It is no bad thing to have thus a strain of the old Cromwell Ironsides in one's veins. It gives to one a

conquering talent that is of enduring value in this life of ours, where it is in everyday evidence that might makes right, and none is allowed to win, nor even to keep his own, without a struggle. Whatever your white philosopher of peace may show as to what it might have been, existence is, in truth practical, but a wolf-war,—teeth without conscience, hunger without bounds,—and those are to come best off who, with even luck, are stanchest of arm and heart and brain.

There have been, and doubtless there will be, those to straggle through the future as through the past in a ragged, false Indian-file of misstatement, one walking in the footprints of another just ahead, to tell with other fictions that Richard Croker fought prize fights; that he was a fist champion of the ring. There is in such relations no thought of truth. Such slander has naught to stand on save the gymnasium combat with Otengen, and one further incident, the story whereof may as well be set forth here.

It was just after the affair of Otengen. The workmen of the shops where young Richard toiled, together with their families, resolved on a holiday. They would hold a "picnic" in Jones' Wood. This latter, being a grovy, tree-sown spot, charming with tall woods and cool, thick grass beneath, and, moreover, free of money-charge, was popular among poor folk who, with a mind to be occasionally sylvan, could not pay much for the privilege. Three or four hundred, men and women, boys and girls, gathered in Jones' Wood on the mentioned picnic occasion. Young Richard, already a front figure among those of his age, rejoiced as a director of the day. There was a deal of harmless glee; good feeling rose to highest mark.

Suddenly, near a booth where tables were being laid in behalf of the hungry, screams and much of fluttering agitation ensued. Young Richard was in mid-tree, fastening the ropes of a swing. He glanced down at the tumult. His eye fell on a burly and unpleasant stranger, remarkable for broad shoulders and a bull-neck. The stranger had just enough of war-water to make him careless; and, with as much indifference to the proprieties as to property rights, was assailing the regale. This it was which brewed the disorder. The ladies made shrill and scolding protest. Small marvel! There's no woman who will burn and bend over pies and cakes, and then look with patience on their unlicensed bolting by the first hungry vandal who may stroll that way.

Young Richard came down the swing-rope, hand over hand and lightly as a cat. The caitiff out-lier at his unbidden feast was not there by any right. He was not of that picnic party, and entitled neither to art nor part nor lot in the banqueting revels of that day. Moreover, he was insulting and coarsely abusive. But fell retribution was abroad. Young Richard descended upon him like a landslide. In the words of one who beheld the whirl of events, the invading rough "didn't last as long as a drink of whisky." Bruised and bleeding, he was cast, as it were, into outer darkness—flung over the fence. He wended, the most thoroughly trounced loafer who saw the light that day.

This casting forth of the pie-Goth had its sequel. The latter was a dim figure of prize fighter, and felt much subsequent chagrin at the disaster which overtook him in Jones' Wood that picnic day. He mourned

for that it hurt his fistic standing. His friends waited upon young Richard.

"He was drunk when you did him," they said. "If he'd been sober you would have been beaten to rags. As it is, you've injured his reputation. If you're a fair man you'll meet him and give him a chance to recover his position, which was high and proud among fighting men until his drunkenness and desire for pies floor-managed his overthrow at your hands."

This casuistry was received sourly enough by young Richard. He saw no justice in being crowded to battle with the prize fighter by virtue of what had transpired. He hadn't made the latter drunk; he hadn't trolled him into that pie-vandalage which was the immediate cause of his troubles. The drunken fighter may have lost place in those social circles which he honored, but the story gave no reason why young Richard should favor him with a meeting.

Debate became trenchant. The committee of the injured warrior's friends made slurring intimation that the bug under the chip of young Richard's hesitation was fear. This proved too much. Twenty is not the year of coolness; no youth of that age may with resignation find his courage impugned. Young Richard granted the commission's claim. The wronged fighter, with every aid that sobriety might bring him, should have an opportunity to restore his torn and damaged honors. The hour and the day found names, and Jones' Wood—the theater of his ill-luck—was pitched on as a place where the complaining pugilist should be met and righted.

Young Richard kept to the arrangement. On the prick of hour set he was at Jones' Wood, awaiting what

fate his adversary might construct for him. But the other remained away. Whether he was ill, or seized of a fear, or held young Richard as too small a business, was neither discussed nor determined. It was enough that he didn't come; and, as saith diplomacy, "it is thus that the incident was closed."

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V.

THE PRIZE FIGHTER.

Why, then, we will have bellowing of beeves;
Broaching of barrels, brandishing of spigots.

—*Old Play.*

OUR last chapter was out of breath with violence, and I am glad it's done. Not because I oppose events of sport; I but weary of their recital. However, as a philosopher who laughs, and who was born to a scorn of hypocrisy, whether it wear surplice or come with meaner claim, I have been made often to smile at that snobbery which evinces itself by those varying fashions in which fist-sins, now and then visited by one gentleman against another, are decided upon. There is no complexity in which the question, "Whose ox is gored?" or rather, "Whose ox does the goring?" is of such moment as in this matter of a fracas. The after-status of the rioter will ever depend, not on what he does, but on where he lives, and what rung of the ladder of life, socially and financially,—the terms are each the other's shadow,—he rests his foot.

Our scene is a restaurant; one of those brilliant rooms, all blare of orchestra and glare of lights, where the half-world finds grounds of parade. Some male attacks another; tables crash, women scream, waiters scurry in the cause of peace. What is the decision? If the male disguised in liquor who has half murdered his fellow male, similarly *en masque*, be of our "aristocracy," and with a Fifth Avenue habitat, he is a "lad

of spirit"; what we have witnessed is that exuberance common of his years. If on the other and seamy hand our warrior should be one to earn a livelihood by day's labor of his hands, and whose address is Avenue A, he is a "ruffian" whose brawling is the bud of that native degeneracy and crime-instinct which is at last to grant him Sing Sing, and the "Chair." Still, let it go; such debate has nothing of deep-sea consequence, and is curious, only, as offering some hint of that excellent justice of classifications wherewith we transact life.

As stated above, I rejoice that we be through with those *mêlées* wherewith the last chapter is so deeply fraught. And at that I would not be understood as one who gives his voice against the prize fighter. We want a gladiatorial class. It reflects itself in the swelling physical stamina and courage of a people. Prize fighters *per se* are of a doubtful use; but in the second remove they work steadily for good. The general youth of the land enfringe those ropes wherein our prize fighter toilfully pounds his adversary, who as toilfully responds. The general youth become thrilled thereby, and emulous. This serves to make popular the art of boxing, and every boy would shine thereat. And, as preliminary, he will seek for a clean health and that muscle-strength without which comes no fist success.

In these directions and on such terms your prize fighter is a boon. He affects a race and folk are made better by him just as every horse has had improvement, the result of a century of breeding thoroughbreds for racing. Behold the locomotive engine in the day of its strength. The fire-box is its stomach, the boiler is its

lungs. Its brains are that throttle-gripping engine-driver one notes peering from the cab. Wanting that stomach of furnace, and those steam-chest lungs, however, your simple engineer, throttle he never so wisely, would not go far to perform those winged miracles of transportation to make up the daily time-card of commerce. And thus it is with man. Therefore give to the poor gladiator place in your patience—give him the kind countenance of your good opinion.

It is not well to change one's public into sheep. With wars in every region, the lesson is indelible that force—physical force—is still the last grand invocation which summons Truth and Right. While this confronts one, condemn not these fist-philosophers who do most of their small thinking with the brain which lies back of the ears. The race should have these promontories of the physical to hold a course by just as it should those other headlands of a best morality and a highest thought of which we sing so much in praise.

It was long ago determined to make of this volume an unchecked thought-ramble into any worth-while field. On this subject of the prize fighter, and to the end that one gain a best understanding of these gentry of the ring, it would be good to converse with that once glove-master, John Lawrence Sullivan. Or it may do as well, perchance, and serve besides to keep those more timid aloof from rugged company, if I repeat a colloquy which fell out between this ring fighter and myself about a duo of years ago. I will put down all he said, for while but a part is in defense of the fighting clan, the relation of the rest may serve to disclose some personal virtues of heart and head, justice

and a spirit of intelligence; and so teach ones ignorant on the point that even the despised fighting man may be capable of a right feeling and a right thinking which would not stain the vestments of a bishop.

It was in the "Inferno," a drinking place, where I found our Sullivan. He was agreeably at a table with a cup of strong waters; taking, indeed, "his ease in his inn," as the big-girdled knight would say.

It should not discourage the reader, however bleached to rarity his taste may be, to learn of Sullivan's discovery in a taproom. The mighty seem never far from drink, and our ring monarch had glittering precedent for his surroundings. Had one sought Chaucer in his day, doubtless one would have found him at the "Tabard," marshaling his pilgrims for Canterbury. Or coming down the years, was there a word to say to that Will of Stratford, who is known of this day by his surname of Shakspeare, where should the sagacious have searched? Why, forsooth! at the "Mermaid." There with pipe and bowl he would have been had in talk with Walter Raleigh; or belike with Fletcher and Wotten and Donne and those others who, with himself, were founders of that first literary club of England whereof Raleigh himself was the corner stone; and which was two centuries after to become the model of that Gerrard Street coterie with Johnson as its hub, and about whom, like radiating spokes, were Reynolds, Langton, Burke, Goldsmith, and Topham Beauclerc. If one were seeking Ben Jonson, that dramatist and duelist would have been come upon soaking himself with sack at the "Devil," with Inigo Jones, his workmate of the masques and royal revels, the companion of his glass. Or was it on gossip Pepys one

would call? And if he were not busy falsifying his accounts at the Admiralty, it is a shrewd chance one would meet with him at the "Cock"; or if not there, then stealing a suspicious visit with Mistress Knepp of the theater to the "Dog and Duck" at Finsbury. In a later year he who sought Defoe would have encountered him at "Garroway's"; while Dryden, if one would have had speech of him, one might have—as did Pope on that boyish occasion when he was first to meet that genius whom he afterwards was to imitate—"earthed" at "Will's." It was there the poet would be met withal, in that identical room of "Will's" from which Steele was soon to date his "Tatlers" and "Spectators"; and where, of Steele's fecund fancy, on the 2d of March, 1711, good Sir Roger De Coverley was to have birth—that quaint, benevolent old knight of Worcestershire, whom Addison was to adopt from Steele and love for his own. Pope in his day, with the unstability common of the born cripple, was in a dozen inn parlors during the course of the sun; one moment at "Button's" with Addison, the next at "White's" with Gay. Or one might hear of Pope at the "Cocoa Tree," where he'd gone whispering the Tories drinking, what was current as gossip among Buckhurst and Arbuthnot and Montagu and Garth and Swift and their stout fellow-Whigs who found drink and discussion at the "Kit Kat." It was at the "Turk's Head" where Johnson mixed punch for Goldsmith; where he bullied Garrick; and where he toadied to Topham Beauclerc because of the latter's great grandsire Charles the Second, who, conjointly with Nell Gwynne, had furnished his brief ancestry its start. It was twenty-five years nearer us when one might have

glimpsed the coarse, meaty features of Brummell as the beau gazed from the windows of "Brooks'," or found Fox losing thousands at "Watier's." In that hour, too, one would have met Nelson at "Fladong's"—if Lady Hamilton had not detained him; Wellington at "Slaughter's"; while Coleridge, before those kindred vices of opium and Unitarianism had shaken him, was drinking thinly with Lamb at the "Salutation and Cat." Even the Cloth had its tap; and it was at "Ibbetson's" that our worthy archbishop, with a glass of Hollands before him, refused to sign a parliament petition asking laws meant to muzzle the Briton in his gimbibbing, and turned it aside with the epigram, "I'd sooner see Englishmen free than sober." Sullivan drinking in the "Inferno" had every celebrity of past time as his indorser.

But to our conversation: Sullivan will from time to time repeat the questions offered; wherefore there's no call to interfere with aught of formal inquisitiveness. Also we'll let Sullivan talk in his dialect of Cherry Hill. To re-phrase him into English would be corruption and a wrong.

"What's the matter with the dramy?" repeated Sullivan, in a voice foggy with the much steam of sultry old encounters; "well, I'll put you onto what's the matter with the theaters. They need about two-foot of snow, see! Then these mugs couldn't go bicycling with their sweethearts, an' they'd turn into the show instead. Is the pop'lar taste in theatricals changin'? String all the stuff you like on it that it's changin'. Shakspeare right now aint a deuce in a bum deck. He was all right in his time, Shakspeare was; but he's a has-been. A mug don't go to a theater any more to learn

things; he goes to be entertained. That's where Shakspeare gets the gate, see!

"What do I think of the Spanish War? Say! our victory at Santiago don't throw no wonder into me. Those Dagoes weren't in it with us. I don't count guns an' battleships; at any rate they aint the whole box of tricks. It's the guy behind the gun that does it; an' that's where we can put out the best nation on the list. America's not only got the ships, she's got the men; we've got the sand and we've got the punch. They can't beat us; never in a thousand years.

"What do I think of the English? Not to give you a short answer, I aint got no use for an Englishman. They make me tired, the English do, with the lugs they put on. I know 'em all right, all right; I've been over there, an' know 'em like a card-sharp does an ace. They're too chesty, see! too much stuck on themselves. Buy the English at their figure, an' they'd break you. But they don't make good. Sure! they treated me O. K., at that.

"Do I meet the Prince [he's been elevated to a Kingship since] when I'm in England? Dozens of times. I'd been over there a couple of months doin' my stunts at the theater, when one of his 'Royal Highness's' chasers comes sprintin' up to me, an' he says, 'John, the Prince wants to see you spar.' I looks at this guy a minute, an' says, 'Well, tell the sucker to pay his dough at the door an' look on. There's no strings on him; an' I aint sparrin' in secret. Any mug, if he's a prince or a costermonger, can see me box if he's got the price.' But later, the manager gives me the hunch it's a dead good scheme to go an' put up my hands for his

'Royal Highness' in private. I'm a little sore about it, for I don't see where a prince comes in any more than any other duck; but I don't make much of a kick, an' tells them to lay out their game, an' I'll be there with my sparring partner to do the rest. An' of course we pull off the e-vent.

"What sort of a man is the Prince? Well, I'll tell you." At this point Sullivan was overswept with an air of deprecation, and spake as one who apologizes for confessed and obvious weakness. "I'll tell you about the Prince. Of course he's an Englishman, an' a prince at that; but between you an' me, he's a pretty decent kind of a dub. And if he lives, he'll be a hot monarch. After I'd soaked Lannon for eight rounds, an' was pulling' off my gloves,—reg'lar pillows they were,—the Prince comes over an' shakes me by the mit, see! An' he does it like a square man. It caught me all right; a square man goes as far as he likes with me, every time.

"How do I get sore on Mayor Quincy of Boston a year ago, when they talks of me jumpin' out for Mayor? Well, there's a blow-out in Fanyul Hall on account of this young fellow Ten Eyck, the oarsman, who's just come back from doin' up the English, see! Well, I'm there on the stage with the rest of the push, an' Quincy is presidin'. Every guy goes up an' shakes Quincy's mit, an' I'm farmer enough to get in. I go ag'inst Quincy an' extends me duke. He sees an openin' to make a little reputation off me, an' gives me the cold turn-down. Refuses to shake hands with me; me bein' a prize fighter. It don't worry me none. I can remember a time when a Mayor of Boston—an' a better man than any Quincy that ever boozed ice water—

stands on that very stage an' presents me a champion's belt, while the gang howls. Quincy's bluff don't bother me a bit. I sits there an' hears the geezer make a speech a bit later; an' on the level! I'm sorry for the sucker. I'm sorry for Boston havin' such a dead one for its mayor. As I listens to the duck, I couldn't help thinkin', 'Well, if I was as big a duffer with my hands as you are with your head, you'd never turn me down for bein' a prize fighter.'

"Am I a Democrat? Nit, I aint nothin'; I vote for the man, see! If he's a good man, he goes with me. I was stuck on that young fellow Bryan, though; he made a dead game battle. I think if he'd side-stepped Silver an' gone in an' soaked it to the Trusts, he'd have landed the trick at that.

"But I'll tell you one thing about politics. Folks better take a tumble to their game, or they'll get it where the baby wore the beads. Did you see a while back about the deputy sheriffs in the Pennsylvania coal mines, croakin' those strikin' miners who was marchin along the road? Did you catch onto where the judge lets the killers go with six thousand dollar bonds? Say! that won't do. If it had been the miners croakin' the mine-owners, would the judge have took bail? Not on your life! The poor suckers would have swung for it. That's the sort of racket that's goin' to send things keel-up in this country some day. You won't see it, an' I won't see it; but the time 'll come when it 'll be a dead case of 'Katie, bar the door,' an' there'll be somethin' doin' that 'll scare the hair off the top of the head of every lobster that's got a million dollars.

"Prize fightin'? If it's pulled off on the square it's

a good thing. But there's a bunch of crooks and double-crossers who've got hold of the game an' queered it. No, I think a prize fighter aint so bad. It takes all sorts to make a world. We can't all be priests an' preachers an' make a livin' scoldin' the devil. Priests an' preachers are all right, an' I would be the first to call down a duck who made a crack the other way. But say! they aint got all the good to themselves. I've cut up rough at times, an' done a lot of things I wish I'd missed; but I've done plenty of good. I'll bet my life there's thousands of strong, husky young fellows who by seein' me fight got stuck on boxing; an' they quit bottles an' all-night sprees an' the rest of the funny business so they could hold up their hands like winners. If it hadn't been for seein' me, they wouldn't have half the health they've got. There would have been a bunch of them in Greenwood or Bloomingdale, too. No, I aint tryin' to cop a sneak on any particular credit for this; I simply say that there's a kind of good example that prize fighters set that a preacher or a merchant or a lawyer or a banker aint framed up to offer, see!"

At this juncture a forlorn-appearing mortal, timidly obsequious, sidled up.

"How do you do, Mr. Sullivan!" said the abject one in tones of flattery.

"G'wan!" commanded Sullivan, harsh with suspicion. "You don't know me. You're stallin' for a drink."

"You would remember me," said the other with a cringe, "only you've forgot. I was standin' right be the ropes when you bested Paddy Ryan."

"Poor Paddy!" observed Sullivan, with hoarse sym-

pathy; "he was a good-hearted fellow, Paddy was; as good as ever was made. But he got the wrong steer when he come into the prize ring. He was no more a prize fighter than I am a milliner. I punched him out in the ninth. Here, bar-boy, give this gazabo," meaning the abject one, "a big drink an' a good cigar. There," Sullivan continued to the beneficiary, following the refreshment, "now don't give me any more guff. You've got a drink an' a smoke; that's what you wanted. So screw out now an' give me a rest.

"It's a dead wonder," observed the huge ex-champion, as the abject one withdrew, visibly brightened by the drink; "it's a wonder he didn't strike me for 'twenty' to help put a tombstone over Jack Dempsey. I'll gamble that I've coughed up five thousand dollars in all—of course I'm lushin' at the time—to a lot of bunks who gives me a song an' dance about a tombstone for Dempsey. I'd dig for a 'twenty' or a 'fifty' every time one of those Hungry Joes comes near me. Take me when I'm tankin' up, an' I'm that easy a baby could sell me a gold brick."

It was now that the sporting writer of a local paper appeared. He asked Sullivan's opinion as to the probable winner of a combat between two welter weights who were to battle the next night.

"You want to know who I pick to win, eh?" growled Sullivan; "well, I don't pick, see! If there's one thing that makes a game young fellow who's matched to fight, an' is out to put up the scrap of his life, dead sore, it's to have a lot of wise mugs settin' round 'prophesyin' that he's goin' to lose, an' is up ag'inst it. I aint in that business. All I've got to say to these young men is to go in an' do their best. They should remember

that, while pain soon passes away, defeat never does; an' fight as long as they can see or stand.

"You're goin', are you?" concluded Sullivan, turning to me. "Come 'round an' let me get my lamps on you often. If you're goin' to print what I've said, you can put it in with my compliments that I think an honest prize fighter is a better man than a dishonest banker. It's not a guy's trade, but what he is, that makes him a good or a bad proposition."

There you have been face to face with the fighting man. Doffing prejudice, it will not tax a discernment which I know to be yours, to discover in his slang-garnished utterances a list of virtues which the world is taught to applaud. Look closely; one will find therein expressed a courage, a patriotism, a vanity of country, a charity, a loyalty to friends, an admiration for a foe, a memory of the dead, a care for another's sensibilities, some shreds of a fair philosophy, dramatic and otherwise; and lastly, that stubborn personal independence not to be impressed by a prince born in the purple, which many an American with more pretense of respectability than ever a poor prize fighter might make, would save his self-respect if, during the progress of some London invasion, he were to emulate and adopt.

To you who, reading this, are ruffled of a spirit to be put thus talk to talk with a drinking gladiator, I profess an exhortation to remember that race from which you come, and be appeased. Back-track your people to the spring-head of their emanation. They are to be known through every whirl of history by their blue-gray eyes and tawny hair. It is the robber race; the wolf race. It drifts westward on its lines of latitude; drifts ever westward, as if the world in its rolling to

the east offers that impulse which gives it motion and direction. It is the race of pillage; the race which shoved ocean-ward in its long sea-serpents on viking cruise, and whose axes in the name of loot have battered even at the gates of Paris long ago. Its cry of war, hoarse with courage, the loud Ahoy! now dwindled to be the hailing cry of sailor-folk, was through centuries the courier of conquest. It is the race of liberty; and from it we take our elections and our legislatures, which find their gagless patterns in the Things and Witenagemotes of Norway. It is the race of justice; and had its system of jury, and trial by a man's own peers, a thousand years e'er Runnymede was heard of and Magna Charta gave those safeguards guarantee.

It is the brave and quenchless race; the race of that chief who said: "If I'm opposed by Odin, I will strive with Odin; if Thor confronts me, I will fight with Thor. I have no fear save the fear of the cow's death—the bed-death—the death in peace and straw. I've no hope but to die the man's death, girt with the joys of battle; and where shields are breaking, and axes are crashing, and swords are smiting in the blessed front of war. Thus shall my spirit win Valhalla, and feast at the board and drink of the cup of those heroes who have gone before."

Skalds were its singers, and its sagas told the glory of this race. It is a stern race, and in its wars staked blood and life against those riches of its adversaries for which it fought. It could conquer or it could die, and the iron ethics of its war-game taught that losers lose all. Had this race been with Brennus when the Romans complained of his overheavy weights while telling down their yellow ransom; had it borne witness

as the conqueror in hard retort, unbuckling his belt, cast sword and all upon the scales in cruel addition to the price already made, crying, "Woe to the vanquished!" it would have approved that relentless proverb, and indorsed this jurisprudence of the strong hand, with a happy clangor of its shields.

That, reader, is your race as it stands in the twilights of furthest history; that is your race to-day. So shall one learn who digs beneath the vain veneer which overspreads us of conventionality and civilization. Is it then strange, and a criminal thing, that some blossom of this race of violence should be the modern boxer?

But one frets too much and with too little reason. Belie ourselves as we will, still are we saved by that latent savagery which dwells stiffly within our breasts, defending and keeping its own. And still do we find fame for our fist heroes. What are the names of a century, or two centuries ago, to live on the lips of the present? With the Bettertons, the Booths, the Macklins, the Garricks, and the Spranger Barrys of the theaters; with the Buckinghams, the Rochesters, the De Grammonts, the Herveys, and the Bubb Dodingtons of the courts; with the Clarendons, the Robert Walpoles, the Butes, and the Peels of statescraft; with the Pitts, the Burkes, the Foxes, and the Townsends of legislation; with the Fords, the Wycherleys, the Vanbrughs, the Farquhars, the Cibbers, and the Sheridans of the drama; with the Fieldings, the Smolletts, the Richardsons, the Burneys, and the Peacocks of literature; with the Youngs, the Shenstones, the Chattertons, the Grays, and the Cowpers of the poets; with the Georges who were kings; with the Eugenes and the Marlboroughs who were soldiers; with the Blakes and

the Rodneys who were sailors; with the Nashes, the Davies, the Alvanleys, and the Brummells who were beaux, and therefore nothings; with all these, plucked as they are from every garden of celebration, will go the names of the Figgs, the Broughtons, the Jacksons, the Belchers, the Humphries, and the Mendozas of the boxers. Despise them if you will; the last will live while the others live, and those exhaustless lamps of immortality will burn with equal oil for all.

VI.

SOME SMALL CHANGE.

Some time a good fellow thou hast been
And sparedst not thy gold and fee ;
Therefore Ile lend the forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

—*The Heir of Linne.*

It has long been a thought in my mind, and one nourished by what I have read, that the best sketch of a life would ever be Boswellian. The author may tell more of his man in one small characteristic anecdote, not to hold two hundred words, than would be possible by any direct assertion of attribute, though he extended it to be two thousand.

It is a world's humor to laugh at poor Boswell. The latter failed of that respect, which might else have been his defense, because he showed himself so plainly spoil and quarry to an abject hero-worship of his gruff and bullying favorite. Yet to-day the oracular Johnson is almost wholly known by Boswell's story of his life. One thousand folk read the little Scotchman's six-volume tale of Johnson, before one is found to turn the pages of the "Rambler," or the "Lives of the Poets," or whatever else was the pen-output of our unkempt King-worshipping, American-hating, Thrale-sponging, toad-devouring, boot-licking, tuft-hunting, nobility-stricken lackey of a lexicographer. How thoroughly do we infer the sickening snobbery of Johnson when Boswell tells us of an hour—three o'clock of

the morning—when Beauclerc and Bennet Langton, both of the aristocracy, and the first of the purple blood of Charles the Second, and who was subsequently to prove his descent from that merry monarch by the seduction of Bolingbroke's wife, arouse the philosopher by a merciless banging on his door; and how the irate Johnson, cured to all smiles the moment he discerns the bon-ton character of the disturbers, gleefully huddles on his snuffy old clothes, and joins the two in their drinking spree. They—the three—have a hilarious time among the hucksters of Covent Garden Market, and Beauclerc and Johnson continue to be deeply drunk throughout the next two days.

Garrick, when he heard of it, shook his head with a pretended affectionate alarm, and, remarking on the steep suddenness of Johnson's appearance in his new rôle of a roystering, watch-beating bullyboy, said: "I see how it will be. I shall yet have to bail my old friend out of the Round House."

Truly, the Boswell style, albeit not at all times and in every case a possibility, is, whenever it may be resorted to, the best style. And because it be so, it is in my thoughts, now that we have Richard Croker at the age of twenty, and full-standing on the confines of that region of politics wherein he has so wrought and waxed and grown distinguished, to lapse into a list of small tales which are to concern him, and in the relation whereof he is to more or less move about and expose to the reader such glimpses of his nature as may serve the half-fair mind to some correct picture of the man himself. The above will afford explanation of what, for a chapter or two, is to be a direct departure from plans pursued so far. Therefore, with no

more of prelude, let us tune ourselves to a Boswellian strain.

When one is brought to sketch him who, like Richard Croker, lives in a midwhirl of every activity of politics, and put in type his attributes and characteristics, whether inherent or acquired, one should call to one's side some spirit of conservatism. For if one be of that man's party, and, as it may be, more or less his friend, one is prone to overrun the hunt—overstate those matters which go to the subject's grace; equally, on the other hand, if one be of an opposition, and perchance adds to a difference of politics some feud, personal or otherwise, one would have natural, and it might be unconscious, inducements to note only the wrong side—remember naught save those imperfections to which everyone is heir. Also, what is above stated of him who writes might with equal cogency be said of him who reads.

Richard Croker is broad and thick and strong in person; short and dark as a December day. He is fortunate in an abundance of brains, as his seven and three-eighths hat might testify. His hair has been brave; it is all at its post, guarding against baldness. Gray, almost to whiteness, it tells plainly of those fifty-eight years he has witnessed. There is naught of ferocity nor grimness to Croker. His gray eyes are kindly and sympathetic, while the lower face is framed and softened by a full beard and mustache, clipped like a garden hedge, and which, once dark, wears like his hair the frosts of time and care. Croker dresses himself well, and in the mode; he is as apt to lapse into evening dress with the disappearance of the sun as any exquisite. All in all, be it day or evening, he presents

a pleasant, handsome figure, and one marked as distinguished even to the stranger eye. His imposing virtue is courage. His lower jaw, broad, firm, strong as a bear-trap, bears plain, true testimony of this to the face reader.

Proceeding in a fashion at once heedless and unsequent, this story concerning Richard Croker might be told. His attention was called to the large number of men, once strong in Democratic politics, who had been cast over, and were outside the party breastworks.

"They may combine and make you trouble," said the gentleman who was discussing the matter with Croker. The latter shook his head in confident negative.

"They can't combine," he replied; "they're dishonest, and they can't combine. No combination can be made where all are dishonest and each one knows it. The first element of leadership," he continued, "is honesty—perfect honesty. The honest man will prevail. Because other men can trust him. A rascal can trust an honest man; and a rascal can't trust a rascal. You might take one hundred men, ten of them honest and ninety of them false, and put them away on an island. Come back in two months, and, for the reasons I've given you, you'll find the ten honest men dominating the rest."

One may derive the fact of a man's power and personal force, just as the astronomers discovered the existence of Neptune and Uranus before a telescope had been developed by which these planets were brought within the radius of observations. The cunning astronomer knew of the existence, and as well the size, of these by the way their comrade planets acted. Croker's strength might be come to in the same way.

His mild manner, his soft voice, the quiet atmosphere, might breed a doubt were it not for the attitude of the thirty-five Tammany "leaders" who belt him about.

There are ninety thousand folk on the roster of Tammany Hall, each with a vote, and each with a thirst for place. From these ninety thousand come the "leaders"; not so much by consent, as by conquest of the suffrages expressed at primaries of the said ninety thousand. These "leaders," chiefs of their clans, brave, quick of thought, decisive as a guillotine, are the very heart of force. And yet these "leaders," bowing to none besides, yield to Croker as willows to the wind. From their movements, one might know of the magnitude of Croker, even it were not discernible of the man himself.

Croker is the chief of the chiefs. This eminence has come to him not by gift, but as prize to powers native of himself. It is his because of a first courage and valor and skill on the battlefields of politics. In those old Norse days it was no fullness of riches nor of family which chose a leader; it was deeds. And when the rough sea-soldiery of Norway found one who rose loftier than the others by dint of strength in war, they made a platform of their locked shields, and lifting him high above their heads proclaimed him "chief." In similar fashion did Croker attain his leadership.

Richard Croker is a firm apostle of organized politics. He believes in the "machine," and was reared at the knee of that theory. One day he spoke to me on this point. "Every successful enterprise," he said, "must have organization and a head. Everything which suc-

ceeds must and does have organization; without it all things fall to pieces. Be it a store, or an army, or a church, or a party in politics, it must have organization and a head. If I'm a 'boss,' then a merchant, a bishop, or a general is a 'boss'; and a president is the big 'boss' of all."

Perhaps the first impression one gets of Richard Croker is that of guilelessness. He looks as though one might with ordinary effort deceive and destroy him. This notion is error, grievous and complete; he is very wise; and a fox is as a fool to him. Still his plan primarily is to trust every man. He explains it in this way.

"I make it a point to trust all men *once*—trust them with my eyes shut. And the scheme has its success. Nine men of ten are honest, and will loyally respond to their obligations. The tenth may be false and cheat. But at that, I am right nine times to be in error once. If a man prove false, I never trust him again."

Children and animals are folk of an affectionate, warm interest to Richard Croker. One may be walking and talking on some subject of interest with him. Should the two meet some nursling of three or four years' standing, Croker loses sight for the time of the topic under discussion. He neither hears nor cares. His whole thought is on the child. He will stoop down until his face is on a level with the little face that has stopped him. He and the infant will beam on each other for the space, perhaps, of three minutes. The converse is wordless, and of the eyes. However, they must say much that is loving and pleasant to one another, for each breaks off the interview and goes his several way with the best of thoughts touching his new



RICHARD CROKER'S OFFICE AT TAMMANY HALL.

acquaintance. "That's a good baby," Croker will say thoughtfully, as he resumes his walk, and as if he conversed with himself; "that's a good baby." Then, with a half laugh, as one who comes back from the beautiful to the harder, sterner claims of life, he will resume the broken conversation.

It was said above that Richard Croker loved animals. His delight in a horse is without a boundary. It is probable, however, that his best affections are given to the bulldog. Croker was in hap-hazard conversation moved to an expression of the high esteem in which he holds that kindly, yet resolute, animal. The talk ran thus:

"What do you call a great man?" asked Croker of his friend.

"It's difficult to define a great man," replied the other, "but I might give you an example. For instance, while I've no great love for him, there are those who say that McKinley is a great man."

"I don't think so," retorted Croker. "I'm told he'll desert his principles and his friends."

"That's scarcely an argument against greatness, however," replied the other. "An evasion of principle, and a desertion of friends, are frequent earmarks of greatness. There are many who must do both to become great."

"It's not my idea of greatness," said Croker. "The man I call great is the man who, win or lose, fights and falls by his standard—who never gives up his cause nor his friend. The great man is he who never falters nor flies—never lets go."

"By that argument, you might call a bulldog a great man."

"Let me tell you one thing," retorted Croker, with an unusual flash; "if a bulldog were a man he'd be a great man. He's kindly, loyal, brave; and when he fights, as all on earth, man or dog, or what you will, must fight, he fights to win or die. He will come off victor, or he will die where he stands. Yes, indeed; if a bulldog were a man, he'd be a great man."

This was at dinner. Fish appeared and Croker turned thoughtfully to its dispatch, his face disclosing plainly that the man and the bulldog were still gaining comparison in his mind, measurably to the disadvantage of the man.

There is a deep strain of religion in Richard Croker, and while he might miss a political convention, he will not miss the Sunday service of his church. The salesman of a bookseller once said with an air of half astonishment, "Croker came in to-day and bought a large consignment of books. What do you think they were?"

"Couldn't say," replied the listener; "horse books, perhaps, or books on dogs or field sports."

"No," responded the literature salesman, "every one of them was a religious book."

If some master of politics and men were to glance along New York, he would in the last conclusion decide that Richard Croker was civilly the best restraining influence. Among those about him, as well as among those about the chiefs of the opposition, a sharp search would find ones who, with the least of opening or opportunity, would plunder the public of its every dollar. It arises chiefly from the fact that our "best citizens" do nothing to assert themselves in practical politics, save growl as they cast their ballots

and grumble as they pay their taxes. The desperado of politics acts otherwise; he joins some party; he crowds to the front; he shouts; he seeks office; he grabs what he may, and never permits a question of public morality to get between the legs of his desires and trip them up. There are blacklegs in politics, as, for that matter, there are blacklegs in banks. There is this, however, to be said of the Tammany blackleg; the man he most fears, and the last to whom he is willing to discover his villainies, is Richard Croker.

Said a gentleman, commenting on this: "If I were business manager of the city of New York, my first and anxious care would be to appoint a commission of doctors to look after Croker's health. Were he to die, I verily believe the politicians—Democratic, Republican, and Mugwump—would steal everything but the back fence."

There is much of native purity in the make-up of Richard Croker. Naturally he is fine and overstrung. Men drunken, loud profanity, obstreperous boasting, or a vulgar story, or one with a Rabelaisian finish, evokes his disgust on the instant. Nervous as a running horse, such things are to him a discord of morals—as if one struck a harp with a hammer.

Croker never drinks strong waters and has a dread of drunken men. This fact has led to curious, not to say sober, results. The men of Tammany not alone obey, they imitate their great war chief. And thus it falls that there is scant drinking among the whelps of the Tiger. The club, to which Croker is as the soul, with a membership of thirty-five hundred, doesn't, man for man, consume one-tenth as much strong drink as does any of the four large social clubs of the town.

Drinking is decidedly without vogue in Tammany upper circles, and all through the sober example of Richard Croker.

There is an anecdote apropos of Croker's feeling on this point of drink. A wine merchant, distinguished for an eagerness to do business, approached Croker. There was a gentleman in converse with the latter at the time.

"It's a mere matter of business," quoth the earnest man of wines, "and, as it's no secret, I had as soon state it before our friend here as not. This is the proposition: No one wants you to actively engage yourself in the trade; but if you'll give me permission to use your name as an agent for our wines, we'll pay you thirty-five thousand dollars a year."

"I couldn't do that," replied Croker, while his brow clouded. "I don't drink myself, and wouldn't for what money you could name be the cause of leading other men to drink—certainly not young men. I want to see men free to do as they please; about drink as well as every proper thing. But I couldn't lend my name to what you ask."

This was said in that quiet tone characteristic of Croker, and which makes one feel its unchangeability as if one were dealing with the eternal rock. The moment, however, that Croker had disposed of the proposal in so far as it pressed upon himself, the instinct of suggestion arose.

"Why don't you get 'Smiling' John Kelly?" said Croker. "He's always going about among folk. Everybody likes him; he drinks wine, and would be the best man you could get."

"I'd take him in a moment," said the wine merchant.

"Suppose you speak to him about it. I'll give him fifteen thousand a year."

It was about ten o'clock that night when "Smiling John" entered the club like a left-over ray of sunshine.

"John," said Croker with a smile, for he felt the humor of it, "John, I've got a place for you."

"Have you?" said "Smiling John," with a cheerful air—he had refused more than one of the city's highest offices—"have you, Chief? What do I do, and what do I get?"

"You don't do anything," replied Croker. "You go about meeting people; you have a glass of wine and a good word with them, just as you do now. As for what you get, John—you get fifteen thousand dollars a year."

"You'll have to be clearer than that," replied "Smiling John," his countenance aglow with a usual benign philanthropy; "who is it that wants me?"

"It's Gentile, the wine man," replied Croker. "He wants you to sell his wine."

"He does, does he?" said "Smiling John," in tones of pleasant scorn; "we'll settle that easily. Tell him I'd rather buy it."

There are two systems adopted by or native to politicians which are more easily described than declared. William Jennings Bryan, not long since running for high office, would stand exponent of one; while Richard Croker is a leading expression of the other. Bryan with offices to bestow, or favors of place to give, would settle a long, rich list of them on those who were his foes. Croker, going naturally to the other system, would give all he had to friends and party followers. The thought of each, in one of its phases, would be

political, and born of an anxiety to draw strength to his banner. The first would argue that his friends, reward or no reward, would remain his friends; while with place he might buy an enemy, and so augment his power while depleting opposition. Croker, with less coldness and more of the warm, red blood of gratitude, would enrich his friends and scowl defiance at his foes. And yet he, too, would be moved of a battle-logic to that same thought which the other, dominated of a peace policy, entertained. The latter, as stated, would with office and present of place turn an enemy into a friend, and so add to his power. Croker would give all to his adherents, and thereby teach his enemy looking on that it was good to be his friend, to the end of so turning said enemy that in the next collision he would be found beneath the Croker flag, a paragon of daring energy in its defense. The Croker system is the better system; it would last centuries while the other, more cold and more calculating, wouldn't last years.

Richard Croker is a devout follower of the spoils system. He believes with the dead Senator Marcy of this State, who, in the debates during the thirties over the confirmation of Jackson's appointment of Van Buren to be Minister to England, said: "The Democrats of New York when they meet defeat expect to step down and out. When they succeed, they look to enjoy the fruits of their triumph. They see no harm in the aphorism that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy."

However, this flowing chapter has overflowed its banks. One story more and we will close and go to the next. There was at dinner with Richard Croker

one who, in cold and plotting blood, had done his best or worst to pile a mountain of injury on the Croker head. Later in the evening, a friend wondered savagely at Croker for his toleration:

"Here you are," said the friend, "in the very noon of power. Here is he who conspired to do you the greatest wrong one man may do another. With the falsest of charges, at which he himself connived, he aimed at your liberty and life. Nor was it his fault he failed. Now that you have him in your hand to crush, you let him go—you dine with him in all apparent friendship."

"What you say is true," replied Croker, with an air whereof the major part was sorrow; "what you say is true. But there's one thing you don't know. That man came to me and told me he was wrong, and asked me to forgive him. When a man does that, no matter what he's attempted against me, I've got to forgive him."

VII.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

The captain said as ladies writhed their neck,
To see the dying dolphin flap the deck :
" If we go down, on us these gentry sup,
We dine upon them if we haul them up ;
Wise men applaud us when we eat the eater,
As devils laugh when keen men cheat the cheater."
—*The Sea Voyage.*

WHILE I am engaged with the collection on my pencil's point of a list of anecdotes of Richard Croker, intending to string them on the thread of narrative as a child strings beads, and all to show the mental make-up and as well the methods of the man, a visitor arrives. The latter, discovering my task, offers as query to be answered: "How does one account for Croker's success? What would be that analysis, to lay out each by itself those elements within him which, combined, give him his command?"

Reply to this is no task trivial. That man who can make a right one could go to the cradles of his day and point out a future's champions. There is nothing so successful as success. One sees it, appreciates it, knows that victory exists. Yet, whether the success in hand be the success of a man, or an idea, or an army, it is ever difficult of display, either in its seed or source or that argument of growth which bore it as its fruit.

Croker dominates almost four millions of folk; his power is hard to overstate; to say it is Czar-like is to

shear it of frontier and tell but a part of the story. And he has continued himself thus in the conning tower of control for nearly sixteen years; and that, in the face of constant and mighty strivings, within as well as without, to evict him. How does he do this? What are those inner things called attributes which give him and protect him in this supremacy? As I've stated, it's something more than hard, it's impossible, to tell; and he who makes essay of the task will garner error as rustics garner corn.

Richard Croker was, for one thing, fortunate of his birth. He comes, as do ninety per cent. of mankind, and may Heaven be thanked for it! from that great safe, hale, valid middle class who must work to live, and who construct the moral solvency of time. There are here, as there are everywhere, three great strata of folk. There is the upper or stratum of the aristocracy; the middle stratum of which I speak above; and that stratum to blackly be the base. Of these strata the upper is born assured behind the barriers of accumulated money; the lowest comes and dwells without the barriers of possible accumulation. The one lives without apprehension of need; the other without expectation of betterment. One, per consequence, is without fear, and the other without hope; and both are thereby idle, both desperate, and both vicious.

"We are born evil," says Machiavelli, "and become good only by necessity."

This pressure—moral—counted on by the Florentine doesn't, in the two classes under contemplation, exist; therefore, save for what threat the law may make,—and that is ever too slight to manage either the mental or the moral side of men,—being born evil, they continue

evil to the end. Some homely simile for humanity in the mass might be found in any bubbling kettle of soup. At the top, the froth; at the bottom, the dregs; while that which boils between is all that is palatable, healthful, and worth an honest spoon. It is the middle class, the class of effort, made strong and clean by the pressure of a very contest to live, which has been in all times the hope and stay of races.

Every name worth ink for its embalming comes from the middle stratum. True! one hears of your kings and royal princes who are declared great by history. But were Truth to pry among the facts, how would decision go? Is it a Black Prince to capture a King of France at Poitiers? You will find a Chandos ever at his princely elbow; and who, holding him in military leading strings from first to last, tells him when to advance, and when to pause, and in all things what to do. It is an Audley who was declared the bravest and most valorous knight at Poitiers, and the Black Prince gave him weighty reward for it. And yet that Audley was so sure as to where true praise belonged, that the next day, as he lay with his wounds, he quartered the royal largesse among his four squires, Dutton of Dutton, Delves of Doddington, Fowlehurst of Crew, and Hawkestone of Wainehill, with the observe to those whom he had called to witness the donative: "You see here these four squires. What glory I may have gained has been through their means, and by their valor; on which account I give and resign to them the gifts which my lord the Prince has been pleased to bestow on me." It may be urged that Chandos, Audley, and the latter's four squires were not at all of the middle class, and of the aristocracy. That in halfway is true; but only of

their day. Their style did not leave them without the need of effort, and at their trade of war they were bound to toil, or go wanting.

This story of Poitiers points sundry morals. Edward the Black Prince is the putative hero of that battle, without shadow of true claim for his support. Also, he is pedestaled as the military figure of his century, when such mere captains of banditti as Hawkwood, Calverly, and Knolles, all Edward's soldiers at one and another time, demonstrate themselves by their achievements of rapine, which range from the Northern oceans to the Mediterranean, and include the taking of cities, and even the capture and ransom of a Pope, to be his easy and complete superiors. One should not trust history when it tells of a prince.

Or is it in a field of mental action a king is to brightly glance? Investigation will show that he burns like the moon by the reflected light of some sun of commonalty. Is it some Henry who is to defy a Rome and reorganize a church? One will ever find a Duns Scotus, a Wickliffe, an Occam, and a Luther, to precede him or live in his day, to plant that vine of which he has the vintage. No; turn what page of the past one will, or read the present as it runs before one's eyes, it will bear note that the very uppermost and the very lowest classes are deserts to produce nothing of moment nor of might; and that it is the strong, deep soil of the middle class wherefrom the oaks of tallest greatness always spring. And, as set forth, Croker starts with that birth-advantage of rise in the middle class.

That mere origin of middle class is not, however, to guarantee any certainty of a topmost success. Many thousands have owned it; and while they could boast

on their deathbeds that they had lived with respect and paid their debts, these feats, while indubitably ones of magnitude and heroic worth, are withal too frequent of performance to earn a name as great, where the soul of the latter epithet depends for its existence on the unusual, on a poverty of occurrence. One must go further who attempts to expound the year-in and year-out victory of Richard Croker.

Perhaps one may come to some plainness in the business on new and other pathways of conjecture. Machiavelli writes, "I have many times considered with myself that the occasion of any man's good or bad fortune consists in his correspondence and accommodation with his times." Our philosopher then proceeds to disclose that in a Roman day when Hannibal was at top bent of success, it needed caution and care and an utmost discreet employment of every Roman power to check the African's advance and bring him to a stand. This slow and steady caution Fabius possessed, and its successful use against Hannibal made Fabius the greatest name in Rome.

But Fabius could be nothing but cautious. The requirements of the times took unto themselves mutation. Hannibal, withheld from Rome, must be made to return to Carthage. Scipio, who was aggressive, said: "Invade Africa; assail Carthage." Fabius, the cautious, was not equal to anything other than defense. Fabius opposed the plan of Scipio. But the popular thought, which was with the careful Fabius when close peril waved sword above its head, having gotten breath and courage with the safety which Fabius had won, turned to follow and sustain the headlong Scipio. Fabius saw decline and Scipio rose above him, to be-

come the hero and the leader in his stead. Fabius was fitted to his times in the first instance and had renown; in the last, albeit he had in no whit changed, Fabius was out of line with his day, and so lost to Scipio, who joined the new times to a hair, the honors he had gathered.

Richard Croker might be regarded as a composite of both Fabius and Scipio; he weds caution to daring in an extreme degree of each. He can dissemble like a Talleyrand; or he can be as bluff and blunt as any Henry the Eighth. He can follow policy and intrigue like a Louis the Eleventh; or he can charge as recklessly as any Bull of Burgundy—think in the saddle, and carry decision on the point of his sword.

This thought of matching your times, expressed by the Italian, had a partial assertion by the late Voorhees of Indiana. He was reminded of having given, the session before, utterance to deduction and statement which went to the contradiction of his that day's Senate speech.

"Yes, it is quite possible," observed Voorhees in reply, and he had the air of one who consents to a weary truth; "it is quite possible that I do not talk now as I talked then. But times change and demands change with them. You should remember that statesmanship is simply the science of circumstance."

What the tall orator said would have been evenly true had he changed a word and made it: "Leadership is the science of circumstance."

Æsop, the fabulist and slave, didn't believe with Machiavelli, and was taught painfully his error. It is Æsop's excuse, perhaps, that he lived two thousand years before the other, and thereby lost the guiding

benefit of his precepts. *Æsop* was with his master on a journey. The latter, to be in favor with his wife,—a fate for which all good, wise husbands pray,—conceived for her a sweet surprise, and one which ladies love.

“Take this,” quoth he, “and return to my house and give it to the one who loves me best.”

With that he put into *Æsop*’s gnarled hands a necklace. The malignant little hunchback flew home, exhibited the jewel, and repeated his master’s words.

“It is for me!” said the wife, all conscious smiles, and stretching forth an ardent hand.

“No,” retorted *Æsop*, “it is not for you. My master’s commands design it for the one who loves him best.”

With that *Æsop* flung the gift about the neck of a spaniel and was subsequently well clubbed for his insight. *Æsop* might more wisely have minded his times. Richard Croker would have come better off and disregarded a fact to adhere to an intention.

That great requisite of leadership is to be sure you’re followed. Without following there is no leader. One may be wise, and live in isolation; one may be right, and be alone, and generally one is. But one cannot on such terms write one’s self “leader,” and Richard Croker found this knowledge in his breast at birth. He will make no struggle against the popular will, and guides his adherents by going with them; leads them by walking at their head. And there has never been commander of history—not one—who was not driven, in his own calls and to preserve himself, to follow that same axiom of supremacy. The First Charles de-

clined it, and at Whitehall that winter day he lost his head. It was probably the least head in his dominions; but it was of moment to him. He forfeited it by failure to match his times; because he would go one way when his people would go another. Cromwell, greater than one thousand kings in one, with more of courage and wisdom and worth of manhood than ever put on English crown, was fain to swerve and turn—twist like a fox, shift color like a chameleon, to sustain himself. Cromwell succeeded, however, for he made sure to match his times. It is by identical tactics that Richard Croker, during his sixteen years of leadership, has buttressed against overthrow. It is thus he conserves his interest and treasures himself.

It is an enchanting study, this study of success. Would you have victory? Embrace your times and make yourself their partner; clip and trim your professions with the scissors of current taste; don't stand aloof, don't go too close; make love to your hour and offer honest marriage. And while you say "yes" to your age, practice the negative wherever possible with individual man. There is a charm in "no!" and a safety. Say it on every chance when the saying does not exclude you from the common march. Much virtue in "no!" It avoids drink, it saves money, it makes for good repute, declines disgrace, and cultivates respect. And it multiplies the worth of "yes!" when you utter it.

Richard Croker will dissemble like a Greek. Yet one should understand: He is true to his friends and to his cause; he moves without treachery, harbors no treason; and his given word is gold. But he will cloak his plan, and bury his thought, and hide his facts, even

from his friends; and all to the end that final victory heir no peril.

"Justice is the interest of the stronger," said Thrasymachus; and while Socrates defeated him in the colloquy, the apothegm of our Greek has won the practical acceptance of mankind. "Justice is the interest of the stronger," and mendacity is the natural sentinel of interest. Plato would have refused this in the day of his Academy; Sir Thomas More would have excluded it from his Utopia. But More was no pilot, and made but half a voyage. At first he sailed bravely, and was enough seaman of policy to succeed Wolsey as Chancellor. But the storms came, and his sailorship broke down; he crashed on the reefs of the Tower, and the ax got the head that had ceased to serve its master's turn.

And do you object to mendacity? Do you favor civilization? You told me a few chapters to the rear that you did, and belabored me with hard words because I appealed against it. Do you favor civilization? Why, then, it is moored and held by the lies we tell. We have scaled the bluff ages with ladders of lies. Lies! they have been our race's best weapon of offense. As for defense, why, lies are our citadel! If New York were to tell herself the truth for ten minutes, solitude and silence and desertion would sweep and swim the streets like a blight. And at the crisis where his lunatic, general veracity, trod the lips and seized the ears of folk, historians would close their chapters. They would begin the next ominously and with darkling caption: "The Last Days of New York."

Within limits of interest, personal to one's self, the

right to lie is perfect. "When telling a lie will be profitable, let it be told," wrote Herodotus. There is property in a thought, a plan, or a fact. One has no more right to search your head than to search your pocket. One has no more title to your knowledge or your programme, than to your money or your watch. You may as properly prevent his larceny of the one as of the other. When silence is no disguise, or spells discovery,—and query may be framed to such a sequence,—mask your plan with mendacity, hide your knowledge in a cloud of lies.

There was Voltaire,—I've ever admired him,—an artist of untruth. True! Voltaire got into the Bastille; but he got out again. Voltaire lived success. He duped those who would have cozened and used him; he spoiled the Egyptian, and was enriched; in a day of fetters he was free; in an era of strictest censorship, and when a press was bridled, he wrote and printed as he pleased; he met his friends, he missed his enemies, and was at ease while others sweated and wrestled; he lived with undimmed faculty to the age of eighty-four, and died generally honored because generally denounced. What more of value may one find in life? Take my rede for it: he who may lock a door may lie; the right in the one is the right in the other.

Croker is expert of the mask; he can feign a feeling or pretend a thought. And he does both when dealing with his unfriends. He calculates coldly, and never permits feud nor a knowledge of another's treason, *in esse* or accomplished, to prevent his use of that man. He will plow with the heifer of his foe—aye! with the foe himself, while the plowing plows a profit. He will meet folk whom he knows to be false; beam on

them with bland interest, appear to give them his confidence, and to rely on their loyalty as a main support; he will assign them their tasks, and let the nose of expectation sniff reward; he will turn his back on them as one who is sure of their white truth, and walk away the picture of unconscious openness. It seems a sinful and a devil's deed to betray a soul so defenselessly childlike and trusting. Be not aroused. Those false ones have been deluded; they are in invisible irons, and always in sight. It is as double odds they carry forth the Croker plan; it is certain they will do no harm. There are thousands who went forth to shear Croker, and returned shorn.

Of the multitude to make up Tammany Hall, there are hundreds who come within the close and personal radius of Croker. And there are other hundreds, not specifically of Tammany Hall, who, for office, or some contract or franchise-preference of the town, are found to join these. It is a court; and our applicants of favor become courtiers of Croker. Eighty per cent. of these come not for Croker, nor Tammany Hall, nor party betterment; they come for themselves. And they fawn and they flatter; and they fish for those trouts of office, or contract, or franchise, which brought them to this pool of the profitable.

And in their midst is Croker; smooth, silent, blandly ignorant of design on the part of anyone, and as though plot were preposterous as an idea; believing every lie, gulping every compliment like spring-water; the most fooled and cheated creature beneath the stars—apparently. But appearances waylay the fact. There isn't one about him whose measure for better or worse is not within the archives of his thought; no one he doesn't

apprehend in his last true detail. Not a word does one utter that isn't instantly tried by the acid of what he knows; and this last is a term to cover the marvelous. In short it's a game—the game of politics; and Croker defeats these folk; and turns them, and twists them, and takes them in, and moves them about, and in all things does with them what one, expert, might do with children at a hand of cards. Croker knows these folk as he knows his way to bed; he knows what is in them as he knows the contents of his pocket; from beginning to end he uses them with the same cool, steady cunning wherewith a mechanic uses tools.

At that play where man meets man, and one is to be ridden and the other ride, Croker is the adept ineffable and not to be expressed. He ever rides; and in his day has cinched his saddle on all sorts, from presidents and governors—men of nation, men of State and town—down to that least atom of power, the man of one vote who blackens boots or sweeps the crossing of a street.

Once, on the evening of a reception to Croker, when hundreds thronged the Democratic Club, among them men of money and others who had filled the highest places of state, and all beamingly, bowingly, scrapingly gracious to the "Chief," to a point that might sicken self-respect, Croker said to me:

"Of course one must understand these people. They are here for their interest, and to gain their points. Many of them would leave the party, and assail me, the moment it served their turns. Three of five who are here would do both. The others you could bank on, fair weather or foul—you could go to war and depend on them. They have principles."

But if Richard Croker can be suave, veil his estimates of folk, and deceive Deceit, he can be blunt enough at times. It depends on the when, and the where, and the who. Craft is with Croker artificial; or, if it's his nature, then it's his second nature. His first is to be frank and open and boldly obvious. There was an editor and owner of a paper of power and daily warrant. Also the editor was personally drunken, treacherous, and noisily vulgar—precisely the sort to have Croker's contempt, arouse his antipathy, rasp his sensibility, and nurse his disgust. It was in the sharp midst of a campaign. One would suppose it no moment when Croker would lose a friend or make a rebel. The editor—rather sober for him, he was—approached Croker with a leer of amiability. Croker met him with an eye of frost.

"Why is it, Mr. Croker," said the editor, in tones husky with dead rum, but friendly, "why is it you never gave me your confidence?"

"You would be a good man to give my confidence to," said Croker, "if I wanted never to see it again." Then proceeding to direct reply, he went on: "I'll tell you why I don't give you my confidence and why I never will; it's because you're dishonest, and can't be trusted. Then again, you're a coward and will run like a deer. Your word and your courage are both bad."

That editor made feeble expostulation, and couldn't understand. Croker recounted his maldeeds of treason, ingratitude, and broken faith. It was a sad record; true in every word, but unpleasant to the editor who had thus provoked a sketch of his career. Croker's tones had a chill in them, too, as if one were

in the near presence of an iceberg in the night. The editor made stumbling expedition to withdraw to balmier company.

That editor was a millionaire; and his paper was of an import of politics with any in the town. Yet Croker flung his aching story in his teeth, as if he'd been the meanest emigrant last landed. And the reason? Because it was true in the first place; and, in the next, its telling could do no harm. If the effect would have been to turn the batteries of that paper against next day's Democracy, Croker, *pro tempore*, would have met our drunken, treason-mongering vulgarian, its editor, with a mood as sweet as May. But he knew the man. He knew his avarice; his sodden lack of self-respect. Aware that the paper supported Democracy, and attended the hunt, a mere jackal of politics, hopeful of an offal prey, some tidbit of a putrid profit, Croker was equally aware that no insult of truth would inflame it into opposition. It would remain leal to its appetite for city advertising, and therefore leal to party; in fact, the adherence of that editor would be rather strengthened than made less, when taught to know that his vermin length and breadth and depth of sordid purpose were entirely arrived at and understood.

Richard Croker knows his men, and finds and matches his men; corresponds with his environment and fits it to him like a coat; accommodates himself to his times, as Machiavelli says one must; dovetails with events as they transpire. In seeming ever frank, he is as close-locked as the grave; apparently a reed for graceful pliancy, he is as bendless as the oak; never hearing, he is all ears; never seeing, he owns the eyes of Argus; never knowing, he has the story of every man

and fact at finger's end; innocent, he is a fox for policy; timid, he is as formidable as a bear; slow, he is as swift to smite as a bolt from above; hesitating, he is as prompt as a flash-light; careless, he is as accurate as a rapier; and of things, for things, by things political he is never when nor where nor what one anticipates. Also, with a genius to be military—doubtless derived from Cromwellian fathers—no matter how a war may roll, Croker is ever moving and pushing towards the high ground. His secret of mastership, when one has added the rest, would seem to lie in that thought of Machiavelli of a profound talent of “accommodation and correspondence with his times.”

VIII.

MORE SUBSIDIARY COIN.

“O wow!” quo’ he: were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merrie I wad bee,
And I wad nevir think lang.”

—*The Gaberlunzie Man.*

OUR last chapter was provoked by a comer with a question. It is to be hoped there is none other eaten of a misfit curiosity to follow him and his inquisitive example. Were there a procession of such, this work might become for length another Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy,” and dolefully laden of six hundred thousand words. How our old Oxonian must have moiled and wrought and burned wax! No marvel he was glum! Surely, his weary tomes grew with the gloom they fed on.

Richard Croker, when meeting men of assured position, political, social, or financial, brings to his countenance a deal of dignity and reserve. There is courtesy; but nothing of impulsive affability. Croker never flatters; by the same word! a flattery of Croker is a waste of time. That dulcet commodity has polite reception,—if a mild silence may be thus described,—but its sole effect is to disturb distrust.

When Croker encounters folk of prominence and rank, whether the meeting be casual or of purpose, he clothes himself with a cool, wholesome urbanity, which, conceding nothing, adventures no demands. His air is

that of one who, certain of his own respect, is ready to extend respect to you. It is to Croker's credit that the poorest and weakest, and folk of puniest kind, political and otherwise, may find him with a quick readiness as encouraging as it is perfect. There are no fences nor defenses about Croker. All who have wish or occasion to meet him are at once received. And the weak and the poor, and those in the fangs of some distress, have ever the better reception. Such touch Croker nearly; they recruit to their aid his quickest sympathy; he brings them closer to him than any who, pompous, safe, and self-approved, comes with hands of power and brows of consequence.

"Yes," said Croker, on a day when his habit of open-door to all had undergone a comment; "yes, I see everybody. And particularly I haven't the heart to turn these poor people away. They squander my time, and often I can do them no good. But they don't know these things; and their small affairs are of as much interest to them as the business of any money monarch is to him. Were I driven to name what I regard as most to my credit, it would be that, during the sixteen years I've been at the head of Tammany Hall, every man, rich or poor, small or great, who wanted to see me, did see me, and was listened to. And when I could I helped him. I wouldn't want a better epitaph."

That sympathy of Croker for the young and struggling is never far to call. In 1897, following Tammany success, Croker was at Lakewood. A crowd had followed him; with others were representatives of a score of papers. Among these was a boy of twenty; bright, alert, indefatigable. Croker observed him. One day the boy told Croker that his ambition was to study law.

"Where is your home?" asked Croker.

Our youth replied that he came from Buffalo; that his parents were dead; and, being moneyless and with a living to earn, he must defer his law studies until he had hoarded enough to keep him through those three years of law-reading which the statutes impose on the novice.

"How much does your paper pay you?" asked Croker.

"Thirty dollars a week."

Croker said no more. A few days later one of the city's chief law officers notified the youth that he had been named as his—the law officer's—private secretary with a salary of twenty-two hundred dollars a year, a four-year term, and a chance to study law.

This episode made an impression on me. Time had carved me a cynic. I was old in politics, and full of a callous experience as the daily critic and historian of politicians. It was the first deed of any Christian loveliness from the hand of politics to come within my ken. Since then I've known Croker to "throw away," as your case-hardened party man might say, hundreds of places for the same reason of goodness, and in the same way. I taunted him with this soft excellence of heart; he seemed abashed.

"That's not generosity," said Croker argumentatively; "it's the same old story of machine politics, only it's reversed. The rule, of course, is that a man must earn his office before he gets it. In these cases I gave the boys the places before they had earned them. It makes no last party difference; they can go on and work for the party now in return for their offices. There you have the idea; it works no loss to the Democ-

racy, and it's a good thing for the boys." And at that Croker laughed with a hearty uneasiness that spoke of bashful fear lest one might deem him generous, and of a warm, soft sympathy, when frozen precedent would have him hard as ice.

Croker is tolerant of the young, and will forgive error or mistake where youth and inexperience plead in its excuse. This tolerant tenderness doesn't extend itself in any wrong action of an oldling. There was an Albany crisis; the Democrats of the Legislature behaved badly. One gray senator was peculiarly weighed in the balance of those events, and found wanting. It was a week later when he met Croker. The latter regarded the derelict with a brow both untoward and bleak.

"You did nicely," observed Croker, in tones none the less indurated for being musically low; "you did nicely up at Albany! The Republicans made you look like children. You would have done as well if you'd stayed at home."

"What could I do?" asked the other appealingly, spreading his hands.

"Why, nothing, of course," replied Croker. "I didn't know that when you were sent there, but I know it now."

It was the death sentence; both understood it. That "statesman" did not go back. Yet such is the crushing force of Tammany discipline that not a thought of rebellion, none of retort, rose in the breast of the disgraced one. He now toils cheerfully in the party ranks, without office, and without its hope; and he and Croker meet with no more of difference than they felt before.

This instance is a specimen brick of scores on scores just like it. The justice of the situation is recognized by both. Tammany Hall in its essence is pure military. When a man fails, a man forfeits; none may keep a place who is too weak for its administration, too unskillful for its defense. Croker removes the man, and it occurs neither to Croker nor the one removed that there are to be resultant heats, heart-burnings, and mutinies. There have been now and then those to prove exceptions to this law. One might count a dozen such. They, as a rule, were names rich, young, and in the van of leadership. Each deemed himself powerful and contested with Croker his dictum of deposal. One and all they perished; their bones whiten on the hill-sides of party.

He who at any hour is head of Tammany Hall will not alone face foe without; he must fend against personal overthrow by forces which arise within. A weak man couldn't last; nor one unwise nor careless. It is not that in the surroundings of a Tammany chief there lurks uncommon treachery; it is due to the natural law that the strong is to supplant the weak. Whatever may be your place or fortune, you who read this, be assured that in the sweating fret and jostle of existence, where Self is king and Appetite is statute, there are blind, ambitious thousands, unknown to you and to whom you are unknown, striving dumbly, sightlessly, yet none the less jealously, as against you, to seize them both. And if you are to hold your place and fortune as against them and their reachings, it must and may only be by dint of superior power, whether of wit or arm or position, which you possess. Such is the law of life. Such it has ever been; such will it ever be; and

that, too, for all the prayers and tears and curses to find sigh or fulmination in demand of its repeal.

Croker guards himself against overthrow from within by limiting the possibility of power-growth in those about him. He does not have a deputy-chief to represent him; he has four or five. He grants to no one subaltern his whole countenance; he divides and subdivides it among several. Among his lieutenants he splits his proxy, and arms each with a fragment of his authority. Each has his little field of domination; each his work. Add them together, and you find the boundaries of Crokerian domain. The reason given for this subdivision is a labor-saving one; the logic on which it bears runs to the effect that work is better done where by division none is overworked. The fact occurs, however, of safety to Croker's leadership. By virtue of this system of cautious allotment of powers in small parcels, no underling becomes over-important or unduly tall. Also it breeds distrusts and doubts and jealousies among Croker's subcaptains thus distinguished. Each watches the other; and while eager to promote himself, he is evenly solicitous to curb and cramp whatever of a personal-political tendency to burgeon the others may exhibit. These four or five under-captains, lacking confidence in one another, are sure to be, for self-defensive reasons, in moods of perfect confidence in Croker as the source of their importance. This system, excellent enough for Tammany Hall, is perfect for Croker. It curtails individual following, denies concentration, and avoids the threat of overgrowth by any under him.

Croker listens to slander; listens to disbelieve it. He who bears ill tales to Croker makes a fool's journey

and does the errand of a fool. He but rakes the pond for the moon; he will take nothing by his effort. Croker will listen in chill silence. The one effect of slander, so far as Croker is concerned, is the injury of the vilifier; and not infrequently a nearer regard for him vilified.

Croker is loyal to a friend to the point desperate. There was a journalist on terms of tepid half-intimacy with Croker. He resigned from the paper whereon he had been engaged. Two weeks later Croker returned from England. A covey of folk, leading figures of Tammany Hall, were on the dock as Croker came down the gang plank. One of the "editors" of that paper—a mere reporter not being held of metal heavy enough for the enterprise—approached Croker. The State campaign was at hand; the "editor" was cockily confident of Croker's quick and bowing complaisance.

"I want to interview you, Mr. Croker," he said, "on the matter of your plans for the campaign at hand."

"If I'm to be interviewed," replied Croker, "I would prefer that Adams write it."

"Adams is no longer with the paper," said the "editor" coldly; "if you were to give him an interview, he wouldn't run it in our columns. It's for that cause I came to talk with you myself."

"Still," returned Croker, who felt the point of loyalty to a friend at stake, "I should not care to be interviewed save by Adams."

"Then," retorted the "editor," with a spirit for the haught and asperous, "I am commissioned to inform you that the paper and Adams are not on good terms. You must make your choice between the friendship of

Adams and that of the paper I represent. You can't have both."

"That's discouraging," observed Croker, and his tones were pregnant of a sneer. "Since your paper finds it necessary to put the case in that way, you may return and say that it took me ten seconds to decide; tell the paper I'll take Adams."

Those who, regarding Croker in his character of a calculating general, would deem him weak in thus casting aside the support of a powerful journal on the eve of battle, and all for a sentimental favoritism for one who could at best but render little service, would reason with much of shallowness. There were two arguments to lift up their voices with Croker. His underchiefs, full five-score, were looking on. He would not furnish them the weakening exhibition on his part of sacrificing friendship to fear—of being forced into disloyalty to a friend by the threat of power. His "leaders," observing, would say nothing; but it would unsettle their ideals of him and shake his status. Again Croker reflected: "If I yield to this paper in its attempt to bully, it will despise me. Moreover, finding me weak, it will be back to-morrow with another demand, and another threat. On the contrary, if I stand rocklike by my friend, this paper will respect me. It will say, 'His friendship is worth having; no pressure can break down his loyalty and force him to set his obligations at naught.' That very paper will be my better friend in the end." And with the last word Croker was wise and right. It was one of those occasional coils when the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," obtained.

Croker is by nature one irritable, nervous, and with

sensibilities fine as silk; also, he is of the tiger's temper. Yet to the eye of most regardful inquiry Croker would seem indifferent, phlegmatic, and of an epidermis the thickness whereof might challenge the envy of elephants. His temper is there, however, albeit absolutely within hand. Cool he is, but never cold; and his hates, like his friendships, are fire-fed. Croker conquered himself early; he has held himself in subjection ever since. One, misled by a surface placidity, might disbelieve in the existence of Croker's capacity for wrath. Those who are most with him gain ever and again a flash which plays on his face like sheet-lightning, and then is gone. As a friend once said: "Those who believe Croker has no temper might better lift one of his griddles."

But as related, Croker has conquered himself. No man has yet beheld the least slant of rage from Croker. He is calm, tolerant, conservative, and was never called nor driven to say corrosive word of any. Croker will speak well of his most hateful foe, or steep himself in silence. This serenity of tone and word and thought with Croker has a threefold cause. It grows from his policy, his religion, and his self-respect. Croker by nature is revengeful, but he has broken the teeth of that taste. He has now no quality of vengeance in what he does; he will follow a foe no further than the gates of victory. His friendships and gratuities have blossoms; his vengeance lie fallow and barren.

Croker will take from folk of meek pretense encomium for this defeat of his temper for reprisal and vengeful retaliation. In truth, it comes to be a weakness. It is unnatural, and the unnatural is ever weak and ever wrong. Vengeance is twin brother to grati-

tude; that same mother of infinite order and an equal justice bore them both. Does a man do you a deed of good? your warm gratitude is out of breath with eagerness to make return. That is because you recognize a debt—an obligation. By virtue of that great natural law of poise and counterpoise, and which everywhere demands an equilibrium, you feel the claim of good for good. By that same argument you shall and should retort harm with harm, and with injury pay your debts of injury.

It's all of a like, and the terms good and bad—as those others, heat and cold—are but different names for the same thing. Gratitude and vengeance are identical as an instinct of repayment. Also, in nature, neither is discovered without its fellow. Meet him with strength to be grateful, and you will have met one at whom it is perilous to launch a wrong. Also, vengeance is deterrent and goes to extinguish the general flame of ill. Your sheriff is naught save a public avenger; and if, for wrong done, the retaliation of the individual be evil, then your statutes against crime are but so much legislative sin. That blade of criticism which hamstringing one will hamstring both.

Croker doesn't believe that doctrine, and with him justice and mercy mean the same thing. That one who in the courts of his resentment is convicted of injuring him most, suffers no harsher sentence from Croker than the loss of his aid. A refusal to help is Croker's maximum punishment; and that, too, though the malefactor had sought his life. This last is not a figure, but a fact; and there be those to walk the streets in proof of it.

Once Croker talked of the follies of rage. "One



THE TAMMANY HALL PORTRAIT OF RICHARD CROKER.

should never fail to control one's temper," said he; "I've done that from the first. No man ever saw me angry. And the reason lies in the fact that anger, on your part, weakens you and strengthens your enemy. Coolness is a weapon, and you lose that weapon when you lose your temper. And there's a peril in wrath. If a man gets angry, his enemy can trap him into a fight when he isn't ready. You give your foe an advantage. You fight him when he is ready and when you are not—if you're angry. This is wrong. Make it a point to fight when you are ready, and when your enemy is not ready. That is the A B C of victory. You have learned the alphabet of contest when you have learned to avoid wrath."

In this connection it seems well to insert a printed conversation between Croker and the English editor Stead. One will gain from it a double thought. It will tell a story of Croker's philosophy, and glance also on his book-attainments, concerning which last there is so much of a malevolent untruth to be gadding about.

"Mendacity!" cry you. "But it was only a chapter ago when you asserted the right to tell a lie!"

So I did, O reader! and you do well to pick me up. But nowhere do I advance a reason for believing one. The right to lie at times and under given conditions is perfect, as I said; but the duty of disbelief is equally perfect, with no relieving exceptions.

Stead was in converse with Croker, and printed the result in the London magazine of which the former is the publisher. The article from which the excerpts below are taken appeared in the issue of the *Review of Reviews* for October, 1897. No one will claim for Stead a better honesty than belongs with any common man; but

it is not an extravagance to assume that from Stead, who is an Englishman, and with only a visiting interest in this country and its politics, one would be as apt to gain a truth concerning Croker as from confessed foes, made doubly rabid by wrath and a vulture-hunger for office which burns unappeased because of him. This is from the *Review*:

“‘Tammany Hall,’ Croker began, ‘is much spoken against; but unjustly. You will never understand anything about New York politics if you believe all that they [the public press] write in the papers. They are ever abusing Tammany. But the truth is just the opposite of what they say. Tammany’s reputation has been sacrificed by newspaper men whose sole desire is to increase their circulation. They appeal to the public’s itch for change and a malignant delight in the misfortunes of our fellows.’

“‘Do you think the world is built in exactly that way?’ I asked.

“‘No,’ he replied with emphasis, ‘it is not built that way, but quite another way. These things I speak of are temporary; the permanent law of the world and humanity is quite different. You asked me how it came that Tammany was overthrown three years ago, and I have told you. But the issue of an election is but an incident. The law that governs has exceptions. The exception proves the rule.’

“‘And what is the rule?’ I asked, somewhat curious to know the ‘Boss’s’ theory of the universe. ‘What is the underlying fundamental law of the universe?’

“‘Sir,’ said Croker, speaking with quiet gravity, ‘the law is that, although wrongdoing may endure for a season, right must, in the long run, come to the top.

Human nature is not built so that roguery can last. Honest men must come to their own, no matter what the odds against them. There is nothing surer than that. Calumny and thieving may have their day, but they will pass. Nothing can last but truth.'

" 'Really,' I exclaimed, 'what an optimist you are! I have not found so great a faith,—no not in Israel,' I added, laughing.

" 'That's right,' Croker replied. 'If you put ten honest men into an assembly with ninety thieves, human nature is such that the ten honest men will control the ninety thieves. They must do it. It is the law of the world. Evil by its nature cannot last. "Honest" John Kelly, who was leader before me,' continued Croker, 'used to tell me, "Never mind the odds against you, if you are in the right. Being in the right is more than odds. Keep on hammering away, and you are sure to win!" ' "

Boswell had an easy task. Johnson would talk. His Scotch life-writer had but to smite the rock of Johnson's vanity with the rod of query, and a cataract of epigram poured forth. Sometimes it ran low in wit, and again in wisdom; but it was ever flowing, pompous, oracular, making up with sound what it wanted of sense, and in all chance giving Boswell something to write. Now Croker never says much; his ears have one hundred labors where his tongue has one; he is indeed silent and over-wordless. Yet is that nothing wonderful. Johnson was, when he talked politics, which was two-thirds of the time, a theorist; Croker is the practice. Theory is a talker; Practice was born a mute. Croker does not say political epigrams; he does them.

Remarkable about Croker is a presence or atmosphere not readily defined nor analyzed. It is sinister in the sense of the occult. Croker takes natural command of men, who as naturally obey. Call it magnetism or magic, if you will; the attribute here talked of belongs with certain folk. One might have beheld the same thing in the instances of Cleveland, of Ingersoll, of Reed; for lack of a term one might call it the hypnotism of beef. Assuredly it comes not alone of the mind; some of the wisest are without it.

Croker has this virtue to compel; others yield to him. I was about, as a wonder-instance of this power in Croker, to cite his personal over-running of Hill on those three or four occasions when the exigencies of politics brought them face to face. But I have another thought in that solution. Croker, during locked-door conferences of party leaders, has collided with Hill; and the latter quailed and withered and turned sear as the leaves of a November's beech. It was no vote defeat, where numbers on one side overpowered numbers on the other. Hill gave way before Croker mentally, obviously, and as one cowed; and he who could think as cleanly clear as a bowie's edge, and talk like a bowie's slash, in the Senate, fell to be mentally stampeded, and to mind-fumbling and word-blundering, before the eye of Croker.

It was the more wonderful because none—not the most sapient prophet of men—could have forestated the phenomenon from those estimates of the two he might acquire in personal talk and contact with them. These incidents of Croker's power, and Hill's instability when made to meet him, were as much a cause of amazement to ongazers as they were to Hill. How-

ever, as stated, I account not the said shattering of our wifeless egotist of Wolfert's Roost to any Croker hypnotism; I incline to lay it to his unwedded state. It is not an explicable matter, and it leaps from discovery rather than a thought, but I'm convinced of the certain failure of the wifeless man. Go where you will with those who have success, and whether you search among warriors, or statesmen, or workers down to the one who labors with his hands, your champion will fail not to have a wife. Which is the cart and which the horse elude me as proposals; whether one is weak because he lacks a wife, or lacks because he's weak, I cannot tell. Sure it is, however, that in all arenas of effort the wifeless man is weak.

There is but one writer to doubt this, and he is Sir Francis Bacon. In his Eighth Essay Bacon relates that marriages "are impediments to great enterprises" and that "the best works and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried." But I shrewdly suspect the crafty courtier was aiming a back-handed bouquet at the Royal Elizabeth; a woman who, for her own fame, be it said, should have been a wife full twenty times. Bacon's day—a day when the Queen he complimented by such delicious indirection made Hatton a chancellor because he could dance—was not a time for sour argument; and even Truth must then be heedful that its beard was trimmed, its clothes splendid, its language in the mold of Lyly's "Euphues," and its taste degenerate to the sweetened mush of Sidney's "Pembroke's Arcadia." Speaking of Elizabeth's court purely, it was an age of ear and eye, rather than of turgid, irritating wisdom; and be sure the Queen would have held it ill if her

"young lord keeper," as she styled Bacon, had essayed on that point of marriage other than he did. But our truthless philosopher—who was afterwards to take bribes and be impeached—was false with his pen; nor did he believe his own written words. He didn't take his own medicine. He himself will have a wife, and weds an alderman's daughter at the age of forty-five. It's as I say: read where you will, the great are ever double. Washington was married, Napoleon was married, Cromwell was married—all were married. There was never but one President of the United States to be a bachelor. That was James Buchanan; and the best thing one can say of him is, he's dead. Even Catherine of Russia was married, and began her career by making captive her husband. Yes, in sooth! I can't get away from the thought that Hill fell before Croker because he had no wife.

But to continue with our work: Croker's talent of control, whatever its cause in him, doesn't proceed from capacity of perception on the other's part. I've beheld this latter tested; and the man violent and blurred of drink will tamely obey the quiet word of Croker.

"Chief"—shouted one obstreperous of many cups, at the same time zigzagging up to the Tammany general—"Chief, I've been drinking for ten hours; I'm so glad you've got home."

Croker was in talk with folk when the bibulous one approached. He turned with half-cold mildness.

"You're drunk," he quietly said, "and should go home. You mustn't talk now; go straight home."

"Chief," expostulated the stricken one, "haven't I always been true to you?" He hadn't, but that was

no matter. "And now you talk to me like that!" he concluded. "Chief, I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Go home now," replied Croker in his level tones. "I don't want any lectures."

That one so deeply freighted said never a further word, but, issuing deviously forth, fell into a hansom and drove home. Yet he was a man of violence; he would have obeyed no other voice; a platoon of police couldn't have worked the witchcraft of his disappearance, nor yet the later miracle of that cold-water sobriety which has found footing with him since.

While one is unable to dig up, or develop in words, those elements within Croker which give him his mastery, one may each day see the evidences of their existence cutting the waters of events like the back-fin of a fish. And one knows they're there. Yet one would be as soon baffled should one attempt the analysis of any other individual; and that, too, whether the individual were failure or success. There's more to make a victor, whate'er may be the stage of his effort, than mere brains. Intelligence, promoted to its utmost, doesn't serve alone. There was Carlisle, once of the Cleveland Cabinet. Carlisle was among the world's best thinking machines, but that was all. With a genius for conclusion, Carlisle was incapable of conviction. He was an attorney of the mental, just as there are attorneys of law; he could produce you reason and conclusion by the multitude, without ability or power of belief in one of them. There is a stubborn virtue in simple belief; many a bad preacher has saved himself to interest, touch, and convince by the sheer fervency of that integrity of what he said.

There is more needed to a Pompey than sole brains.

Were I made to prognosticate the future of a man, I would first put my ear to his heart. If the footfall of his life was steady, firm, and strongly true; and if his stomach walked even with his heart, and his lungs were abreast the other two, his story of good fortune to come would be four-fifths assured. My question would be made on those three angles before ever I talk ten words with him or studied the size of his hat. And yet, in the end, the secret sought might lie in temperament. Under that caption it should be added that Croker has one of those temperaments of which Hume was thinking when he wrote that they were "preferable to an inheritance of ten thousand pounds a year."

No; there is no mystery to be equal to the mystery of a man. To read his future, or explain his past, or account for his present, or whatever of loss or profit any of them may show or promise, one must push the search beyond the single discovery of brains. In fact, there have been experimentalists of men to laugh at that one attribute of a wisdom. It was Frederick the Great who said, "If I wanted to punish a province, I would have it governed by philosophers."

Nor can you tell the story of a man by measuring his education. Books are like firearms; without enriching one's native strength, they serve to put the weak on partial footing with the powerful. One too weak for towering mental efforts, unable at a crisis to evolve an argument or make a right decision, may still, being a scholar, find in books the thought-out and oft-times tested counsel of the very wise for that emergency which scowls upon him. And that is the most of education in any strengthening effect.

But one might as well surrender. As I've already

confessed many times and again when driven to turn in the business, there is no saying in words that one, or those fifty elements within Croker, which, being him, yield to him his baton. One might repeat for the third time, and it would seem to mark the verge of possible explanation, that Croker makes daily stipulation with himself to keep in "accommodation and correspondence with his times."

There is one more story to tell, and that will serve as a postern to this chapter through which we may pass to the next. It is but a little tale; yet it speaks eloquently of two matters: the sensibilities of the ones involved, and the hardy gayety of Croker in the teeth of danger.

"Is Croker given to humor?" said John Scannell, repeating the question put by one of several gentlemen who were discussing the characteristics of the Tammany chief; "that depends. Ordinarily not; but I've seen him face great peril several times, and it always seemed to arouse a spirit for fun in him. Perhaps, however, it was only his way of trying to encourage others. I remember thirty years ago, when Croker and I clubbed our small capital and decided to celebrate the Fourth of July with a sail on the Sound. We hired a sloop-rigged affair and, although not as good sailors as I've seen, we got along happily for about two hours. We were off City Island when, as if from ambush, a squall struck us broadside on, and there we were a capsized, total wreck in a moment. Richard and I were clinging desperately to the keel of the boat; the seas were washing over us and threatening to carry us away. Of course he could swim like a Newfoundland dog, and may not, for that reason, have felt the jaws of that awful fear that worried me. As far as

I was concerned, however, I thought the end had come and death was certain. I started to pray; as being the usual, decent way of ending one's career. I was praying aloud, and probably with much earnestness, for Richard heard me, even through the howls of the storm.

" 'What are you doing, John?' he asked.

" 'I'm praying,' I said.

" Richard inched along the keel towards me to grab me, if he noticed any symptoms on my part of letting go; at the same time I could see a gay smile on his wet, storm-whipped face.

" 'Praying, eh?' he said cheerfully. 'Why don't you wait till we get ashore?'"

It was a day or two later when I retold the story to Croker. He looked a bit serious; then he said simply: "There's one part John doesn't tell; I'd have drowned that day, save for him. When the sloop capsized I was to leeward of the mast. I was caught in the ropes, buried five feet under water, and held there. My ability to swim was of no use; I was there in a tangle and couldn't get out. I never knew how John did it, for I was senseless; but he came down after me and stayed till he brought me up. He was going to get me or go with me, he told me afterward. As it stood, I was fairly drowned, and John had to hold both of us on the keel of the sloop for fifteen minutes before I was able to take care of myself. We had been out there an hour or more when we were taken off. John's story is all right; but what he told happened towards the last of our stay, when my wits and my strength had come back. The part that he didn't tell is the part where he saved my life. Well!" concluded Croker as he lapsed into thought, "there's only one John Scannell!"

IX.

SOME CHURCH THOUGHTS.

I fear the devil worst when gown or cassock,
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak
Conceals his cloven hoof.

—*Anonymous.*

OUR three chapters in immediate precedence to this in sort surprise the march of steady narrative and shatter it. They have, however, a destiny. They are meant, in their relation of half-grown anecdote and matters trivial, to give one that near personal impression of Croker which shall be of value as one follows through his flight of politics whereof this story presently has him on the brink.

Croker is now about twenty. We have come with him through parentage, through childhood, through school days; we have watched him as he practiced athletics for recreation and wrought with forge and iron at his craft. Still, it is half in my mind that for the three foregoing chapters, devoted to the small, I owe apology either to Croker, or the audience, or both.

Aristotle might not have approved of them; his vote, at best, would have depended on his estimates of Croker. Were the latter without advertisement, the Greek would have condoned that work; otherwise, should he conclude on Croker as one wholly known. In his "Rhetoric," where the Stagirite lays down rules to be the law of sketch-making, he says, "If Achilles be the subject of your inquiries, since all know what

he has done, we are simply to indicate his actions without stopping to detail them; but this would not serve for Critias, for whatever relates to him must be fully told, since he is known to few."

Now that I've quoted our thoughtful Greek, I'm inclined to disagree with him. I have, on occasion, quarreled with the dictum of many a man, and why not with Aristotle? After all, though a pupil of Plato, who was a pupil of Socrates, he was but another blundering, wrong-going, darkened thing called man, like the rest of us. Take the Greek at his word. All he knew of Achilles one of us may know. We find that the father of Achilles was Peleus, and his mother,—that sea-daughter—the sweet nereid Thetis. Also, by inference, we are to remark that Achilles was first cousin on his father's side of Ajax Telamon. At the age of six, reared and educated by the centaur, Achilles slays lions and wolves and runs down stags. Later he is dipped in the Styx; and still later, accompanied of the aged Phœnix and his friend Patroclus, he goes with a fleet of fifty ships—quite a navy—to the Trojan War.

There you are! And nothing to come of it all save a mad, wild hunger for more! For myself, I would gladly bestow an hour on the details of whatever of housekeeping the parents of Achilles put forth. Also, I would be proud to know the daily routine of study prescribed by that horse-and-man, his teacher; and what system of rewards and punishments, credit-marks and canings, Cheiron brought against Achilles to fetch him to his book. And those lions; how big were they? And those stags he overtook at six; how much did they weigh? and what was the count of their tines? And then the Styx; was it navigable? and was it fur-

rowed by other keels than that of the dread ferryman? There are a thousand questions to ask, and yet a thousand more. Even on that day when, in vengeance of a dead Patroclus, Achilles dragged the hewed and slaughtered Hector thrice around the walls of Troy, speaking for myself, I would much prefer to hear what the hero had for dinner, the state of his purse, his orders to his valet, and the fault found with the cook, than to listen to the blood-story. Distinctly I disagree with Aristotle; holding as against him that once a man has done great deeds, those small trite matters of common daily routine with him swell to a vast importance. The best book Walter Scott ever wrote was his journal; and all for that it told of the little things that went hourly with himself. On the thought second, one is not sure that apology is due to anyone.

Crocker, at the age of twenty, walks into politics and enters Tammany Hall. There is a dominion of these parts noted, rather than celebrated, for the imperfect violence of his interference in civic affairs. It is not understood that he has unusual vogue as a heart-moving pulpiteer; nor are his preachments vivid of that honey of character and sweet placidity of gentleness and love so marked in the Master Who walked by Galilee. Indeed it has been held by folk strangers to the town and him, and therefore of no feeling, that our dominion was gnawed of bigotry; vain and of an alert conceit; one whose heat was that hunger-fervor for the calcium of note, never to be satiated.

This moralist was in a recent public print speaking with every license of opprobrium of New York, and Tammany Hall, and Richard Crocker, and what of other men and matters that he happened to dislike.

No one paid uncommon heed. The bitter output was recognized as that conventional venom which made the way by which he lived; which nourished and clothed him, and paid those summer costs when each year he leaves the town to Satan's tail and talons and flies to coolness and to Switzerland. I have hopes that our dominie has come with me in this book thus far. He, in his printed scorn of all things save himself, expressed him as one curious to learn, not the origin of Croker, nor any native trait, but his education and home life and the detail of that environment which kept him, child and youth. Our dominie declared that once he discovered "how one was brought up," he could account for that one's after-life, and all but tell what good works or bad were to come. All he sought to be made aware of was the character of a child's education—in the instance when he talked, Croker's education—within doors and without, and he would foretell the story of that child.

It is honest to admit that I step aside to the recollection of this dominie and his utterances in the spirit of contention. There is some question which truth might make with what he states, together with an exposure of its character as nonsense. Withal, there is a severity or two which calls for saying to the Church itself. No, I never go to church; like Henry David Thoreau, "I've no talent for worship." But what of that? May not one look a church in the face and talk with it? Your church presents itself as a wash-house of the spirit—a place where one may have one's soul laundered. Too often it comes to be a hive of hypocrisy. But whatever it is, it was made by man, and is run by man, and man may speak with it plainly.

One is not to decide that because one does not go to church one has no religion. It is for that one has one that one sometimes stays away. It is a good religion that bases itself on a hatred of hypocrites, a loathing of pretenders, a disgust of cowards, and a contempt of fools. "Crouched," as Carlyle has it, "between two eternities, the future and the past," the least among us knows as much as any. And there's a deal of pretense to your church. He who unlocks the Will-be should unlock the Was; the key that fits the future should fit the past; tell one, therefore, oh, Church! where one has been? That, as a fact, is fixed, and should be easier of description than a future which lies still in the lap of indecision.

"Faith," say you?

What faith? Is it that whereof the playwright speaks when in his lines he observes, "Faith! Faith is believing something that one knows isn't so."

But there is a fashion of faith; not your church faith, truly! but faith none the less, valid and buoyant. It is a faith in all the future, aye! though it be shoreless; faith in the unshakable, deathless equity of the Plan. It is the faith which serves itself, stands by its own strength, and asks no gardening hand to trim or train it—no trellis of a creed for its support.

But to recur to our dominie, who waits for one this space. Friar, observe thee: That good or that evil which one is to do has its first sprouts in one's nature. Those seedlings are immortal beyond any blow of yours. They are not man-sown. No mere "bringing up," as you phrase it, is to kill them in one breast or keep them in another. That "bringing up," or "training," or "education of environment," or what you will for a

term, is a film, a wash, a paint, and altogether of the surface. Plant corn in a hothouse, give it the care of orchid or of rose, yet shall it come forth corn. Retrieve the pigling of a day from the breast of his mother; bestow on him such "bringing up" as you prefer; robe him in silks, and sweeten him with baths, and feed him milk and lilies. Do this while you please; one year, two years, three. Then make your pupil loose. That pigling, lusty now and grown, will hie himself to the earliest mud-wallow and roll therein; he will crowd among his fellows and shout and sing for draff; he will guttle his mess with his feet in the trough, and then sleep stertorously and offensively therein.

Training! One can't train a nature out of itself. One may put on the pressure of an environment, or the manacles of a "bringing up," and so enforce hypocrisy and compel a pretense—an assumption of a virtue that doesn't exist. But one cannot reach the nature. Remove the pressure, knock off the bonds and your pig, or your wolf, or whatever was student of that "bringing up," is off for his sty or his cave like water down-hill.

Friar, even in thine own scolding and slanderous example, the futility of what you say appears. You stand proof against your own preachments. You assume to teach charity, and you show none; humility, while pride grows on you like ivy on a wall; a score of times you have taught from the text, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her"—and yet you devote yourself to lashing Magdalens.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." This was uttered of a church as much as any. What are the fruits political of the Church? There is small purpose here, or rather none at all, to consider the Church



EXTERIOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

save only as it shoulders its way into politics. There is to be short patience with it in that part. As a vote guide the Church is worse than a woman. Yet the church-political comes and keeps coming. Peculiarly is this churchly intromission true concerning city government. And this last, be it known, in all that is pressing on you, whether of tax or privilege, is of ten-fold moment with any rule of Washington.

And for that the Church is grown so brazen to voice its surpliced views; and that, too, as one arrogant, declining check or challenge, it should earn some comment. The Church should be reminded that the civil part borne by it in the centuries is not encouraging. It was against church-avarice that statutes of mortmain were enacted; statutes to have present reiteration in every English-speaking land. This was lest at the ghost-scared death-beds of poor, sweating sinners, the Church should rob his patrimony from every man of England.

In our own Constitution the Church is debarred from linking up with State. Our fathers found in their apprehensions a call to build up a wall against it. To their obdurate glory they builded wisely and builded well. And now is it for us to permit the Church to give counsel tantamount with orders to our wheelmen? Look well ere you consent to this. The centuries show the pulpit no better than the pew; nor half so wise. Then keep the church-hand off your public work. Decline a church word in your councils. The law is the better bulwark; the altar seeks ever itself. You may turn the pages of past time until your tired arm sinks stricken, yet shall you not turn to any civic good accomplished of a church.

Why do I quarrel with the Church? Because, from standpoints of the state, it does no equity nor justice. It pays no tax when it should. It asks that public money be put in its hands, in its own affairs, when it shouldn't. Is it the law to do these deeds? Well, then, and what of that? There is much to be law that fails to be justice. As said an eminent jurist: "He"—and the word, if it were "church," would be as true—"he who taketh the law of the land for his sole guide is neither a good neighbor nor an honest man." Because a law built by the cowardice of politicians, or as a bribe for churchly aid, opens villain door, must the Church rush in? It should, when one studies its assurances, be the first to close it. And because it doesn't close it, but both ways has greedy money advantage thereof, one may know that in that spirit of avarice which in the times that were stung the state to punitive action more than once, the Church to-day is the Church that was. The Church is never a patriot and always a leech. It is a Bourbon, and in the words of the Corsican, "learns nothing, forgets nothing!" Oh! I have seen a church and met a clergy who did not in each item meet this picture. But that was in a time long away, and the region is a far cry from New York. Let that wend.

It has raised its voice as a question, whether our clergy, as they return from that world of politics where they have been "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it," analyze the motive of their activity? Is it because their zeal is asked for by a coterie of rich parishioners with axes to gain an edge by public grinding? They should read where it is written: "For the congregation of hypocrites shall be deso-

late, and fire shall consume the tabernacle of bribery. They conceive mischief, and bring forth vanity, and their belly prepareth deceit."

It is but just to many a clergyman who is copy of Goldsmith's "Village Preacher" to admit that my experience among their fellows hasn't sent me the best specimens. I have only an eye and an ear knowledge of those four or five who are so impotently vigorous in this town's concerns. And these invoke the honest confidence of none. Wisdom pins neither faith nor trust to what they say or do.

For a first discouraging thought they are a camera-hunting litter. They have each more pictures "taken" than some prince-noticed soubrette. And of the same motive: the press. These clerics will dispatch a half dozen new photographs of themselves to each paper in the town each year. And with a cockroach lust for ink, they are ever imploring the attendance of an interviewer. Also, they love the tents of the ungodly. With the curse of rum in hideous exhibition all about them, they offer you a sparkling example across table of a glassful of wine. They talk of local poverty and its relief—talk, mind you, not act—with sixty-cent cigars between their lips. At dinners which cost twenty dollars a plate, over vintages to call for twelve dollars a quart, they debate the freezing and the starving not a half mile away.

"So far as my observation goes," twittered a wren-headed fop on an occasion as above painted—"so far as my observation goes, the poor are a bum lot."

And the bishop who had brought up the subject laughed as at the utterances of a second Theodore Hook.

Wren-head was right: "The poor are a bum lot." But if these clerics be Christians, and not as he who "covereth his face with fatness and maketh collops of fat on his flanks," why do they not rise from their beds of down, issue forth from their palaces to cost a king's ransom, and with a fragment of their salaries of a prince, lift for one day, even, the burden of some struggling, cold-nipped, hunger-beaten wretch? Aye! why not, and they be Christians? There live those who are not Christians, and a long flight-shot from it in fact, yet this wan business of other people's hunger has bothered them out of many a dollar, I grant you.

These are the clergy—and it is they to stir the pot of local politics—with whom I've collided. There is much in them to distaste. And because of them one is driven to certain decisions. One is made to reflect that the professionally good cannot be very good; nor those excellent for a salary of the best excellence. These preachers are the mere hired evidence of the respectability of their congregations. Their pulpits are witness boxes from which they each week give their testimony. Their best methods of tendering that proof they're paid for, and as well the one most delicate, is to find scolding fault with all and everything outside the Church. And they earn their money. Like members of other professions, they wax vain of their craft. They become pleasingly puffed with themselves. They look often in the glass, and seldom from the window. Stall-fed hypocrites these; the Pharisee and the Scribe are their exemplars.

But were they of souls tender, honest, and patriotically true, still one would be as witless as weak to heed them in public matters. Of all who are peculiarly

impractical and unfitted in what one may call the coarser cares of life, he of the pulpit stands first. You may not know a course to take in politics; surely the pulpit does not. You, politically, may be dull of eye; the Church, politically, is blind. And if you won't read history to your caution, at least read that Book where it tells of what passeth when the blind leads the blind.

Your Church, too, aside from its license as a pilot of morals, is a business institution. In affairs cogent and of moment to itself it can be both cunning and vigilant. And there is a business side of politics easily stretched to by the Church. Wherefore, you are to scan a pulpit counsel as you would the word of any who may have some personal iron in the fire.

Interest aside, however, your preacher is not like to be any mighty storehouse of wisdom. The pulpit is bound, in the character of the exercise it offers, to grow of weakest head. No one contradicts a preacher; he goes from cradle to grave uncontended with. For him there is nothing to discover, it's all there; nothing to prove, it's all admitted; none to wrestle with, it's all on one side. And so your dominie's mind-brawn becomes flabby, faded, and wasted. Nature is no spendthrift and throws nothing away. Nature is an economist; she arms no one who has no foe, strengthens none who goes unopposed. In any non-religious contingency, whether public or private, your dominie's is the last door at which Wisdom, when it has lost its way, will rap for direction.

However, I realize that I strive with the respectable superstitions of men; or against their pocketbook, which is the most active of all superstitions. There-

fore shall we finish on this score. "Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind? Should he reason with unprofitable talk? or with speeches wherewith he can do no good?"

Tammany Hall was seventy-four years old when Richard Croker, at the age of twenty, wrote his name on its rolls. It was a tower of political strength at that time; its battlements have thickened and broadened and crept upward in the thirty-eight years since then.

On a bright afternoon Fourteenth Street bustles briskly about its business. From Dead Man's Curve in Union Square comes the clangor of myriad cable cars. An elevated train rumbles uproariously into the station in Third Avenue. Smart crowds, hurrying into the Den Thompson *matinée* at the Academy, jostle you about, and you pause to draw a breath. Opposite you is the building to be the home of Tammany Hall. Looking upward your eye catches the legend, TAMMANY SOCIETY, and on either side the dates, 1789 and 1867.

Seventeen hundred and eighty-nine! A hundred years roll back, and one is in quaint, colonial New York! Fourteenth Street stretches away into sunny meadow land. Down-town the great buildings dwindle into low, rambling farmhouses. On the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets stands a long wooden structure, built after the ancient Dutch. This is the tavern of one Brom Martling; a sore and drinking grief to the quietly inclined.

"Brom Martling's Long Room" constituted, on alternate nights, a dance hall for the festive and a wigwam for the early Tammany braves. By reason of its unsightliness, the "Long Room" was stigmatized by Tammany's political adversaries as the "Pig Pen."

The joviality of the old-time gatherings at Martling's is traditional. Of Tammany's good cheer the poet Halleck has sung.

After the dispatch of regular business those of the members who desired "to make a night of it" reorganized. The "night" commonly lasted until morning, and was spent in drinking political toasts, singing songs, and telling stories of the narrator's own bragging exploits of peace and war.

Before the days of Martling's the earliest meetings of the Tammany Society were held in Barden's Tavern in Broad Street. It was not until 1811 that the Tammany braves were able to rear a wigwam for themselves. Then the old Tammany Hall, which occupied the present site of the *Sun* building, was begun. Amid much pomp of aboriginal paint and feathers, Clarkson Crolius, the Great Sachem of the society, laid the corner stone. In 1812 the Hall was first occupied as the regular Tammany wigwam. It continued to be the headquarters of the New York Democracy until 1867, when the society erected the present Tammany Hall in Fourteenth Street. A white marble statue of the Delaware chief Tamanend (Tammany) adorns the façade of the Fourteenth Street building. One reads of him in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." From him the Tammany Society took its name.

Tamanend was a great Delaware warrior of the Turtle clan, famed in folklore and savage story for his sagacity and love of liberty. He ruled over the thirteen tribes of the Lenni-Lennape (Delawares) confederacy, whereof the home-region was what is now New York, Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Tamanend was present at the Great Council under the

elm tree at Shakamakon, and signed the treaty with William Penn. The legend runs that he was afterward invited by Manco Capac to revise the constitution of Peru, and made a journey through Mexico to the land of the Children of the Sun for that purpose. On his departure for Peru he dedicated each of his thirteen tribes to some particular animal, such as the bear, the beaver, or the otter, whose good qualities were commended to Indian emulation.

During Revolutionary days patriotic societies were formed under the name of "The Sons of Tammany." Later Tamanend was adopted as the tutelary divinity of Democratic America. These early Tammany Societies were scattered throughout the South and West, but up to 1789 had no existence in New York nor farther east. To William Mooney, a famous citizen, belongs the credit of having organized the Tammany Society in New York. Mooney was an Irishman by descent, an American by birth. During the Revolution he was a leader among the famous "Liberty Boys." After the war Mooney went into business as an upholsterer on Nassau Street.

It was Mooney's thought to call the society the "Columbian Order," but he wisely yielded to the Indian name, and in 1805, sixteen years after its formation, the association was incorporated as "The Tammany Society." Its members clung to the musical Indian appellation. In the old records the Christian Era was discarded, and all transactions were dated from three events; the discovery of America by Columbus, the Declaration of Independence, and the formation of the Tammany Society. The year was quartered into the seasons of Blossoms, of Fruits, of

Harvests, and of Snows. The months were recorded after the Indian method, as first, second, and third "Moons." The charter of Tammany describes it as simply a charitable institution. The society frequently has assisted the needy. At its earlier meetings it was a common custom for the hat to be passed around in favor of destitute patriots or their widows and orphans. In later years Tammany has contributed deeply in times of public disaster—pestilence, flood, and famine—both in this country and abroad.

But in its youth Tammany was exclusively a social body. It made a specialty of celebrations. During the earlier days the festival of Tammany, held on the 12th of May, was a notable holiday. Booming cannon and waving flags heralded its dawn. Tammany braves paraded the streets in a glory of paint and feathers. In the evening the populace repaired to the only theater in the town. On one occasion a play entitled "Tammany, or the Indian Chief," was presented on the boards. Washington, with several members of his Cabinet, applauded the performance.

Tammany's first successful stroke of politics occurred in 1790, a year after the formation of the society. There had been trouble with the Creek Indians along the frontiers of Georgia and the Carolinas. The national debt was heavy. The people were war-impooverished. The paleface for once wanted peace. Washington, anxious to conciliate the would-be hostiles, invited a delegation of the Creek chiefs to visit him in New York, then the seat of government. Washington realized that the outcome of this visit depended largely on the impression which their welcome created in the minds of the Indian delegates. Upon

their arrival, at Washington's request, the Creeks were received by Tammany in the temporary wigwam at Barden's Tavern. The Tammany braves had painted and befeathered themselves to the last effect. The Indian chiefs were delighted with their hosts. To show their joy, they danced and sang the screeching Et-hoh song. A satisfactory treaty was concluded with Washington, "the beloved Sachem of the thirteen tribes."

Tammany conducted the first festival in honor of the discovery of America by Columbus. The celebration was held on the 12th of October, 1792, and commemorated the three hundredth anniversary of the day. But the early Tammanyites could be reverent as well as gay. For many years it had been a reproach to the Government that the skeletons of the eleven thousand five hundred patriots who perished on the British prison-ships at Wallabout, and whose bones bleached along the shores of the bay, remained unburied. After many wasted appeals to Congress the members of Tammany Hall raised a sum sufficient for their honorable sepulcher. On the 26th of May, 1808, a solemn funeral pageant passed through the short streets of old New York and crossed to the Brooklyn shore. There, in a vault in Hudson Avenue near York Street, the bones of those who found death at Wallabout were laid to rest.

When civil war descended in a red flood in the early sixties, the "Tammany Regiment," or Forty-second New York Volunteers, organized in May, 1861, was under arms with the earliest. Of twelve hundred and ten who followed Colonel Kennedy to the South, the report at the close showed: killed, ninety-two; wounded,

three hundred and twenty-eight; missing, two hundred and ninety-eight. There was no better record; none more valorous than the soldiers of Tammany. They bore the brunt of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, the decisive movement of the decisive battle of the war. To their honor, on September 24, 1891, Tammany Hall, through a committee of three whereof Mr. James J. Martin was chairman—himself a brave soldier of that strife—erected a monument on Gettysburg field. It occupies ground held by the Tammany Regiment during the pitch of the fight.

Tammany is the oldest and most powerful self-constituted political association in the world. It began with the government itself, being founded within a fortnight after Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States. The organization took place at the old City Hall in Nassau Street near Wall, a spot within sound of Washington's voice as he spoke his first Presidential words to his countrymen.

X.

BALLOT DUTIES.

Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about,
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out.

—*Brave Willoughby.*

THERE is ever the murmur of criticism to fill the querulous air against the politicians, the parties, and the "machines." The javelins of public censure are leveled unremittingly at the three. There is justice in these complaints; albeit, when the subject has last elucidation, there is to be clipped and sour sympathy for the complainants. Granted each violence of office, or crime of policy, that has been charged against government since government began. With the latest syllable the public is the one belaborable therefor. It isn't for King, and Kaiser, and Parliament, and Congress, and President that rods should soak in pickle; it is for those peoples who permit them, and in whose names and under whose hands they act their sundry villainies. The whole people, or even a majority of the whole, can proffer no demand which the Prince will decline. He will accede, not for his honesty, but for his fear. The royal motive, however, comes to be of light concern; it is the deed which counts. And the deed will as unfailingly respond to a united public as any shallop to any gale of wind.

It was in a day when the Welsh were not so wisely capable as now. Weak they were, compared with that monarch with whom they dealt, for he was bold and crafty as against their untaught ignorance.

Yet the Welsh had one fixed thought in their heads; they would be ruled by none save him native-born of Wales. And thereupon the Welsh public—not a mighty host in that day—with its uncombed hair in its eyes, its rough attire, its savage feet shod with untanned hides, confronted Edward and shouted, “A native Prince!” Also, they, the Welsh, swore by their oaks that war they would until they had their way.

Edward was wroth, for the blood of the Plantagenets was not the coolest strain in England. But Edward confronted a whole people, and was afraid. He piled his arms and a sort of truce succeeded. There was a lapse of a handful of months. Then Edward invited the Welsh chiefs and head-folk to the royal castle of Caernarvon. He gathered them into the great hall. When they had eaten and drunk, and the King observed that they gnawed their bones slowly and with dull indifference, as ones surfeited, and that their bickers and wooden stoups of liquor were left long untouched on the board, he arose and inquired in tones of angry loudness if they were still of that mind to have a native Prince or war.

It was like a tocsin-bell and acted as a summons. There was none of the Welsh so drunk nor dead with over-meat but was on his feet with the moment. They answered the King with much clattering of arms, and oral affirmations which were pregnant of storm. Drunk and sober, full and hungry, they stuck for their point to a Welshman.

Edward was fain to smile even while his heart was hot with anger for them. Their attitude was one of high defiance; and defiance to a King is insult; and insult is the last thing your true-born King may stomach. But Edward swallowed his spleen, as rulers, whether elective or named of God, when faced by a whole public have ever done, and salving his hurt vanity with the thought, *vox populi, vox Dei est*, passed into another chamber.

Edward was organized to yield to the wild Welsh when they would not yield to him. A cry—a baby's cry—was heard; and the King came into the banquet hall with the infant in his arms. Scowling on his Welshmen as they made a curious crowd about him, he held his puling burden high so all might see, and shouted, *Eich dyn!* and so gave the Welsh a Prince, and the Prince a motto, with one and the same breath. It was but sorry Erse, that *Eich dyn*; still it meant, Here is your man, or strictly, Your man; and the assembled chiefs as they gazed on the first Prince of Wales, a Prince who had been to the trouble of a great journey to be born among their hills, felt the point of honor satisfied, and were at peace. A native Prince had been granted unto them.

And as it was in the day of Edward and his Welsh, so is it now with you and your officers of state. The public may have aught that it demands; and if wrong of "machine," or party, or crime of place exists, it is sure proof that, whatever hypocrisy may say aloud or put in print on that subject, the public privily consents to, nay, fosters and flatters its existence.

There is stern word to be said to publics concerning their treasons to themselves. It was a recent

day when a critic, who was also an officeholder, arose and made unto the world a harangue. It was in its nature a criticism of politics and politicians, and the critic bent himself to inform a bevy of callow students about to fly from that nest of learning, the university, and spake veraciously as follows:

"Being an officeholder myself, I may be pardoned for saying that most of the men who are holding the offices and wielding authority will be forgotten before the grass has had time to grow over them; for they are not the great captains, they are not the leaders of our progress and of our civilization. Their vision is limited to the weather-vanes of public buildings. They never give the order for advance on any great question; they wait to be commanded to move, and then hesitate until assured that it is the voice of the majority calling to them. They wait until the leaders of thought have captured the stronghold of a wrong, and then they try to plant their flag over the ramparts that were stormed by others. As a rule, they are moral cowards, following the music wagon of their time, and holding the penny of immediate advantage so close to their eyes as to shut out the sunlight of eternal principles."

There your critic gives one a true etching of the average officeholder—one selfish as an oyster, hungry as a shark, and as sublimely egotistical as either. He holds office not for its duties, but for its perquisites, and all else may go to moth and rust so that office be preserved to his lips and his pap-sucking does not perish from the earth. Like the gambler of the story, your officeholder cares not what happens, so it does not happen to him. One is glad our critic puts the case

with plainness. Should he keep on talking in that strain he will tell much truth, and may even work some good.

In this day, when we have plenty—and misuse it—when it is an era of abuse rather than of want, a critic should be more thought of than a projector. 'Tis a fat hour, rife of good things, opulent of the possible, heavy with conditions of knee-deep richness; and your critic to show a wrong, to indict an evil and pillory injustice—in short, to object and carp and wield a lash of biting sarcasm—is of excellent importance. We of America don't need a William to found an empire, for we have an empire; our time calls for no Charlemagne to extend an empire, for we have enough; even a Washington is no longer indispensable to our destinies, for our Revolution is secure. What we could use is a brigade of critics to act as whippers-in and keep our hounds of office to their duty and see to it that the honest, proper hunt of government sweeps ever on.

It is good that you re-read the words of the critic printed before. You are a voter—a free citizen of this free land of ours. And while the critic draws a picture of your officers, he at the same time holds a mirror up to you. "The representative represents," and he in office is the reflex of the ones who put him there. Your officer is as natural to his constituents as your apple to its tree; and in his rottenness or his sound sweetness, he tells the story of his origin. Your officeholder is the creature of venal mud and mire the critic paints, but it is because of your choice, connivance, and construction. He is your fruit—your apple; and you must own him. He wouldn't be there and couldn't stay there, save for you. You want him, and there he is;

you want him corrupt, and behold him a nest and lair of foulness.

Truly, there will be a brood of hot, resentful turkey-heads to rail at this. They will heatedly disclaim responsibility for your officeholder. It will avail them naught. The theory of this government is perfect for its time; it is the practice that breaks down. And the practice of government begins with the citizen—with you who read this and contradict it. Who would there be to withstand you, if you struck in for reform and honesty in place? Your hands are not tied, your voice is not stifled, only as your own mean hopes and fears are found to bind and gag them. The path is plain to the feet of every voter, and runs open to the expression of his views until it touches the Courts, the Congress, and the White House. There are neither guards to detain nor walls to interrupt him. From the highest to the lowest, in primary and convention and at the polls; aye! in mass-meeting and by petition afterward, your voter—you who read—may have word and weight, both in the selection and ordering of every tax-eater on the lists.

When a man can do a thing, and doesn't do it, that's because he doesn't want to do it. If you didn't want a rogue in office, there would be none; if a monstrous policy offended you, it would disappear. Your officials, whatever they are, may at least claim you as their origin. If they are black, it's because you are black; and there's not one word which the critic said of them he couldn't say of you. A people—and that means you—gets invariably a government to wed with its deserts. Is it a tyranny, a monarchy, an aristocracy, an oligarchy, or a republic, one may be sure it

fits neatly and nearly the merits or demerits of the folk over whom it has ward and sway. Be pure, and your government will be pure; be brave, it will have courage; be free, and freedom will abide in your high places and descend therefrom to the rabble least among you. Be dogs, and you will have dog-government—a kennel, a collar, a bone to gnaw, and a chain to clank.

It is by no means sure that a dog-government isn't that government howled for, hunted, and desired by a huge fraction of our citizens who, if asked the question, would describe themselves as ones high-hearted and noble, and bold, free gentlemen withal! There be ever a moiety of folk who fear to be free. They don't feel safe unless they feel owned. They have—to pursue a simile suggested above—vastly the dog-nature. They need a *man* to form on and draw strength from, and to whom their trained, tamed natures may refer and turn for direction and defense. Half the world runs about hunting a master—seeking to be owned. It hasn't the courage to dwell in manhood on life's fearless hills. Such folk can't be free. They are natural-born subjects—cringers from the cradle; so bound are they in their prostrate natures to have a king that they'd crown the town pump if nothing better offered. Yes, forsooth! the woods of our citizenship are full of these dog-folk. Did you ever observe a lost dog? how he skulks and yelps and, with craven tail coiled close between his abject legs, flies from a shadow? That's all because the dog is lost. He feels the desolation of being masterless—the horror of the cur unowned. To-morrow you may meet him with one who has consented to his title. And he will prove a bold, insolent dog, and battle to the death

for black or for white, just as his master orders. There be those to call these servile submissions to wrong in government patriotism. It may be so. "And patriotism," said Johnson to the obsequious Boswell, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

Reforms must ever begin with the people. Your officer of state will seldom fail to be as much the ill-monger as you concede him license. The demand for better things must come from the public. It has been thus through history. Whenever an ill condition was to be fought and conquered, the torch of truth and protest had first to be kindled at some obscure, lowly hearth. And once lighted and burning, it passed on and on, from hand to hand, until that torch traveled from low to high; and that which started with the peasant was last seized on by the prince. The people may have anything they demand. They have but to be true to themselves—which they seldom are.

Whatever one calls his party politics, the name commonly means no more than a screen for his self-interest. Doubtless there is a sordid logic which goes with money, and most folk consult their pocketbooks when deciding their public duty. If one be killing pigs, or building boats, or forging rotten armor plates, or loaning money, those public conditions, whether of war, or peace, or murder, or pillage, or liberty dead, or law defied, or constitution invaded and set at naught, which flow a profit to one's pocket are to one right, and those one will sustain. One does not care though a King be in the White House, and Satan himself that King, so that it add and swell one's bank account. One feels no further than the dollar, sees no further than the day.

And what is true of the high is true of the middle and the low; what is true of the rich is true also of the poor. As blinded slaves of selfishness they stand abreast; each jostles the other as he crowds towards that mess of pottage for which his birthright is for sale. There's no such mighty difference between men; no one is far ahead nor far behind; the race of humanity striving is fairly well bunched, and one might cover the field with a horse blanket. So-called politics, as expressed by the parties, wouldn't assay ten ounces of patriotism to the ton. It is but a mad business—a lunatic dance, and the piper is yet to be paid. 'And still the whole dinner of government, as it goes a-cooking, is under the palm of the public.

That critic aforesaid has given a true picture of those who sit in your high places. He says they are thick, slow, timid, greedy, dishonest; and they are. And you don't like it? Then make your stand. Those officers will do anything, be anything, you say. Do you want your taxes less? they will lower them. Are you tired of tariff? they will reduce it to the flat levels of free trade. Do you long for silver? you shall have it. Or if you prefer gold, it is yours. Or say so, and you shall have both. Those pliant folk of place will put the ship of state about; they will sail to any compass point; or they will set a staysail and heave to, exactly as you—the public—demand.

You—the public—are in fault for whatever goes forward in office. You have the whole tangle in your lap, to mar or mend it as you please. Officers are a stunted litter; from pathmaster to president they are mere warts and pimply excrescences on the body politic, which chance and the secretion of this and that poor

humor have forced into a more or less inflamed and hectic exaltation. And you—the public—may instantly have your will of all or any of them to make them go, or stay, or do. No; there should be no high belief of any instant, lightning-like mutations for the better; and good comes slowly and seems shod with lead. Affairs will trundle onwards in much the same old villain way of bad. But, inspired of the critic's view, it does one good to say these things and leaves one's mind relieved.

There is no uncommon outlook for a better condition in any pose the labor element shall take. The masses are as full of treason as the classes, and sell out for less. The so-called workingman, as he presents himself in politics, is not a spectacle of hope. There is but one greater fool than the workingman, and that is the fool he works for. Both are the worst of Esaus and fairly contend with one another as to which shall be more deeply deluded by the Jacob of politics as now is. The public is on the bridge when all is said and done, and it is the public's fault when the nation is on the rocks. You—the public—should never forget as you gaze on an officeholder that in him, whether he be sound or foul, you see yourself revealed as in a looking-glass. Your President, for instance,—whoever he is or may hereafter be,—is but a pocket mirror of the people he presides over.

It is fair-faced and honest as a question why such often ill is spoken of Tammany Hall. And since I am no member of that organization, mine should be as just a pencil to spell an answer as any other. If my words should sound for Tammany's defense, at least they are

from the general grandstand and not from any rank of partisanship.

Tammany from the first has stood for the rights of man rather than the privileges of money. The rights of property are second to the rights of humanity in the teachings of Tammany Hall. This is and was as should be. Tammany Hall was and is made up, in the grand aggregate of its membership, of poor folk—those whose craft is of the hands. With ninety thousand names on its tallies the collected private riches of Tammany's whole membership would not reach the single figure of any one of a half dozen fortunes which dwell in this town. And as nothing of the East is fashionable which does not found on money, Tammany, as was before explained, is unfashionable. And what thing of New York City earns or heirs the epithet of unfashion is summarily denounced and spat upon and as if it were Crime's self.

Moreover, the evil told of Tammany is not the relation of the common voice; it is ever the partisan word of an enemy. Tammany has, and since the first has had, two natural foes. There is the party legitimately of opposition; once the Federal, later the Whig, and now the Republican. And next there is the party of the Mugwump. These two influences are to fling furious and never-ceasing calumniation against Tammany Hall.

Nor should fault be digged for. Such verbal siege and storming are by nature's own decree. It is the law. Politics is mere war, wanting the incident of blood. In real war one might speak compliment of one's foes; it would reflect self-credit as a word magnanimous, and never dull the falchion's edge for that. But in politics—as conducted humanly—one may not

give good report of one's enemy; for since politics is only a war of words—the balloting being indeed but a counting of the slain—to speak well of an opposition would be half equal to surrender. Wherefore is Tammany, naturally and incessantly, the subject of assault. And as naturally and incessantly the chief of Tammany, being presently Richard Croker, is selected and vehemently arrowed against as the center of the butt. On its part, Tammany retorts similarly against its assailants; and as result—as has been for all time true of true politics—one does not hear ten words of honesty from any side. Each party sits up of nights brewing mendacity against the other two; and then devotes the next day to feeding therewith all willing ears.

There is a born reasonableness in the Republican attack on Tammany. That party, the grandchild of the Federal organization of a century ago, is, as one should say, innocently, or perhaps the better word is properly, in the field. This is not true of the party-Mugwump. The presence—nay, the existence—of the Mugwump is exotic. One is by no means sure, however, that your Mugwump is not an excellent institution of Providence. Of course, one speaks of the bred and pure-strain Mugwump, and not of those others spurious, who for practiced villainies, whether private or public, have been drummed and driven from the divers camps of politics to the music of the “Rogue’s March.” Your true Mugwump serves felicitously the purpose of a critic; and a critic of politics, as we have lately beheld, is a desideratum.

Your Mugwump, like poets and others the plain whelps of Genius breeding, is born and not made. And some are greater and more brilliant of mug-

wumpery than others, just as one finds in Byron a more scintillant poet than in Hood. By one sign one may know them; and that, too, whether the individual Mugwump considered be of the giant or of the pygmy tribe. Ever is your Mugwump one whose education is in excess of his capacity. Your Mugwump is a quart of whisky in a pint flask. Or he is a No. 8 foot in a No. 6 shoe. Also, his policy is to leap from a window rather than descend by the stair. Being critics, no brace of Mugwumps may be found who agree. And, being of a reboant herd, the uproar of their constant bicker resounds afar. Withal mugwumpery is brittle, as moods of self-fraud ever are, and breaks into many pieces. There are the mental Mugwump, the moral Mugwump, and the common Mugwump of political commerce.

That validity of purpose and good-possible of mugwumpery might gain display with the story of a conversation as it befell among three. The trio were of the genus Mugwump, species, mental. They discussed matter, extant and apparent to feel and smell and taste, as, for specimen, the earth.

"Matter is universal," remarked the first Mugwump sagely.

"Not so," quoth Number Two, and whose mien was the mien of a trained sapiency—"not so; matter is diversal."

"Pardon me," observed the third, and he was of a sagacity with the others—"pardon me, my friends; matter does not exist."

And these Mugwumps of the mental were dining as deeply as ever dined farm-hand, while rhetoric found tireless coinage.

As one gazed and heard, it was forced on one that this dinner and discussion of three sides—this isosceles triangle of mugwumpery—would find parallel in the collection of three wise fleas on the back of that dog whom they honored with their inhabitation.

“Dog is universal,” cries the first.

“Dog is diversal,” shouts the second.

“Pardon me, gentlefleas,” breaks in the third—he speaks thickly with a mouthful of dog—“pardon me; dog does not exist.”

Your common, practical, everyday intelligence would pitch its camp in perfect comfort on the fact of dog; it would go no further. Not so the Mugwump. Discovering dog, he leaps flashily to dog’s highest point, and from there goes ballooning off and aloft to the utmost spaces of conjecturings. Your Mugwump declaims and chops logic. He splits hairs, and then re-splits the splints.

Mugwumps are not gregarious. They occur no more in flocks than do eagles—or owls. When discovered in council or convention, as they sometimes are, one is to observe that your Mugwump is not gathered unto his kind in any spirit of solidarity or fraternal purpose. Each Mugwump attends, riding his own hobby, and from motives self-exhibitory.

Your Mugwump of politics is solely critical; he is not initiative, has nothing of plan nor of idea wherewith to stoke and fire-up a future. Your political Mugwump is a fault-finder; and born with his face to the past, he never turns him about. He passes his existence, as Butler once said, “like a man riding backward in a carriage; he never sees a thing until it’s by.”

'Tis a harmless and not ill-meaning mammal, however; and it is by no means settled that in his part of fault-finder your Mugwump does not serve in abatement of that roguery which goes so frequently with the occupation of place. Elections at best are but exercises of dark depression and dispirit; the one thing therein certain is that, whosoever may win, the people will lose; and it is not unlikely that, with such the situation, your Mugwump comes prettily for alleviation and as counter-irritant to general ill. He produces nothing; but he may serve to some least degree in prevention of the wrong.

Tammany—and the word in the Indian signifies “affable”—has been in days preterite too affable for its best standing in “society.” It was ever friend to the common borrel folk. It was not of the dandies, not of the macaroni, and did not smell of musk and attar of roses and Fifth Avenue. It has lacked sadly in a spirit for the exclusive; and so failing of patricianism, it has failed also of *ton*. Tammany has, by these traits of the common, become vulgar. Therefore it abides the natural victim of never-flagging slander on the essenced and fashionable parts of our local aristocrats. And be it known that your nobility slanders with skill. Vilification is the born weapon of an aristocrat, just as is poison of a Turk.

Tammany is a “machine” in politics. Likewise is its Republican opponent. Also, there is a Mugwump “machine.” But of this last it must be said that in the congress of its parts there is so much of misfit and want of unity, and again such a beggarly absence of both oil and steam, that it comes to be a ramshackle contrivance of neither force nor direction, and falling

at once into its hundred incongruous pieces with the earliest shiver of real effort.

Whatever of effective politics exists in this town—and for that word, in the nation—whether of Tammany or an opposition is distinctly the politics of the “machine.” One sees more of the “machine” in the politics of a city than in regions rural. The “machine,” in its best flourishings and flowerings, is indigenous to urban soil.

In either the theory or the ethic of politics the “machine” cannot find defense; in the practice of politics, and peculiarly in cities, the “machine” cannot find dispense. That is because both theory and ethic deal with man as he should be, while practice deals with man as he is. And hence the “machine.”

It is worth one's attention that your “machine” is not artificial; it constructs itself, and comes as product of conditions. Tammany Hall, be assured, would not have lived almost a century and a quarter, were it not of vitality inborn and of itself. Tammany will never be “uprooted”—the common phrase of its foes. One would as easily “uproot” the East River. The roots of Tammany, and with them the roots of the two counter political “machines,” are the roots of the town itself. The day of the town's destruction will be the day of theirs. Each will ever bear the others company.

Cities are inventions—the inventions of the farms. Being invented, cities in their turn invent. And one inevitable upcome of a city is “machinism” in politics. Observe, also, as proof of a parentage; there are “machine” vestiges discoverable in bucolic politics; and among your agriculturists there dwell shadowy Tammany Halls of hoop-pole characteristics. The seeds

of the "machine" are in the natural man. Hive or herd him into a city, and behold the swelling and the bursting and the sprouting of that seed. And the blossom is such as Tammany.

There is an iron constraint to be the attribute of cities. They crowd one's morals and one's politics just as they crowd one's person; and even Freedom herself must maintain her hands in her pockets, and sit with knees clewed to chin, while in your city. Folk are thereby fretted into the anarchistic. The "machine"—even the poor "machine" of the incubated Mugwump—has its good. It is in perpetual arms political; and it acts as coast-guard of American institutions. The "machine" makes captive the ignorant, the anarchistic, and the unrepublican, as he lands. It ties him hand and foot with its discipline and makes him harmless. As a suppressive influence, moving for public order and to the subjection of what else might be a mob spirit and rise to become those small first gusts of violence which unchecked conflate as riots, the "machine" is to be extolled.

One cause of a disfavor of Tammany, and likewise of all "machines,"—that is the disfavor felt for them in the land at rural large,—lies in the native hatred of the country for things urban. The farms dislove the cities; the country glowers at the town. Clay, in his day, failed to understand this sentiment in its existence. In the third Jackson campaign, Clay it was who made Jackson's attack upon the United States Bank an issue. Clay reflected that the bank was a great Pennsylvania corporation. Clay counted on that State coming to the rescue of its child. But Clay was all abroad. The United States Bank

was a Philadelphia rather than a Pennsylvania company. And the country hated the town. The Pennsylvania rustic went against the Philadelphia-United States Bank, as against that one dear foe for whom he had trained and waited. And he beat it like a carpet.

This resentment of matters metropolitan burns in every country heart. Massachusetts is opposed to Boston, New York to the city of New York, Pennsylvania to Philadelphia, Maryland to Baltimore, Illinois to Chicago, and Missouri to St. Louis. The country contemns the town; and this feeling, even though he who entertains it be of kindred politics with Tammany, lends credulous believing ear to whatever of lie the malice or policy of Tammany's enemies may forge to its unfavor.

Tammany was from its birth-bed a disturber of Money and of an aristocracy. This was true when in Adams' White House time it toasted France; when later it with Burr defeated Hamilton, destroyed his party and plowed and sowed its site with salt. It was true of Jackson's day; it's as true of this.

Old Philip Hone's diary, a personal journal kept during the thirties, gives one a murmur of how Tammany was disesteemed by the nobility current of sixty years and more ago. Hone was rich and easy-going; a worthy old gentleman, indeed, who had been mayor, and was then retired from both business and politics, and who with a certain Dr. Hosack—in attendance, thirty years before, on the Burr-Hamilton duel—divided and did the society honors of the town. The worthy Hone's strictures on Tammany Hall found birth in this fashion: The Patroon Rensselaer owned an estate, embracing about eight hundred square miles,

near Albany. This estate was occupied by thousands of tenant-farmers and mechanics, for the most part Dutch. The old Patroon died; this was in 1839. The tenants, who had been waiting for his death, arose as one. They informed the heir, a Stephen Rensselaer, that he was not to patroon it over them. They would buy each tenant his farm or his house at its value, but they would pay no further rent. Neither would they submit to evictions. The new, young, little Patroon, full of the pride of inherited millions, refused the demands of his peasantry. They would get no fee simple from him. They would pay rent or leave. Thereupon the mutinous Dutch peasantry deeply armed themselves; whereat the young Patroon cast himself and his griefs upon the bosom of the Governor and sobbed for troops.

It was before an era of Cœur d'Alenes, and Pullmans, and Standard Oils, and money-festered chief executives, and the Governor was in no hurry to send troops. He would wait a bit; things might cool. They cooled. There was no spilling of honest, though turbulent, Dutch blood. The young Patroon sold to the tenants, and peace prevailed in that Albany region roundabout. That is the story; here's what our excitable old diarist said of that turmoil and the attitude thereon assumed of Tammany Hall:

"November, 1839. A most outrageous revolt has broken out among the tenants of the late Patroon, General Rensselaer, in the neighborhood of Albany, of a piece with the disorganizing spirit which overspreads the land like a cloud [the spirit of Andrew Jacksonism] and daily increases in darkness. The tenants of the

manor of Van Rensselaer, which is in extent about twenty miles by forty miles . . . have risen en masse. . . Dec. 12. The disturbances in the Rensselaer manor are in a fair way of settlement without calling in the aid of troops. . . An attempt was made during the course of the affair by the profligate politicians [Democratic] who are in the ascendant in this devoted city, to get up a meeting of Tammany Hall to express their horror at the thought of troops being employed to shed the blood of their fellow citizens; and to raise party capital by condemning the measures adopted by the Governor; but this cankered sore of Jacobinical corruption [Tammany Hall] did not come to a head. Their hearts were black enough. . .”

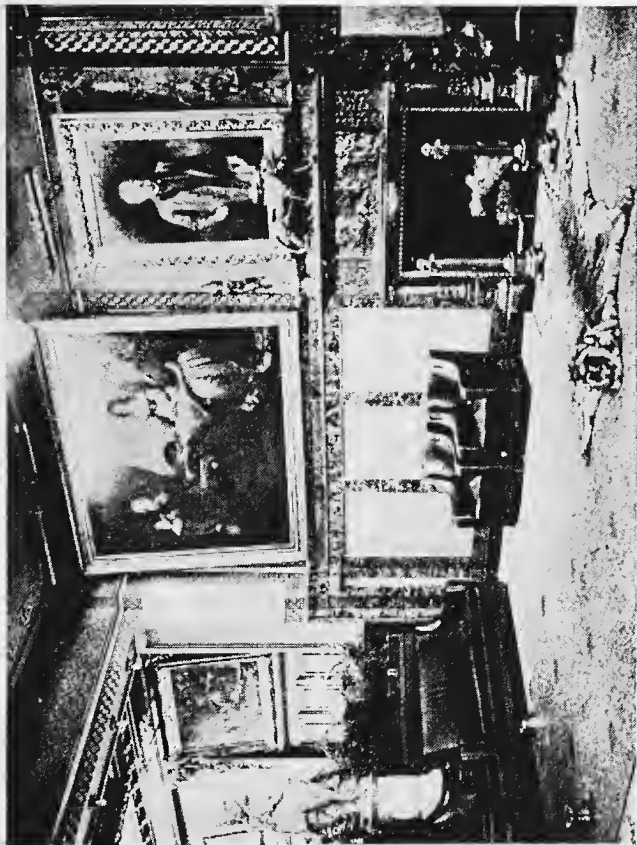
There, in word and phrase, reason and conclusion, is a fair and proper example of the fault found and charges made concerning Tammany Hall. And thus it has ever been, and thus it is. Tammany Hall is made up of “profligate politicians,” it is in all and sweeping things a “cankered sore of Jacobinical corruption,” and of those to form its membership it is written that “their hearts were black enough”—and all because Tammany Hall would meet and “express their horror at the thought of troops being employed to shed the blood of their fellow citizens.”

Unless one seeks to ship a cargo of untruth, one should take sedulous guard as against stories and tales anent Tammany Hall. They will have origin among Tammany’s foes—not the safest historians—and be commonly the offput of some Grimm of the Mugwumps, or some Hans Christian Andersen of the Republicans. Your world general believes too much and too easily.

It should break itself of this habit of the credulous. If the world would but think with one-half the assiduity wherewith it listens, it would not so often be cast for the "Simple Simon" rôle. The world does not so much as understand and know itself. The world has a belief that it prefers to laugh. The world is in error; it prefers to shudder. There is a joy in dread not found in simple pleasure. The world would sooner wonder than learn; it delights in amazement rather than instruction. And with such doting care does it conserve its wonder, so zealously does it resent any subtraction from its amazement, that his reputation is made unsafe and his name despised who seeks to brush aside even such as the myths of Pocahontas, of Tell, of St. George and the Dragon, or of King Arthur and his sword Excalibur. It isn't religious heat that stands wrath-eyed when one disputes the story of the prophet, the she-bears, and the devoured gamins. It is that nursing solicitude, a first trait of humanity, for the Horrible-wonderful which comes screaming to its protection.

Verily! the world believes too readily and with not enough of challenge. The surest countersign to the confidence of folk is a tale of horror or wonder. And believing a story of the marvelous, the world, going a next step, is quick to name it miraculous and from the blue above, or what further mystic thing for an origin the relater declares. One touch of the acid of common thought would show of these miracles and wonder tales their bogus character.

Take the duel between David and Goliath. That victory of David comes glancing through the centuries. Hall-marked as a miracle, none has arisen to doubt nor to discover the foolish falsity of that marking.



MAIN HALL OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

Pause for one moment; bend the brow of consideration. By partial way of a thought-help gaze on Moreau's "David"; a statue which has fame. What is he? A young, trained athlete in swell of power and swiftest accuracy. His artillery of the sling is wrapped to his strong wrist. He can hurl therefrom a pebble the size of an egg, and to weigh a pound, with the force of a bullet and the certainty of English archery. Alert, nervous, strung like a bow, and with the pliant strength of a sapling, stands David; courage undaunted beats and bounds in his heart.

Observe Goliath; the ox-head creature who has challenged David. Here is his description taken from first mouths. "And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron." Later, when David beheads him, one learns that he has a sword.

Contrast the two. Our officious giant, a lubber with a horse-load of brass on his back, and another of iron in his hand, shuffling with slow and snail-like difficulty, and never a weapon save clumsy sword and clumsier spear. And neither of them lethal at a quartette of yards. David, lean, clean, and hawk-swift, free and afar off; equal with his sling to death and doom within a radius of a score of rods. Is one to find the amazing-unexpected in the ending? Goliath, fatuous Philistine! never owned a chance; he was as good as dead the moment the match was made.

Tammany Hall, as a "machine," is perfect. With an enlistment, as stated, of ninety thousand, it has thirty-five "leaders," one from each assembly district; these make the great layer of power. The thirty-five "leaders" select a finance committee of five; these five name their chairman; and that chairman is the general in command of the organization. Richard Croker is the present chief; John Kelly was his predecessor. Each in his turn deserved his elevation, for together they rescued Tammany, after years of conflict with that ogre of the parties, from beneath the feet of Tweed.

Every Tammany "leader" is a subchief in his district. Under him he has a "captain" in each election precinct of his district; and each of these "captains" has a little "captain" under his orders in every city block of his precinct. Thus is the pyramid of Tammany power put up. First a base of ninety thousand privates; then a "captain" for each city block; then a "captain" for each voting precinct; then a "leader" for each assembly district; then a finance committee of five; then Richard Croker. Aside from the ninety thousand enlisted men, who represent a "regular" army in politics, there are full two hundred and twenty thousand other voters held within the harness of Tammany influence. The organization has its main home in Fourteenth Street; its property there is worth easily a million of dollars. Then there is in Fifth Avenue near Fiftieth Street the Democratic Club—practically a Tammany Club—with a membership of three thousand, with real estate to the value of three hundred thousand dollars, and of money an equal amount in bank. Each "leader" has in his

district a club and a clubhouse; the latter often of a cost to touch one hundred thousand dollars.

To conduct a campaign Tammany Hall expends about three hundred thousand dollars. This money is given out the night before an election; each "leader" having his share. The wage and the number of election workers are fixed. There are to be ten men in each voting precinct to wear the badge and get the people to the polls. These receive five dollars each, or fifty dollars to a precinct, or over seventy thousand dollars for this one item alone covering the entire town. Then there are carriages to bring the lame, the halt, and the blind. There are halls to rent, and fireworks to purchase, and stands to put up, and trucks to hire for "orators," in the three or four weeks of a canvass. Told and counted, the over-all expense clambers to three hundred thousand dollars. This sum is not hard to get. Contributions come from every quarter; some of them secret and not caring to be known.

"Sometimes we contribute to one party, sometimes to the other, sometimes to both," said Havemeyer of the Sugar Trust to Gray's Senate Committee a quintette of years ago.

This practice still obtains among the great companies; and the point—strange as it may come to ears used to another tale—the point with Tammany Hall is the point of not getting too much. There are hundreds to whom a part of their subscriptions is returned as "too large," or "more than the organization needs."

Following an election, what money is left is generally given to a charity or to some cause of worth. Within the past four years there have in this manner gone, to the poor of this town, forty thousand dollars; to the

cause of Cuba, forty thousand dollars; almost as much to the Galveston sufferers; almost the same sum to rear a monument to Parnell, and to pay the mortgage on the Parnell estates in Ireland and save them to the family of that dead liberator. Tammany keeps no books; there's no way of discovering who gives or how much; the funds are banked in the name of a treasurer who acts as secretary to draw checks and aid the work of the finance committee.

That is the money, and in a sense, the military side of Tammany Hall. There is still another, and it is this latter which makes it well-nigh impregnable in local affairs. Tammany is a political organization one day in the year; it is a charitable-benevolent-fraternal organization three hundred and sixty-five. Does a bricklayer, or carpenter, or laborer, or even such as a clerk or a bookkeeper find himself minus work, he goes to his "leader." One may meet from fifty to three hundred of these out-of-work folk waiting in front of every "leader's" house each morning. And the "leader," and his "election captains" under him, make utmost effort to find places for these applicants. The "leaders" haunt contractors and builders, and they trade favors for places. This exchange extends to street railway companies, express companies, and scores of other enterprises. The man offered must be good and capable of his duties; that is what the company or the contractor demands. Satisfaction achieved in these directions, the "leader" may send the candidate.

On their parts the contractors and companies call on the "leaders," whom they have thus aided with situations for folk out of work, to gain them what of leniency, forbearance, or favor they may require from

time to time of city departments such as the street, the park, the health, and variously the other boards among which the control of the town is lodged. In positions other than ones of office, it is not an overstatement to say that Tammany Hall places and keeps thirty-five thousand souls to that work wherewith they earn their daily bread.

Again, go into one of the numberless police courts of the town. "Ten dollars or twenty days on the Island," mumbles the magistrate, and the poor wretch is shoved aside without two bits in the present, and the workhouse filling the future dead-ahead. Just as you feel your sympathies at work for the puny malefactor who for want of ten dollars must serve in captivity for twenty days, a cool person, well clad and business-like, pushes up to the clerk. He doesn't give the prisoner a look; often he doesn't know him, save by word of his undercaptains. "Figure up that man's fine and costs," he observes to the clerk. It is done; it is then paid by the cool man, who walks away with no more of notice to the liberated one than mayhap a nod of short indifference. It is all cold and commonplace as a brief piece of political business. The cool person who pays feels no glow as one who does a charity, for he performs the ceremony, on an average, full two hundred times a month. Nor does the beneficiary of his interference boil with any turbulence of obligation. It is what he looked for. The "leader" pays the fine with the thought that our soiled and broken gentleman, in present peril of the Island, will vote "right" next time. And the soiled one does, when the time arrives. And why should he not? It is the commonest, kindest animalism to be friend to one's friends.

There is one last feature of a Tammany political education that is worth a note. It is meant to guard the Tammany vote from purchase by its million-owning enemies. It has quiet teaching among the lower stratum,—and the “precinct captains” are, commonly speaking, the teachers,—that it is a brave, good deed, by any hook or crook, to get all the money from the opposition that the rich and credulous foe will part withal. Promise to vote the opposition ticket, promise anything, and get the money; that is the quiet instruction. Then break the promise and vote with Tammany Hall.

“We have to do this,” explained a “leader,” “in order to protect ourselves. The opposition is sure to try and buy our votes. Now if we frightened these ‘sell-outs,’ and led them to think we’d call it a crime if we found them with Mugwump money in their hands, or discovered them in close confab with a Republican, we’d lose a lot of men. They would take the other fellow’s money; and then they would feel guilty and be afraid to come back to us. And there you are. Two to one they would make good, and vote the Mugwump or Republican ticket. So we teach people of the ‘sell-out’ stripe that, so far from finding fault with them for getting money from the opposition, it’s the acme of cunning and a feather in their caps. The result is that not one of them can be bought. At the same time they’ll take the money off you so fast you’ll catch cold. They return and brag to us of the hauls they make. I’ve seen time and again dozens of my own men, with Mugwump or Republican badges on, ‘working’ at the polls. No; of course they were all right. They voted with me each time. But they took as much of the other side’s

money as was handed out. It's the only way for us to keep from losing twenty thousand votes in this town. Make them understand that it's all right to take the other fellow's money; that you like them the better for it."

Well, well, well! One isn't sure whether one has been in the mud or on the grass during the last ten minutes. Decision, doubtless, as in other matters, will wait on the point of view. "Fame and infamy!" observed Bartley Campbell in his play of "Clio"—and the great dramatist was in a frame of wisdom—"fame and infamy! It takes a sound philosopher to mark the line that separates the two."

XI.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Necessity, thou best of Peace-makers,
As well as surest prompter of invention,
Help us to composition !

—*Anonymous.*

HEAVENS! how one hates to begin! One's mind is like unto some truant fowl of the air, with spread pinions circling and whirling, and whirling and circling, without being brought to perch on anything. Work is a bore and tasks are loathly matters. And to write a book is to work. Still, why should there be such toil and travail thereover? Is it better to build a book than to make a coat? Your tailor would not say so. Also, he might exclaim that those who make only books run but starved bills with him.

Yet a book is a good thing; that is a good book. It shall abide a keener, longer wearing than a coat. "Allah's three greatest gifts," says the Mussulman—"Allah's three greatest gifts to man are a horse, a woman, and a book." The last is the best, and that false Paynim should have given it the right of the line. A book is best; one may take it up with no fear of a runaway, and put it aside without proceedings in court. A book makes life worth living. Without it the play might scarce be worth the candle. One's mind goeth forth as the dove from the ark and findeth no rest for the sole of its foot. The book arises and offers that

lacking repose. True! there be those to dislike a book, others to deride it. Such last was Lord Foppington in Vanbrugh's "Relapse"; a most witty and licentious comedy, this last, and therefore one much dog-eared and worn of its leaves.

Said my Lord Foppington: "To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own."

Lord Foppington never read a book; perhaps, however, he solaced himself, when not on the painted, peruked, and powdered warpath of his fopperies, with meditation. And meditation, like a book, belongs under the caption of good things. One may not be a philosopher, but one—all of us, in amiable verity—may be a meditator; which is to be a dwarf philosopher in a dwindled way. Your meditator, be he puny, has thoughts in knickerbockers; your philosopher is the grown Anak of thought, profound of mental chest and a clothyard wide i' th' shoulders.

Work, work, work! and what is the call for it? Man is spurred to work by the sharp and lancing rowel of his wants. And what are his wants? Food and sleep and warmth and shelter—his board and his bed and his clothes and his roof. He who toils beyond the acquirement of these works foolish overtime. Sure, folk do. They go on heaping millions on millions—Pelion upon Ossa to reach what gods they know not—and ache, sweat, and swear with the pain of the effort withal. Once I asked a multiplied millionaire—he was one who in the name of nitrate had exploited nations, and, like some weasel of commerce, sucked the yolk from

the egg of more than one South American state—who at the age of sixty-five, with digestion spoiled and slumbers broken by robberies feared as well as robberies planned—he called them “business”—was still in the acrid thick of his dollar-getting, why he so struggled for more money? I recounted his age and his millions, and his dissatisfying dyspepsia.

“Why do you,” quoth I—“why do you chase dollars when you have four-hundred-fold enough for every day that’s left you, and the most extravagant gilding thereof? Why do you do this thing?”

“That calls for reflection to make the answer,” and my man of many millions swung to the tiller of thought. “If you will tell me,” he continued presently, “why a dog will chase the hundredth rabbit, I’ll reply to your question. The dog doesn’t need the rabbit. He will even abandon it dead on the ground to any who may find and care to lift it, once it be overtaken by him and killed. The dog drops it from his memory when, captured and slain, he lets it fall from his mouth. Yet that dog, at the heel of the hunt or at the last of his life, will chase his ultimate rabbit—and it may be his millionth—with as much of anxiety to overtake it as though it were the first he’d ever seen. As I stated; when you tell me why your dog pursues that last rabbit which he doesn’t need, I’ll explain to you why your millionaire struggles for that other dollar that he cannot want.” And then he lifted up his voice and laughed. It was shrill and high and hard, that laugh—a lupine laugh. So have I heard a wolf—that gray “business man”—laugh in the still midnight of our Western plains.

One may observe here, what I didn’t say to my mil-

lionaire, and that is that while his foregoing may be called and indeed may be an explanation, it is not one which should prevent the issuance of a commission of lunacy based on that shattered moral intelligence of which his dollar-chasing, when dollars are grown useless to him, would amply evidence the existence.

One works to live, and life is no such lesson of success at best as to justify any heart-breaking or nerve-gnawing strife for its propping. Life is but an arrow in the air. Shot by some sightless archery of nature, each of us is projected upward towards the skies. None reaches them; some soar higher and some with weaker flight, and each comes clattering back to bury himself in the earth as if the grave were the bull's-eye aimed at. Or life is as a flying fish, that springs from the coastless ocean of the infinite, and skims and squatters for fifty or mayhap a hundred feet along the surface, to plump at the last and forever into some billow of oblivion.

But whether, in the fact of one's life, one is comparable with an arrow, or a flying fish, or with some addled spaniel which chases its tail and so gives one an exhibition of much motion with no progress, one can never be more than content. There was a well-lined genius yclept Lubbock, a Sir John he was, who wrote a volume, the "*Pleasures of Life*." And Lubbock did very well for one who missed his purpose. Pleasure pivots and centers on a good stomach, and Lubbock didn't lay stress enough on that fact. Happiness comes from within, when one talks of a birth, and once the four cardinal demands of food and warmth and clothes and roof are replied to, will never be far away. Surely, happiness does not depend on much money, and

too often finds in riches its murderer. How do I know? Walk out and look about you; Third Avenue is having a better time than Fifth. Happiness has no purse; and so, to be alliterative, you find misery in a mansion while hilarity hails you from a hut.

But, alas and alack! one must pull up. Posting and pounding ahead on the courser of one's shaggy, lumbering, thick-legged, uncurried fancy may be very well, but it in no sort shortens one's task. One is no nearer the heels of this volume than one was an hour ago. It is wiser, since work one must, to regather about the subject of Tammany Hall, and commit one's self to currents of narrative which count for a shortening of this voyaging.

Tammany Hall may with strict justice make one mighty claim for itself as a powerful and long-standing fortress in politics. It was Tammany Hall that a full, round century ago gave to the Democratic party its first national victory, and to the country Thomas Jefferson as its President. Tammany took the first steps as a social-benevolent organization. Within a handful of years it began to be assertive in politics.

Tammany Hall, as written before, was ever an object of aversion to those who were or would be aristocratic. Tammany had its conception among the masses; its first membership was drawn from those who had been private soldiers in the war of Revolution. The object was to upbuild an order against the Cincinnati; which latter, organizing just before and regarding itself as an order of American nobility, was close in its membership, and felt about for its starched and perfumed support among those rich, and who had been officers of the Continental army. Founded in

such feeling, Tammany couldn't in the very sap of things refrain long from an enlistment in those forays of politics which, one hundred years ago, were, if anything, more bitter than they are to-day.

In those last four years when Washington prevailed as President, and France was tooth and claw in mortal strife with England, the question American became: "Shall we aid France as fifteen years ago she aided us?" And general sentiment divided. Washington was against aid, Jefferson was for it; and Tammany, hating England, took side with Jefferson. The Tammany position had setting forth in those toasts offered at its banquet of 1796, whereof the following is a list. The festival was in celebration of English evacuation of the city, and the sentiments offered read as follows:

"The people of the United States and their President.

"The virtuous Congress of 1776 who decreed the freedom of three millions of their fellow citizens, thousands of whom afterwards sealed it with their blood.

"The republic of France. May the wisdom and energy of her counsels confound and dismay, while her armies and navy overwhelm and annihilate her enemies.

"Spain, and those other powers who have acknowledged the republics of America, France, and Holland. May they be an example to those despots of the world who are yet blind to the happiness of the human race.

"A lasting peace, founded on the basis of equal rights to the belligerent powers of Europe; may they never more unsheathe the sword in defense of despotism.

"Citizens Jourdan, Buonaparte, Moreau, Bournonville, and the other brave officers and soldiers of the

French armies; success to their arms, and may their exertions secure the constitution and liberties of the French republic.

"Success and prosperity to all who contend for the equal rights of men.

"May the late infamous British treaty be expunged from the laws of our land.

"Eternal love and gratitude to the French nation; may the men who would connect us with Great Britain justly incur the resentment of every genuine American.

"The voluntary exiles of our city and country who sacrificed their all to establish freedom and independence.

"The memory of those American citizens who fell martyrs to the cause of our country; may we never forget to celebrate their glorious deeds.

"May the 'exercise of heels' so nobly displayed on the 25th of November, 1783 (Evacuation Day), be forever improved to the advantage of the [Democrats] Republicans.

"The American fair. May their smiles be propitious to the cause of freedom and their approbation be only bestowed on the friends of their country.

"A speedy evacuation of the city by all Tories, royalists, and British emissaries; may their retreat be to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.'

"May the tricolor flag soon wave in triumph on the Tower of London, and may the oppressed citizens of Britain regain their lost rights and enjoy perpetual freedom.

"The day we celebrate; may we ever remember the greasy flagstaff and the triumph of Liberty."

Those were the sentiments of Tammany Hall in

1796; they are still her sentiments, as witness some recent resolutions, not to say money contributions, in succor of a Boer republic beset of the English; and a yesterday failure to half-mast the city's flag on the occasion of a royal funeral.

In the four years between the day of these toasts and the election of 1800, when Adams went down before Jefferson, and pure Democracy set its heel on the neck of Federalism, there were a half dozen great minds busy with the separation of American sentiment into parties. The elder Adams was President; Jefferson was the overshadowing name in Virginia and the South; Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury while Jefferson was Secretary of State for Washington, hitherto dictator in New York, was being bluntly met in the lists of politics by Aaron Burr; and Jackson, on the threshold of Congress, was just taking his first step in affairs.

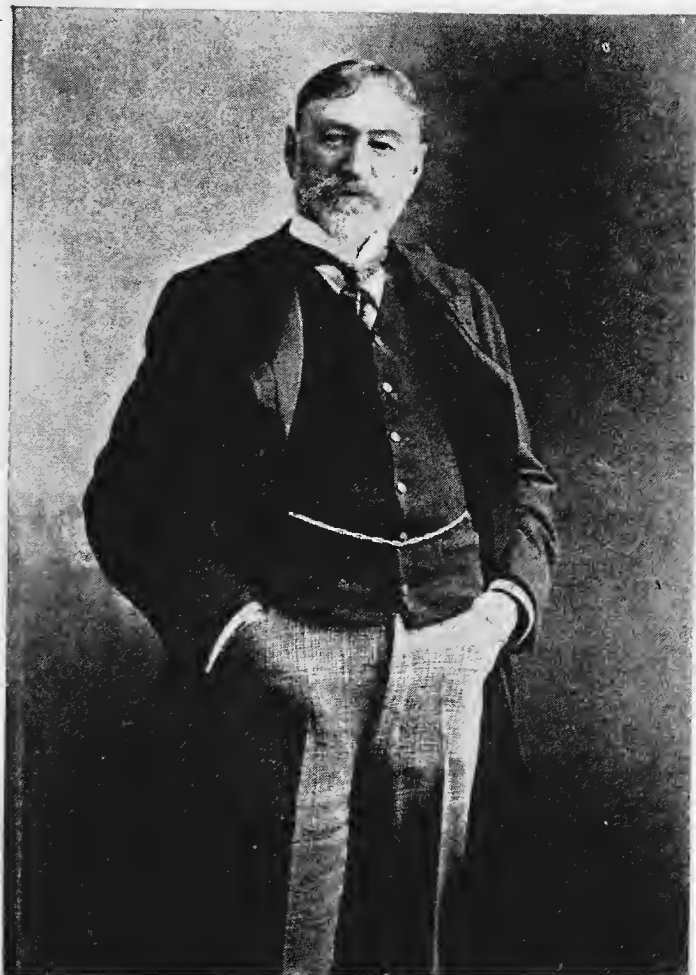
Speaking of the latter, Gallatin remembers him of that time, "as a tall, lank, uncouth-looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face, and a queue down his back tied with an eel-skin; his dress singular, his manners and deportment those of a rough backwoodsman." Poor Jackson! His dress and deportment no more suited the taste of the Federal Turveydrops, than did, thirty-five years after, his administration of economy, and the cutting out of that public cancer the United States (Biddle) Bank delight the Whigs. Uncouth and awkward indeed he was. And singularly so did the British at New Orleans, and the Calhoun rebellionists of the thirties, discover him.

John Adams was President, the man of whom Franklin wrote, "He is always honest, sometimes great, but often mad." The vigors of Washington had ceased.

Adams and Alexander Hamilton were the controlling spirits of the Federalists; and because that party was in power, of the nation also. The Federalists were the party of the money interests and of the aristocracy. They believed in American independence; but their leaders at least stopped there and did not believe in American republicanism. This was peculiarly true of Hamilton, who referred to the organic law of this country as "that crazy old hulk of a Constitution"; and finally, disappointed of his prophecies of coming crash, and defeated of his New York autocracy by Burr, and Tammany Hall, and of his national supremacy by Jefferson in 1800, wrote wailingly to a friend: "I'm not the man for America; I never was."

Certainly your rough, rude Democrats, such as thronged the corridors of Tammany Hall, and who followed Jefferson and Jackson and Burr to ballot-battle, each in his region, were far from being favorites among those who professed the super-delicacy and disesteem of the vulgar which were so eminent in that English nobility they with servile sedulity admired and imitated. The rich, who in that New York day as in this were the "respectable," were Federalists to a gentleman. The poor—what portion the rich and "respectable" didn't buy nor browbeat—the poor, who then as now were the "vulgar," were Democrats and Tammany men to a man. And these lines of separation ran even into literature; such as Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper—although these two came notably into the light a bit later—and others of the guild of scribes, with wit enough to locate the butter on their bread, were Federalists.

That high disregard of a hobnailed Democracy burned



JOHN J. SCANNELL.

now and again in social life, and it was Martha Washington, our own country's mother, who, on coming into the room to give some order about Mistress Nellie Custis' music lesson, had her eye anger-riveted to an oily spot on her wall paper, left by some visiting head more laden of bear's grease than prudence.

"What is that?" demanded the indignant housewife, and her scorn-shaken finger was pointed at the spot. "What is that? A grease spot! Some low, dirty Democrat left that; no Federal would have done it."

Some sign of that day's feeling, and of those near years to follow Independence, may be discovered in what Jefferson writes concerning it. Jefferson was one known for his honesty. "Thought expands, action narrows," says Goethe, and Jefferson was a philosopher. Wise, thoughtful, Jefferson was decisively not the man of action. But he read, and he dwelt, and he traveled, and he witnessed, and he turned matters over in his deep, clear, transparent mind. His was a genius of many sides, and Jefferson had rank as a statesman, a scholar, a philosopher, a litterateur, a traveler, an architect, an inventor, a farmer, and he even played on a fiddle. Jefferson conceived and drew the Declaration of Independence. At the same time he accomplished and gave to posterity another and as great a work. It was Jefferson who invented and made a draught of the present mold-board of the plow, which implement before had been a clumsy, unshapen, steel-shod wedge of wood; and it was under his eye, and by his blacksmiths in his forge at Shadwell, that the first scientific furrow-turner was beaten and ground and filed and polished into shape.

Jefferson believed in the people. Bred and born an

aristocrat, he denied caste. More than Washington even, he was the real American. Jefferson read and thought and wrote. He liked not muscle-labor and was with no army. His sole taste of war was when Tarleton's cavalry made an occasional raid against Monticello with a hope of taking prisoner the philosopher of freedom. Jefferson never made a speech; which fact should prove encouraging to ones in politics whose thought hesitates at hopes of fame because they are not Ciceros. Jefferson was in France following our Revolution. He not alone experienced those in power; he went into the cabins of the peasantry. He talked with the poor, looked in the pot to discover the dinner cooking, sat on the bed to note its hard uncomfot, ate of the sour, black bread which mothers fed to their children. Jefferson heard the story of the peasants. He returned among the governing classes, and sounding the skimmish shallows of their intelligences, decided against the folly of heaping importance on idiots."

When Jefferson returned from abroad he was a warm believer in the cause of liberty in France and the French Revolution; a movement of politics wherein Adams and Hamilton beheld nothing to love. Adams and Hamilton hated Thomas Paine; Jefferson admired him and read his "Rights of Man" with applause.

Paine's pamphlet is doubtless the document invincible, and so I hold myself. Yet I've often thought, as I glanced it through, that had the Thetford corset-maker written, instead of its present head, the "Rights of Dogs," or the "Rights of Kine," and then gone over his production with a blue pencil, editing in the "animal" and editing out the "man," it would all come just as true.

By what title does your man gain more of right than your animals? and from whom comes to him a franchise, wider, deeper, better than theirs? Surely he has no favor from nature beyond what are the plain legacies of both dog and ox. He starves where they starve, burns where they burn, freezes where they freeze, drowns where they drown, and the wound that lets out their life lets out his. It is only our vanity which prates of superior or peculiar rights inherent in, and of nature's conference on man. Nature has no favorites, and all her children, biped and quadruped, and even the poor footless worm, are equal in her sight. Nature believes that might makes right, and what privileges are nature-granted to the individual animal, man or what you will, find suggestion and measurement when one searches the limits of that individual's strength. Might makes right; it is the law. It does not follow that wherever there is conflict there is wrong. Both sides may be right, and more often than otherwise they are. It's like two hands of cards; both are right, one is beaten and the other wins. But we go astray; let us scramble back to the towpath of our task.

Jefferson was called into Washington's Cabinet and given the portfolio of State. As a lamp by the light of which the political thought of that day may be glanced over, one may turn to what Jefferson writes concerning it. Also one will therefrom gain some reading of the inner sentiments of those Federal leaders, Hamilton and Adams.

"I returned from the French mission," says Jefferson, "in the year of the new government, . . . and proceeded to New York in March, 1790, to enter upon the office of Secretary of State. I found a state of

things which of all I ever contemplated I the least expected. . . Politics was the chief topic, and a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. . . I found myself for the most part the only advocate on the republican side of the question."

It was at a Cabinet dinner, and Jefferson records this conversation between the king-loving Hamilton and the king-bedazzled Adams. Jefferson says:

"After the cloth was removed, conversation by some circumstance was led to the British Constitution. Adams observed, 'Purge that Constitution of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect Constitution ever devised by the wit of man.'

"Hamilton paused and said, 'Purge it of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would become an impracticable government: as it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most powerful government that ever existed' . . . Hamilton was indeed a singular character. Of acute understanding, disinterested, honest, and honorable in all private transactions, amiable in society, and duly valuing virtue in private life, yet was he so bewitched and perverted by the British example as to be under thorough conviction that corruption was essential to the government of a nation. Adams had originally been a Republican; the glare of royalty and nobility during his mission to England had made him believe their fascination a necessary ingredient of government."

There is a comparison made by that best of biographers, Parton, between Jefferson and Hamilton,

which, besides being true, tells the plain story of Democrat and Federalist—Tammany and its aristocratic opponents. The differences of the two men indicate the differences of the others. Parton writes: "Hamilton and Jefferson could not be an harmonious pair of Cabinet ministers. Hamilton hated, Jefferson loved, the French revolution. Hamilton approved, Jefferson detested, the monarchizing forms of Washington's administration. Hamilton was for a strong and overshadowing Federal government; Jefferson was strenuous for the independence of the States. Hamilton was in favor of high salaries and a general liberality of expenditure; Jefferson, liberal with his own money, was penurious in expending the people's. Hamilton desired a powerful standing army; Jefferson was for relying chiefly on an unpaid patriotic militia. Hamilton would have had our ambassadors live at foreign courts in a style similar to that of the courtly representatives of kings; Jefferson was opposed to any diplomatic establishment. Hamilton had a great opinion of foreign commerce; Jefferson knew that home production and internal trade are the great sources of national wealth. Hamilton gave a polite assent to the prevailing religious creed and attended the Episcopal church; Jefferson was an avowed and emphatic dissenter from that creed. And finally, Hamilton the ex-clerk [grocery], was a very fine gentleman and wore the very fine clothes then in vogue; Jefferson, the hereditary lord of acres, combed his hair out of pigtail, discarded powder, wore pantaloons, fastened his shoes with strings instead of buckles, and put fine gentlemanisms out of his heart forever."

There have been such as Hamilton in every year to

roll since then; luckily there has been a never-stinted flood of Jeffersons. The parties to-day are as the parties then, and the leopard of politics has not changed one spot. Seventy years after Jefferson and Hamilton encountered in Washington's Cabinet—this by way of a curiosity of sentiment—one Wadsworth, a senator, made a speech against certain of the yeomanry of its pews who held that the aristocratic vestry of Trinity Church, made as it was with much point of the exclusive, should not have an unwatched and unchecked ordering of Trinity's vast estates. It was the old Federalist speaking in Wadsworth when he says, as one who is delegate of the elect, "I represent the Jays, the Hamiltons, and the Kings." Then Wadsworth proceeds to characterize the pew-peasants who presume to a knowledge of and a voice in their own churchly business. "Neither Jack Cade," shouts Wadsworth—finely rising to the occasion—"neither Jack Cade nor Ledru Rollin ever proposed anything bolder. All Jacobinism stands without its parallel. The attack upon the noblesse of France, when untold millions of property fell the prey to plebeian rapacity, furnishes the only fit illustration which my mind can recall to express my abhorrence of this outrageous proposition." Wadsworth in 1857 still sounds like Hamilton; one might imagine that our fop of a Federalist, who like all promoted vulgarians was prone to despise and condemn the ranks from which he came, was still alive and oratorical.

Jefferson was elected President in 1800. For the prior four years Adams had been President, and it was his blunderings and un-Americanisms, added to the Burr-directed efforts of Tammany Hall, which served to put

Jefferson in the White House. Adams was a well-meaning bigot of a man, crowded of suspicions. His mentality was as strong as the paw of a bear, and as much moved of a clumsy curiosity. The nose of the Adams intelligence was into every current thing, to everything's disaster. Johnson said that Goldsmith "touched nothing he did not adorn." This could not be stated of Adams, who touched only to disarrange. He was the genius of error, the spirit of mistake, and knew more of fiends and angels than he did of men. Decidedly he was bankrupt of that grand sense, superior to other sense, called common sense. An egotist, constant in his own thoughts, he believed himself to be ever in the minds of other men. Timid where there was no threat, he ordered arms from the arsenal into his house in Philadelphia to protect himself from non-existent perils and against mobs which never had him in their thought. He was finicky and small, and tenderly apprehensive of his dignity as President, without the tact or taste to keep himself from being laughed at. While he was going through Newark, a foolish cannon banged uproariously in his honor. An onlooker, with little humor and less caution, not respecting Adams, wished audibly that the paper wadding had struck the President on the part amplest of his rear elevation. Under the acts of Alien and Sedition whereof Adams was a tireless advocate this was a kind of *lèse majesté*, and the Federal President caused the ribald one to be sentenced to jail, there to sup sorrow for a month. This and kindred deeds of politico-imbecility did he; and one and all they paved a Presidency to Jefferson.

"John Adams," said one of his near adherents and

cabineteers, "is a man who whether sportful, witty, kind, cold, drunk, sober, angry, easy, stiff, jealous, careless, cautious, confident, close or open, is so always in the wrong place and with the wrong man."

That Adams was a bad Republican and a worse American has display in a letter of argument to his wife. After saying that the revolution which overthrew the throne in France was from the first "a goblin damned," the Bay State narrowist continues. "By the law of nature," he writes, "all men are men and not angels—men and not lions—men and not whales—men and not eagles—that is, they are all of the same species; and this is the most that the equality of man amounts to. A physical inequality, an intellectual inequality, of the most serious kind is established unchangeable by the Author of nature; and society has a right to establish any other inequality it may judge necessary for its good."

Thus stood men and matters on the eve of the Presidential canvass of the year 1800. Jefferson and Burr were the candidates of the Democrats; Adams and Pinckney opposed them for the Federalists. The Democrats favored France; the Federals gave their sympathy to England, so lately with her clutch at the throat of America. The Democrats sympathized with the revolution in France; the Federalists denounced it. The Democrats demanded the repeal of the Alien and Sedition laws; the Federalists, who were their authors, defended them and their retention. Finally, the Democrats were for the common folk against the aristocracy; and the Federals, who believed in caste, faced them on that point. The Federals talked of the rights of property and were the party of Money; the Demo-

crats laid emphasis on the rights of perishing flesh and blood. And Tammany Hall, then as now, was the vanguard of State and National Democracy.

Jefferson felt no hope of victory; he looked forward to Adams and a Federal success. Aaron Burr did not share the Jefferson forebode. Burr believed that triumph for the Democracy was probable, and already beheld in gloating anticipation the chagrin of his enemy Hamilton, with whom, at the bar and in politics, he had been at point of rapier for a space of fifteen years.

Hamilton was the head of the order of the Cincinnati. Also he was son-in-law of General Schuyler; and the Schuylers—Federalists—were a formidable tribe. The city of New York at that time panted with a population of fifty thousand souls. The politics of the community was controlled by four great families; the Schuylers, the Jays, the Clintons, and the Livingstons. The two first were of the Federals; the two latter of the Democrats. Hamilton was the leader of the one, and Burr of the other. Hamilton, as stated, was in control of the Cincinnati; Burr was in command of Tammany Hall. And the last was sworn foe of the other.

Platt to-day has that position in State and city politics held by Alexander Hamilton one hundred years ago; Burr, who opposed Hamilton, and who was chief of the then forces of Tammany, was line for line of leadership, and power for power, exact with Richard Croker now. The Tammany of then, save for numbers, was a picture of the present organization. Speaking of the Tammany of 1800, Renwick relates: "All who numbered themselves as its members were prepared to yield implicit obedience to

the will of its majority; that majority was made to move at the beck of committees which concentrated the power in the hands of a few individuals. Denunciation as a traitor was the fate of him who ventured to act in conformity with his individual opinion when it did not meet with the general indorsement." One may not count many alterations, whether of discipline, or principles, or changes of front, to have come over Tammany Hall in a century. Renwick reads as if he had written of the present.

This is a good place to halt and pitch one's camp. It is here on the boundaries of that struggle where a White House was to be lost and won; where the electors were to fail of a choice; where a tie-vote was to hold the House in its dangerous folds for days; where first and last the Constitution—"that crazy old hulk" of Hamilton's—was to be strained and tested to the utmost; where Adams and Hamilton were to fall, and Jefferson and Burr rise over them; where Tammany Hall was to give to Democracy its first victory and its first President, that one may with propriety draw hard on the puckering strings of relation and close the chapter.

XII.

BURR AND TAMMANY.

'Twas when they raised mid sap and siege.
The banners of their rightful liege,
—Rose.

It was long ago, eighty years or more, when Disraeli, the father, wrote the "Curiosities of Literature," and later the "Calamities of Authors," and still later the "Quarrels of Authors." I have often reflected what thriving tales might flourish under such titles as the "Curiosities of Politics," the "Calamities of Politicians," and the "Quarrels of Politicians," if only some Disraeli of the parties were extant to their construction. Indubitably it was the organization of the self-sufficient Cincinnati, evoking in a spirit of resentment the counter-organization of Tammany Hall, which stifled the American monarchists under the name of Federalists and gave to this nation Jefferson as President and a true Democracy as a result.

Contributory to such conclusion were the long-standing quarrels of Burr and Hamilton. These differences had beginning close on the back of British departure from New York, and the peace which followed Cornwallis at Yorktown. They ran through their law practice, their social life, their action of politics, until in 1800 the feud thereby engendered brought them front to front as rival captains, one of Tammany and the Democracy, and the other of the Cincinnati and the Federalists, in this the city of New York.

Stepping aside for one pace, it might be offered as hint to whomsoever shall essay the series suggested that under the head of "Curiosities of Politics," and perhaps that of the "Quarrels of Politicians," he should begin with Jefferson's attempt to convict Burr of treason at Richmond. It was this which taught Jackson, who was Burr's friend and partner for the Mexican expedition, to hate the Man of Monticello; and, as corollary thereunto—for Jackson was by nature an extremist, ever to mix his passion with his logic—to hate also the doctrine of "nullification" and possible secession from the Union, of which Jefferson was the author and with it the inventor of the word. To these, also, our author-to-come should add those Cabinet inharmonies of Jackson whereof the lively Peggy O'Neil was the *motif*, and which—considering the ardent sort of Jackson—overflowed in his wrath against Calhoun, and the issuance of that toast to the plotting diners at the old Indian Queen Tavern, "The Union; it must and shall be preserved," wherewith the strong Jackson palsied, heart and hand, incipient rebellion, and staved off civil war for thirty years.

Before one goes to the tale of Tammany victory in 1800, and the consequent election of Jefferson to a presidency, there might be written, with propriety and perhaps with good, a personal word or two of Burr and Hamilton who were Wolfe and Montcalm of that field. There has been no one in history or out of it to be more maligned than Aaron Burr. It seems hard to speak the truth of eminence. Either it becomes sacrifice to eulogy, as with Washington and Jefferson; or falls victim of the vilifier, as in the case of Burr. Four-fifths of present popular estimate of

Burr depends on that speech of Wirt against Burr delivered during the Richmond trial, and which was for years kept in the hands of every school-child as an exercise of those "Readers" which were their text-books; and which must have had certain compilation by Federalists or their Burr-hating cubs. Verily! a most solvent source from which to have the truth of a man's act and character—the address of that paid attorney who had taken fees to prosecute him.

In the conventional comparisons of Burr with Hamilton one has been ever offered that cleanly impression of a high, proud aristocracy as the ancestry of Hamilton. Burr, as against this, was the mephitic bubble on some chance-hollowed mudhole of humanity, which the storms had filled and the swine enjoyed. For myself I care little for an ancestry, preferring rather to hear of one's own deeds than those of one's grandfather in deciding one's worth. But, as has been already set forth, this matter of pedigree is important in New York; and, therefore, in the stories of Burr and Hamilton may as well be understood.

Burr was grandson by his mother of the worthy Jonathan Edwards of Connecticut. Burr's father and his father's father were, and still are, famous as the two most learned Presidents which the seminary of Princeton has known. Hamilton was born in the Isle Nevis, a poor pin-prick of the Antilles. His Scotch father was a grocer who failed at his trade. His mother, descended by the Huguenots, was a Mlle. Faucette. She had been married before she met with the father of Hamilton; but finding her first husband more gay than true, she retreated to a divorce, her father, and her maiden name.

At the age of thirteen Hamilton left school, and himself engaged in West Indian commerce behind the scales and counters of one Cruger of St. Croix. The latter maintained a drygoods and ship-grocery at that port. For a number of years Hamilton struggled with tropical trade as expressed by cod fish, rum, and sou'-westers, and laid the foundation of that money-knowledge which was to render him great as the first Secretary of our national Treasury.

Coming to New York when a youth, for reasons which his biographers appear to skip in silence, Hamilton set himself to a further education. He was irregularly a day student at what is now Columbia University, then Kings College, and wound up by a study of the law.

Both Hamilton and Burr were brave soldiers of the Revolution. Hamilton was at one time private secretary of Washington, and was in the same skiff with the latter when he "crossed the Delaware." Burr rose to the rank of colonel and distinguished himself with the mal-fortuned Montgomery in the campaign against Quebec. There, before one, lie the bones of the personal stories of both Burr and Hamilton.

Burr's detractors have laid much lowering stress on his blushing gallantries with women. He offered them, truly, opportunity both wide and full for these strictures. But your purist of to-day should reflect. Those were far times, and tumultuous. They were times strong with passion, and tintured of the revolutionary. The heroes of those days were folk volcanic, with hearts like Hecla; and their same traits of courage and stamina and unyielding force which fought a King through seven years of Freedom's battles, became in

softer hours the attributes which turned to woman's sweetness like flowers to the sun. Burr was in no wise unique in this weakness of the *ewige weibliche*, as Goethe named it. What was said of Burr might have been told—and was—of Washington, of Jefferson, of Franklin, and of Hamilton. The latter, in truth, in 1797, went to the borderland of duel with Madison, later to be President, concerning a certain Mistress Reynolds. The business drove as far as seconds, and Burr was acting for Madison in that trigger-oiling, bullet-molding behalf. It didn't reach the burning of powder, however; negotiations, which at one time looked hopefully towards it, struck some peace argument and glanced off.

For myself, I've never felt appointed of my star to condemn those thinkers and warriors who won our Independence, for their warm-eyed interest concerning woman. And one may distrust as knaves and hypocrites those males who do. Sought after, beamed on, courted and admired of women, as each of them was, it would have weathered the Cape of Miracles if, with all those hot gales blowing, their morals had maintained an even keel.

"What!" cries a feminine voice, bubbly with incipient indignation; "what! do you mean to assert that a woman may not admire a great man and tell him so?"

"It is an exercise of much unsafety, madam."

"Are you willing to say," cries the same feminine voice, "that a man and a woman may not maintain a platonic friendship for one another?"

"Pardon me, madam; not unless they're married to one another."

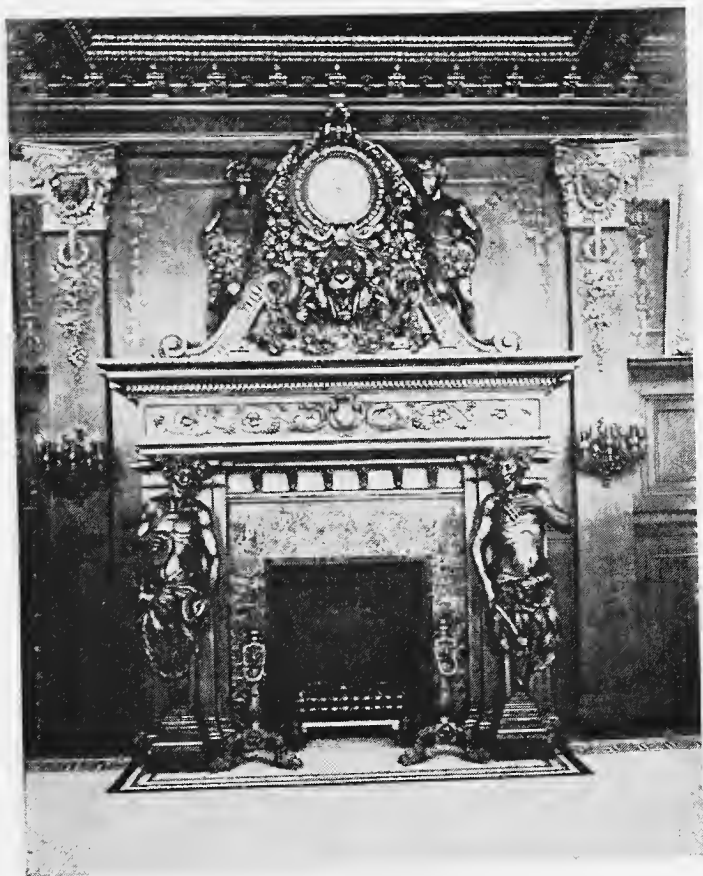
"But these heroes," cries the voice, "were as eager to invoke the admiration of woman as she to offer it."

"True, madam; that arose from excess of the natural."

It is right to admit that I do not understand woman, and may no more follow the windings of her nature, wanting the aid of some Ariadne and her clew of silk, than Theseus might the labyrinth of Minos. But man is a simpler animal; I know him in each detail of his contradictions. Man is a paradox, and a paradox is ever a fraud. Man is at once his own captor and his own captive. In his nature he is both hare and hound; ever a fugitive, ever in fervent pursuit of himself.

This genius for the Self-opposite runs through all he does. It will find evincement in the matter of religious thought. His reason will go one way, his instinct another. He will ruminate the subject of himself: his past and his hereafter. His reason will alarm him with the fact that his each act or thought is result of cause, itself result of other, further cause, and so *ad infinitum*. Your man, reasoning, will hear the linked chain of effect and cause clanking rearwardly until dimly the clanking is lost and died away in the last hollows of his heretofore. He does not understand, he may not comprehend, more than he understands and embraces the fact of frameless space. But he believes he *knows*; just as he is aware of the eternal granite without grasping, even with the hand of conjecture, the promise of its first production. The decision of your man reasoning is that he's a fatalist. The whole future is decreed; man himself is locked helpless as a fly in amber.

And yet in his instincts, and that despite his reason,



FIREPLACE IN CAFÉ OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

he *feels* that he is free. Knowing himself tethered to some picket-pin of the inevitable, also he knows that he has liberty of body and soul by the testimony of sheer instinct. It is likewise to be said—and the race has comfort and good fortune therefrom—that man's fatalism, child of his reason, never drags him beyond the stage of theory. On the contrary, each item of his goings about, and all he does and tries to do, find their feet in his instinctive knowledge that he is free.

And, madam,—for I am still moved to your instruction,—never engage to know a man's sentiments by discovering his deeds. In those multiplied contradictions of man-nature which say both “yes” and “no” to every asking, one is not, when considering the problem of man, to determine his belief by his action. In this one matter of man's attitude towards woman, which, if I err not, was the start-point of present trouble, one would often go mightily astray were one to deduce man's conclusions from his conduct, and come at what he thinks by what he does. There are many who with the instincts of a Roundhead have the habits of a Cavalier; they act like Charles the Second while they think like Cromwell.

Discussion was never fair nor liberal with the name of Burr. There came no charity to cover the multitude of his sins. Burr said, for example, that “Law is anything that's boldly asserted and ingeniously maintained.” He had much abuse for this, as he who, with no respect for justice, was adept of deceit, plot, conspiracy, and chicane. Choate, who does our present louting before Royalty at St. James', observed of the Courts of New York and that suspicious instability wherewith they held the scales, “It is

better to know the judge than to know the law," and was regarded for his sparkling wit as another Curran. Yet why assail Burr while one garlands Choate?

Again, a century ago, the Federalists, controlling the banks, and as well the legislatures at Albany, would grant no bank charter to Democrats lest they collect therein and thereby the sinews of war. Some Socrates of carnage, and one profound of blood, once wrote, "There are three things needed to wage successful war; the first is money, the second is money, and the third is money." One may say as much of politics. Wherefore the Federalists were not weak enough to open any chapter of chances in favor of Democrats by granting them a charter for a bank.

Yellow fever came ashore. It slew its thousands and its tens of thousands. Most thoroughly did it weed and thin the city of New York. The Wise Men—as they commonly do to this day—attributed all mortality to bad water. Burr saw an opportunity. He asked the legislature for a charter wherewith to form a water company. It was to be known as "The Manhattan Company." The capital was fixed at two millions; a healthful sum for that hour.

Mild and meek as one might wish to see, squatted cozily away in a far corner of the charter, was a clause to the effect that, after water had been provided, "the company's surplus capital might be employed in any way not inconsistent with the laws and constitutions of the United States and the State of New York." The charter was granted. Burr and his fellow stockholders complied—and no more—with the strict water conditions of the document. They dug an excellent well, the same being still abroad in the land. It was of that

capacity, perhaps, which might serve the thirst of what cattle should belong with an ordinary farm. Then Burr and his stockholders turned the balance of their capital and energy to the organization of that present giant concern of money known as The Manhattan Bank. Burr was, and still is, by Federalists and their descendants most gloriously assailed for this deception. Had he been a Federalist they would have twined wreaths for him.

In the summer of 1800, Burr at the head of Tammany Hall, and Hamilton as chief of the Federals, looked with evil eye one upon the other. They sat down to plan their campaigns. Hamilton, whether as trapper or hunter of politics, was never match for Burr. Whether it was to set some midnight snare, or whether the plan called for battle-axes at noon, Burr showed cleverer, stronger of the two.

Hamilton, who was immensely the egotist and as much in love with his own reflection in the pool of politics as a Narcissus, was not aware of this. He felt himself infinitely the greater man. He was "son-in-law of Senator Schuyler;" he was flower of the local aristocracy; moreover, his party of the Federalists had never met defeat, and in the year before, 1799, had carried New York by a majority of nine hundred.

Burr, with Tammany Hall at his back, believed he would triumph, but knew he must work. And Burr waxed indefatigable. He was the first "Boss" of Tammany Hall, and resolved to make a record. Burr span his policy as spiders spin their webs. Theft was not theft in Sparta unless discovered in process of commission. Burr and Hamilton so far emulated Lycurgus that they scrupled at no act of eavesdropping,

nor larceny of documents, nor what else might serve; they feared no disgrace where there was no detection, and held with the swart Tarquin, "the fault unknown is as a thought unacted."

Burr was as sedulous as sleepless. He had a spy in every council, an agent at the elbow of every opportunity. Burr put off Tammany Hall's ticket-making until Hamilton had made his. Burr got a copy of Hamilton's ticket before it was public, and within twenty minutes after it was decided by the Federal managers. Burr was elated with the Hamilton names. There wasn't a good man on the list; each was the hand-made puppet of Hamilton himself.

Then Tammany, with Burr in council, selected its candidates. There were never stronger names presented to the voters of New York. Among others, and leading them, were ex-Governor Clinton, Judge Livingston, and General Gates, the latter the conquerer of the English at Saratoga.

Tammany's committee, with Burr as spokesman, waited upon these people of pedestals to notify them of their selection. Gates said he'd "run" if Clinton accepted. Livingston said the same. Burr and the Tammany chiefs headed for Clinton. Now the latter statesman was a child of certain stubborn, self-willed, canny Scotch-Irish, and possessed the family traits in exaggeration. To add to that, as against Jefferson or anyone else, Clinton mightily preferred that he be President himself. Four years before Clinton had received thirty electoral votes. Clinton had hopes, and therefore didn't want to commit himself to the Jefferson canvass. He refused to permit the Burr-Tammany folk his name. Clinton "wouldn't go on any local ticket."

Burr argued, flattered, besought, and cajoled. Nothing might move the ambitious ex-Governor. Clinton was polite, but positive. His name must not be on the Jefferson-Tammany ticket. Then Burr shifted the wind of argument.

"When it comes to that, Governor Clinton," said Burr, and he'd grown as haughtily high as the ex-Governor—"when it comes to that, our appearance before you, preferring the request that you run on this ticket, is a function rather of courtesy than need. With the last word, and regardless either of your plans or your preferences, the public is perfect in its right to name you and compel you to run. And, Governor, should you continue to withhold your consent, we stand already determined to retain your name despite refusal, and pursue the course I've indicated as one entirely within the lines of popular right."

Clinton was at a loss. In the end he gracefully consented, but with the understanding that he didn't personally favor Jefferson, and was not to make any speech in his advocacy, reservations for which neither Burr nor the Tammany folk cared ever a penny. They had gotten the names of Clinton, Gates, and Livingston on their ticket, which was the vote-winning desideratum sought.

As an at-the-polls finale, Tammany Hall and Burr ran over the Federals and Hamilton in the city of New York by a majority of four hundred and ninety. This gave Jefferson the State. Without New York, Jefferson at the last would have been defeated and John Adams returned to succeed himself.

Hamilton was frantic. It was beyond belief. In his resentments of things as they were—it casts a side-

light on the Hamilton character—he wrote a private letter to Jay, then Governor (Federal), and urged him to a special convention of the legislature (Federal) when measures would be concocted to steal from Jefferson the State. In apology to Jay, a man of spotless honor, for the iniquity proposed, Hamilton said at the close of the letter that it was the last method “to prevent an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics from getting possession of the helm of state.”

Jay did not call an extra session of the legislature, nor did he answer Hamilton’s letter. The villain proffer never would have been known, save that long afterward the missive was found among Jay’s papers, stiffly indorsed in Jay’s own hand, “Proposing a measure for party purposes which I think it would not become me to adopt.”

As sequel to this election the choice of President went finally to the House of Representatives—as was then the law—on the failure of a majority of the Presidential electors to unite on one name. Many of the Federals, breathless to defeat Jefferson, proposed Burr against him. The decision hung in the wind of a House tie for many days.

Jefferson believed, and Burr’s enemies declared, that Burr gave countenance to this Federal plot and strove to seize from Jefferson the Presidency. The proof is the other way; two specimens of the evidence on that point might be printed, the more readily since they seem to be conclusive. During the progress of ballot-taking, Cooper, a Federalist of New York, an anti-Jefferson man, and incidentally the father of that Cooper who has fame for “Leatherstocking,” wrote to a friend: “All stand firm. Jefferson eight; Burr six; divided

two. Had Burr done anything for himself he would long ere this have been President. If a majority would answer, he would have had it on every vote."

Following Jefferson's election as President and that of Burr as Vice President, one Bayard of Delaware, the first of a family now happily extinct in American politics, wrote to Hamilton. Bayard said: "The means existed of electing Burr, but this required his co-operation. By deceiving one man (a great blockhead) and tempting two (not incorruptible) he might have secured a majority of the States. He will never have another chance of being President of the United States, and the little use he made of this one gives me but a poor opinion of his talents." How very like a Bayard!

Burr's name and fame are choked with weed of lie and slander even unto this day. But there will come the rescue, and a future shall do him equity. Truth is not to die, nor prejudice to live, and so Burr's day will dawn. There was never a flaw nor a falsity in Burr's attitude towards the public. He had been brave as a soldier, he was leader of the bar, and in things political Burr was all American. Burr never had a dollar with spot or stain to mark it. He was honest, he was generous, he was loyal. He deceived none who was his friend; deserted no obligation, betrayed no trust. If his downfall is to have solution, Burr was crushed by his own triumphs. Like that Paul Jones who was England's terror and the sea-hero of the Revolution, Burr found his destruction in those envies bred of his success.

Jefferson never forgot nor forgave Burr that heart-shaking tie for a Presidency, and to the end was inveterately on the track of Burr. Jefferson charged

Burr with public treason. He tried Burr three times; in Kentucky, in Mississippi, and in Richmond. And thrice by court and jury Burr was acclaimed innocent. It is among the best words to be spoken of Marshall that, cold and firm and right, he could declare the law and displease the White House at one and the same time.

It may not be to Jefferson's whole discredit that he was so fiercely and, one might add, unscrupulously the enemy of Burr. It shows that he had those blazing weaknesses that make of man a man and not a god. Find that one who has done no wrong, and you will have overtaken one who has done nothing. Much that is hailed excellent is only the absence of activities—the good-passive. And the good-passive is a commodity of tameness. It is hueless, gray, and wan; it has none of the vivid richness of those prismatic seven which, for aught one knows, may be the convicting register of seven sins of the sun.

Jackson, however, was one who never exonerated Jefferson for his pursuit of Burr. During the latter's trial Jackson came hot-foot from Nashville to Richmond to express his contempt for the President; a ceremony he accomplished in divers set speeches, and with much applause from the multitude.

Another disaster to Burr was his duel with, and the death of, Hamilton. His enemies, both in the Federal party and in his own, used it to his tearing down. Burr was right and his detractors wrong.

Burr met Hamilton honorably and by the custom of that time. Hamilton professed the duello; his own son had been killed, but a brief few years before, on those very grounds where he fell before the pistol of Burr.

Hamilton was made mad with his overthrow by Tammany under the captaincy of Burr. Hamilton thereafter, at each chance and by every covert method, maligned and traduced Burr. Nor is there scrap to show that Burr followed a course similar towards Hamilton. Burr was mute while the other exhausted malice in incessant and baseless tales against him. Burr was Vice President, the second officer of state; Hamilton was politically nothing. Burr was the war-general of a militant Democracy and had led it to its first success; Hamilton was that defeated commander whom he'd crushed. Each was evenly endowed of worldly goods. Each had his law practice. Each had his town house, Hamilton at 52 Cedar Street and Burr at 30 Fulton; each had his country seat, the one at the Grange and the other at Richmond Hill. Of the two, when each is counted in his all—Burr in a blush of triumph and Hamilton in the jaundice of defeat—it will find notice that Burr by that duel risked more, since he had more to lose.

Burr, for his honor meanly assailed, came down from his high place as President of the Senate, and in a series of letters, easily obtainable, backed Hamilton across the river to the New Jersey side and took his life. Burr, who did all things well or left them unattempted, was as complete with the pistol as he was with politics. At the word Burr fired, and shot Hamilton in the midst of his body. Hamilton, raised to his toes by the horrid shock of it, fired the moment after. His bullet clipped the harmless twigs about Burr's head. Then Hamilton fell on his face; and then he was taken away to live some hours, and at the last to die.

During those hours of life Hamilton had a duty to do, and he missed and failed of even its attempt. And the omission smells of littleness and tells against his manhood. What was it?

Out in the sun-burned far Southwest is a cluster of adobes called for compliment a "town." Two men played with each other that device named seven-up for a stake of twenty dollars a point. One may be called Driscoll and the other Burlison. Both belonged to that region and were of the trade of cows. Driscoll was "bad," and as prone to trouble as sparks to fly upward; his six-shooter was known for its offensiveness. Burlison, though steadier, was likewise "bad," and likewise, to be dialectic, "packed a gun." Of a sudden both men were on their feet; three shots were fired. Each had birth in Burlison's pistol, and the sounds of that firing trod on each other's heels like the striking of a Yankee clock. Driscoll fell with three bullets in him, and the day of his death was written. Two hours later, on his bed in the Jackson House, Driscoll was able to speak. These were his first words.

"Where's Burlison?" he said.

"He's surrendered himself to the sheriff," he was told. "Do you want to see him?"

"No; don't bring him here," Driscoll whispered. "I'm hit too hard to shoot; so there's no sense in my seeing him. But there's a word I want to say to you-all, and it's what I want done. You didn't see this shooting and I did. This killing is on the square, and Burlison is right. I reached for my gun first; and if it hadn't hung in the scabbard I'd have had him in hell in a second. I'm to die, and I want my death to end it. I've no use for Burlison, and if I could get to my

feet and my guns I'd hunt him now. Still he was right to shoot. He filled his hand and I didn't. He outheld me; that's the whole story. And you-all are to throw Burlison loose."

Driscoll, who could hate and still do justice, died with the demand for his foe's release on his lips. The West has a balanced hand, and Burlison walked free. Hamilton's death-conduct should have been some half brother with Driscoll's. It would have testified to that heart-honesty on Hamilton's part of which there's a deal too little evidence.

Burr suffered for this duel. The Jefferson folk, and the Hamilton folk, and every Burr-hater found in it a weapon to his use. Those also who were opposed to dueling, with that ill-logic too often between the unthinking teeth of your sentimentalists, were harsh in their attacks on Burr; they denounced him when, had they possessed consistency, they would have denounced the custom.

And while one has that topic between one's hands, why is it that the system of dueling must be so denied and turned upon? It is because folk lose their lives by it? Is it that death and that blood, its incidents, which are to shock us into opposition? Nonsense! we care little enough for death and blood. We sit here while our surface railways slay folk at a better average than a death a day, and are no more than by the fall of a sparrow to be disturbed thereby. Indifference to life is a prime national characteristic; stoics, afore-time, were hysterical by comparison with us. On each and every hand the half-searching eye may see at what trifle we value life. Then why so fiercely forward to cow this duel custom? The argument once offered by

a gentleman of South Carolina had some cogent spunks and sparks.

"Yes, sir," observed the gentleman, in deference to query on that point—"yes, sir; I favor dueling. I understand neither the sentiment nor the rule that objects. Surely, the law is highly inconsistent. Should I be aroused in the night by a person in my smoke-house stealing hams, I am permitted by the law to stroll to the rear door, clad in a shirt and a shotgun, and shoot the marauder dead without giving him a chance. That same man, by fagot of slander and brand of lie, might be striving to burn the reputation of my sister at the stake of his own villainy; and yet the law threatens to hang me if I summon him to the duel, and face to face, with equal weapons take his life. I may slay the wretch—hunger-driven he might be—who steals a dollar's worth of bacon; but the miscreant who would rob a woman of her good repute is safeguarded from the wrath of those who, being of her friends and family, are also with her his prey. There's neither justice nor good sense in the law situation I've described."

There's a deal of drivel concerning this same business of the duel. Claptrap, chatter, cant, and cowardice are all distinguishable among its component parts. From the same sources of a vapid and mindless conventionality come similar twitterings about Lynch law and committees of vigilance. We expand our shirt fronts and, after reading of some Southern or Western lynching, express our horror, and speak in tones and words of self-felicitation of that "law and order" we, ourselves, and in our own communities of the North, uphold.

Two-thirds of this, our self-applause, are the veriest snivel of hypocrisy. Law and order! Law and disorder! rather. The worst governed of the whole roll-call of the world's communities are the Northern and Northeastern cities of this Union. Take the city of New York: a sober and discreet committee of one hundred, clothed of a purpose of justice and a bale of half-inch rope, would bring such order and security to the public as it has not thus far known. The first Americanism, and with it the first safety of life and limb, goods and good repute, are to be found in the South and West where your committee of vigilance can be convened at call. That committee is the best expression of the popular will. It comes up through no crookedness of tortuous and interested legislation; it smells of no vote-rottenness; it is as bribeless as a storm, as much beyond corruption as the light of day. It has but one thought: justice. And it never fails. One may say of committees of vigilance what one may not of courts. No committee of vigilance ever hanged the wrong man, nor let the wrong man go.

From motives of safety to his reputation Burr should not have gone abroad. It was a mistake; doing nothing for him in Europe, while fanning obloquy at home. And then the woe he must have met! Driven from England, he goes to Norway, to Denmark, to Prussia, at last to France. Burr tried to enlist Napoleon in his programmes of Southwestern Empire. He failed; just as failed Robert Fulton when he sought to recruit the same personage for his water-campaign of steam. Burr met Talleyrand; that crook-foot rascal of state who was never grateful save for favors to come. Burr had given Talleyrand countenance in the bright

days of Richmond Hill, and when the Frenchman, dodging the guillotine, was fugitive. But that counted for nothing in the eye of Talleyrand, with whom gratitude had rating as vice, and any decent goodness of memory for those who had been one's shelter and defense was, as he phrased it, that thing worse than crime—a blunder.

Burr came back to America and practiced law. He lived to be eighty-one. His latter years were poisoned of poverty, which last, as Lytton says, "is the wicked man's tempter, the good man's perdition, the proud man's curse, the melancholy man's halter." Burr was poor. Yet as he fell not into temptation, nor took his life with a rope, one is allowed the thoughts that he was neither "wicked" nor sad. How far, being a good man, he experienced the "perdition," or being proud, to what extent the "curse" of poverty, Burr was in too much command of himself to disclose. One may only surmise. Sure it is that unto the day of his death his bright, dangerous eyes looked folk in the face; whatever may have overtaken a world's respect for him, he still was in full conquest of his own. From youth to age, in prosperity or loss, no one in glance or word or step of Burr beheld a change. He was the man immutable.

And it is this very immutability that is the one sure mark of greatness. The truly great, those who are great of themselves and not of their conditions, are changeless. Go he up or go he down, the great man is ever the same.

Grant, who from a wood-hauling, hide-tanning obscurity was a world's greatest soldier in five years, and rode with a million and a half of men at his horse's tail;

who was twice President; who was flattered and banqueted by Princes in a round-the-world progress such as Kings had never made; Grant was with it all and through it all the same silent, modest, earnest gentleman whom folk knew before Lincoln was inaugurated, or ever the first standards of rebellion were free-shaken to the winds. Grant was great.

Burr, who had destroyed the dynasty of Federalism; who was himself within a vote of the White House; who had been a Vice President and ruled a Senate; who had dreamed conquest like a Cæsar and seen it almost within reach, went from high to low. And yet, the Burr who under fire bore the dead Montgomery from the field of battle; the Burr who conquered in politics; the Burr who guided a Senate in hours shaken of passionate effort; the Burr who killed Hamilton at Weehawken; the Burr who planned an empire at his feet; the Burr who spread his calm blankets in the Virginia jail; the Burr who lived his last years and died in the folds of want, was note for note, and word for word, and thought for thought, and look for look the same unchanging Burr. No success could add to him, while disaster took nothing away; no bad fortune nor good was to recarve or redraw him in any least of detail. Burr was ever Burr. And Burr, like Grant, was great.

Time, that last repositior of justice, will yet rear a stone to Burr. And it should appear thereon that he, with Tammany Hall, supplementing at the polls the work of the war-fields of the Revolution, rescinded the laws of Alien and Sedition, rescued the country from Monarchy, set up Jefferson to be President and not Kaiser, and fairly, first and for all time, established civil and religious liberty in this land.

XIII.

THE VENGEANCE.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.
—Mazeppa.

TWEED, born in 1823, was twenty-three years of age when Richard Croker came as a child to America. Kelly, whose *nom de guerre* of "Honest" was conferred on him by popular voice, and under whose command Richard Croker was later to fight against Tweed and his Ring, at the time pointed to had witnessed twenty-five years, opening his first eyes in 1821. Both Tweed and Kelly were native Americans, born and cradled of the city of New York.

When in the sixties Richard Croker began his life of politics and became a member of Tammany Hall, Tweed was the most powerful figure of that organization. Tammany was not then come to the military excellence of discipline and concert of movement which it has reached under the chiefship of Croker. Conditions of "machine" or military perfection arise from characteristics to repose in the man at the head; and where Croker is the soldier, both Tweed and Kelly were quite the opposite. They were lax and loose of rule; and while folk of unblinking courage, and Kelly notably stubborn and obstinate withal, they had none

of that capacity for organization which forms men into companies, into regiments, into brigades, into divisions, into corps, into armies; and which then moves the whole as one. Neither Tweed nor Kelly owned aught better than commonest talents for labor of this sort; Croker's genius, on the other hand, lies in that direction. Croker comes more to the model of such as Cromwell, whom his ancestors followed so freely; Kelly was rather a herd-leader like unto Wat Tyler; Tweed, a rogue whose end was plunder, is better comparable to some admiral of pirates who, with personal force and courage, has no discipline about him, and is followed for spoil merely; whose retainers leave him and return to him and leave him again, as their wills or caprices move, or some appearance of present advantage addresses itself to their eyes. Tweed's people were inclined to consult their own pleasures in matters of obedience, and regarded or neglected his orders as at the time conformed to their tastes. Tweed's forces were as a band of marauders; Kelly's as a concourse, honest yet unruly with many views; Croker's following is that marshaled and commanded army where none disputes, nor doubts, nor does aught save as directed.

This latter is the only thing to last. It is the very egg of conquest; and following triumph, can protect itself in possession of whatever prize is made. Such as Tweed's supremacy cannot endure, and is in every instance of its assertion shortly to be stricken down as the pertinent retort to its own villainies. Such control as Kelly's, being honest means honor surely, but little else beyond. Undrawn, straggling, stricken of inconcert, it is non-discipline against discipline and

goeth forth only to defeat. Croker's rule, better than the others, the rule of the soldier, is parent of victory in perpetuity; or, if not quite the last, then in such stretches as make reasons for hard work and grant to war some wisdom.

Tweed's story has been told and retold, and much of it is part and portion of the crime relation of this town. Tweed lived and died. He was in early life of those volunteers of fire whereof there has before been word or two in these pages, and at one time found disport as foreman of "Big Six," in which water-pumping office he fought and bit and gouged and smote himself into much glorious renown. Tweed was once a Congressman; but the halls of legislation offered no true stage for his talent, which was rather of the rude, burglarious kind.

Tweed held many offices, and while throughout the sixties, he was, unchallenged, the strongest spirit of Tammany Hall, it was not until 1868, when he caused himself to be elected to the legislature at Albany, that he could point to himself as the one, sole domineering influence of that body. Then it was that his evilisms ran riot. Then it was he donated fifty thousand dollars to the poor; when his daughter's nuptials cost seven hundred thousand dollars; when he built his "Castle," still standing with its Norman battlements and ivied walls, on the banks of the Hudson; when the splendors of the Americus Club—Tweed's club—outgleamed the Orient; and when in these things and others, all and sundry, Tweed re-enacted the criminal antics of a Nero before the fall. Pride precedeth overthrow, and puffballs puff but to be punctured and to explode. Alas! for our American Cæsar! His public was not of that innocuous and castrate inconsequence

with those pathic hordes of Rome. Destruction descended with the rush of a storm, and the sweet echoes of his daughter's epithalamion were not died on the ear ere the roar of his downfall swept up every other sound besides.

Years prior to that end, however, Kelly the "Honest," knowing the ill doing of Tweed, had attacked him for the robber that he was. And Richard Croker was earliest and latest and most trusted at Kelly's shoulder in that strife. Kelly and Croker, and with them such as Scannell and the latter's brother Florence, were quickly the first to assail Tweedism. They fought Tweed within the walls of Tammany, and they strove with him at the elections.

Tweed went down in 1871 and '2. For the four years before, to their disgrace as time-servers be it written, those and all of them to be at last prominent in Tweed's taking-off were as well aware of Tweed's venality and the looting of public treasure going forward, as on a day later when, evidence adduced, trials over and convictions had, Tweed lay dead in Ludlow. For four years these good folk knew him and his deeds, and never moved; while two of our excellent imprints shouted themselves hoarse with editorial urgings of a "Monument to Tweed." For four years our Choates and our Tildens, our Peckhams and our Noah Davises, were fully informed of Tweed; and never one of them to move in condemnation. Kelly and Croker and the Scannells and others of their loyal tribe made manful war on Tweed. And while they did so the town, half-bribed, half-bullied, stood still and saw its pockets ransacked of the Ring. Never lived thieves to whose crimes came so many accessories before the fact as the Tweed

thieves; the whole community, with the few exceptions of stubborn honor noted, were their accomplices.

Those were bad, stained days, the Tweed days; they are days well gone and dead. They came sharp in the black wake of civil war. Take notice, you who read; War is ever corrupt. The moral disintegration at the rear is worse than the death at the front. Death—simple, decent death—isn't such a disaster, mauler the hard assertions that Christians act and think and make against it. Death isn't understood; if it were, one would behold nothing in your catafalques save cars of triumph. Do you talk of the horrors of war? They are songs of sweetness to the horrors of peace, as one may learn who looks into an east-side tenement on any August night. The true horror of war lies in the moral degeneracy which grows on its trunk like rootless mistletoe on oak, and which makes thieves of folk who else had been honest save for those money temptations of contract-swindle and plunder which war placed in their ways. War is corrupt; and the canker of our civil war, central in Washington, projected an influence of sin on the government of this town. The New York city hour, as if in sympathy with the hour national, went reeling drunk with rottenness.

Tweed was overborne, and died in his cage of Ludlow. The public was avenged. Nor were Tweed's robberies during the years of his bad domination the worst element of his rule. Those who opposed him too vigorously were not safe of life, liberty, and limb. Tweed controlled the courts, the public attorneys, the juries, the sheriff, and the police. Tweed was the law; his word was statute, he had but to lift his finger to cause its carrying out. Offensive partisanship was a

"crime" of moment and serious sequence; and many an honest rebel against Tweed was taught a terror-lesson in proof of it. Hundreds of men innocent were sentenced and sent to terms of Sing Sing for crimes that never had commission.

That man marked of the Ring and against whom "word had been sent out"—he who, by the success of his opposition or the truth he told, had grown dangerous to the Ring—might be walking the street. A policeman's sudden hand would grip his shoulder.

"Come with me," says the Tweed myrmidon in blue.

"This is a mistake," cries the innocent one.

He is wrong; it is no mistake; he is borne to the station.

"What's the charge?" asks the sergeant.

"Robbery," replies the officer; "he stole a watch and here it is." And with this last word the watch is taken from the other's pocket where the officer slipped it but a moment before.

"Who complains against the prisoner?" asks the sergeant, as he continues to blotter down the particulars.

"I do." The speaker is an individual on whom the prisoner's eyes have never rested—a mere hired perjurer of the Ring. Of such false witness there were hundreds, Ring-trained, to make oath to order.

"I do," repeats the creature, while the dazed quarry of this Ring-hunting dumbly stares. "The watch is mine. This man," pointing to the accused, "lifted it from my pocket. The officer saw him do it."

Then followed trial, conviction, and sentence in merciless quickstep. Then came the term in prison. It was longer or shorter, contingent on what power of

harm to the Ring the victim possessed. If he were of slighter sort, a year; twenty, if he were manifest peril to the Ring. This process was styled "putting away"; and an upright many came to suffer therefrom.

Ring-fears and Ring-revenges dictated these deeds. And when Sing Sing didn't promise entire Ring-security the man obnoxious was murdered. There were bravos at the beck of the Ring who would snuff out life on the slightest nod of the powers that were, and with as little of scruple as might attend the imbibition of a glass of rum. The victim was "waylaid by footpads," or "died by hands unknown," or even "committed suicide," just as accident, or a word let fall, opened a door to that Ring jury at the inquest for a phrase of explanation. And that—the Coroner's return—was the closing in of the crimson picture. The Ring murdered as well as robbed. And it robbed folk of liberty and good repute, while it robbed the town's strong box of its money.

There is a story to tell—a story of murder and retribution. The story is germane to this work, for it portrays conditions under the Ring. Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine was the year. Tweed and his crime-grimed coterie were at fullest head of power. There were two brothers, Scannells: Florence Scannell, aged twenty-three, and for two terms prior a member of the city council; and John Scannell,—of whom we have had former word in this book,—aged thirty, at that time holding no office, since of regard as the city's Fire Commissioner. The Scannells were folk of respect and note. Also they were forces of politics. The Scannells were among the most dauntless of the Ring's foes; they fought Tweedism by day and by night. Florence

Scannell, from his place in the city council, was a menacing grief to the Ring.

In December of 1869 Florence Scannell was in a canvass for his third term, with victory—despite the Ring's worst efforts—assured. The Ring was desperate. For two council terms Florence Scannell had been a blundering block in the paths of Ring license. Money couldn't buy him, it had been tried; threats were powerless, for recourse had been made to them. Nor did the time-worn trick of arrest and trial and sentence to Sing Sing on false charges offer certainty of success in the dangerous occasion of the Scannells. They were rich, prominent, of coolest courage; moreover, they were intrenched as behind ramparts in the friendships of a multitude. But the Ring was urged of a great need; Florence Scannell must be "stopped" at any bloody cost; he must not return to the council.

And the "word"—that word which no man heard and all men understood—was sent among the Danites of the Ring; Florence Scannell must be dealt with. There was no plan; no suggestion of when, or how, or by whom the murder was to have accomplishment; that was left to the decision of event. But the "word" was in the ears of a dozen Ring assassins, any one of whom was to act on the first safe chance that proffered.

Florence Scannell must die—die that the Ring might live in its crimes, uninterrupted. And the doom denounced of Florence Scannell went also to John Scannell; both were perilous folk, the Ring feared them, and both by Ring edict were devoted to death.

John Scannell cared nothing for politics save what pride and joy he found in the triumphs of his brother,

for whom he felt more than brother's love. He was little of the politician in the common city sense; his thought was for books. He was among the world's scholars of Shakspere. His pronounced attributes were tastes for romance and adventure. John Scannell came three centuries too late; he would have been feather for feather and to the glance of an eye the man with Drake and Raleigh and Oxenham and Amyas Leigh in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"

It was registration in December, 1869. The vote of the city—the local elections were then held late in December—was making that preliminary answer to its name required of the law. The Ring, set to the defeat of Florence Scannell by all foul methods since it might not be fairly brought about, was with the use of repeaters falsely swelling the registration whereon to lay foundation for the final steal. Florence Scannell, together with John Scannell, was busily about in efforts to prevent these wrongs of the Ring.

There was one, Donahue, who kept a drinking place at Twenty-third Street and Second Avenue. This Donahue was himself of the Ring's Danites. He had killed his man and nearly slain his second. His drinking den was a harbor for Ring criminals.

Donahue had office ambitions. He argued with a dark sagacity that were he to "remove" Florence Scannell, the Ring would not only protect him from the law—which in that day was the Ring's will—but prefer him to some coign of party height and fatness.

On registration day Donahue's resort was made headquarters for those imported "repeaters" who were to be used in that ward. There were fourscore or more of these ruffians in the room to the rear of Donahue's

bar. Florence Scannell, accompanied by John Scannell, on the scent of fraud, came into Donahue's. Florence Scannell, aware of the whereabouts of the "repeaters," walked to the door of the rear room and sought to enter. The door was locked. Donahue stood behind the bar.

"Don't go in there!" cried Donahue to Florence Scannell as the latter tried the door.

There was murder in Donahue's heart. It glowed dully in his bleary eye; and had the Scannells been a whit less brave, and therefore a bit more cautious, they might have noted it.

"Don't go in there," said Donahue.

Florence Scannell, baffled by the locked door, turned and stood against the bar. His elbows rested on it; his back was to the bar and to Donahue. One in the room with the "repeaters" unlocked the door. John Scannell pushed it open and entered among them. About one hundred men were therein gathered. The entrance of John Scannell fell like a fear upon these lawbreakers. They deemed him the advance of justice in pursuit of them. With that, many sought to be rid of the place; there was a deal of commotion; the door through which John Scannell had entered was closed in the stampede.

At the top of the hubbub a shot rang forth in the barroom. John Scannell, closed into the rear room, couldn't see and would only guess the reason of that firing. Donahue, seizing the safe advantage of Florence Scannell's position and John Scannell's absence from the scene, had shot the younger Scannell in the back. There was no word of warning; between them passed no looks of difference; murder

cold and safe and cowardly it was, and the victim's first touch of his peril was a bullet in his back. The effect was to paralyze; Florence Scannell slipped to the floor without falling, and as John Scannell rushed in, his eye rested first on his brother half lying against the base of the bar. In front of him stood a lesser thug of the Ring.

John Scannell's hand sought his pistol, a 44-caliber Colt's. There was a flash and a crash; the Ring thug fell, shot through the neck.

"John, it was Donahue," whispered Florence Scannell.

John Scannell sprang to the front door. Donahue, fear-spurred, was a block away, pistol in hand, running with all speed.

To see was to act; an instant and John Scannell was in pursuit. The glance he gave his brother as he passed told him that the latter was wounded to the death. Whereupon a great hunger of revenge seized him and swallowed him up.

Donahue made what speed he might, but a vicious life was clogging him. His pursuer, perfect of habit, was hate-winged with the one vast thought of vengeance. The sharp chase of John Scannell was overwhelming the murderer.

Donahue, whose frightened eye each moment swept his shoulder, beheld his fate as it was descending upon him. Despair had almost claimed him. There was a police station near at hand. If Donahue could but win to that, he would be safe; the police—the Ring police—would protect him. They were allies as well as officers. This thought upheld the murderer. He begged of all his energies; they granted strength; he panted to the

door. Scannell's pistol cracked, and Donahue fell in among the police. The Scannell bullet had shattered an arm. It was a long shot; still Hate and Revenge have eyes of hawks; the bullet reached, though it only wounded.

John Scannell, heavy of heart, carried his brother to the hospital. Then he gave bail on charges of shooting both the Ring ruffian, whom he mistook for the murderer, and Donahue wounded in the door of the police. Donahue, the assassin of Florence Scannell, was not arrested. Such was the hardihood, not to say the power, of the Ring.

Florence Scannell lived eight months and was dying every moment. Paralyzed—for the bullet had struck his spine—he reposed on a cot, without motion and while life wasted away.

Florence Scannell was powerless to move, but he could talk. And each day he besought John Scannell, who hung over him, to cry off that vendetta which he had sworn against Donahue.

"If you die," said John Scannell, "and the law doesn't punish Donahue, I shall have his life. If the law fails, I will myself take that justice which is mine."

For eight months the dying Florence wrestled with his brother for the life of him who was his murderer. But his strivings were of no avail. The resolves of John Scannell had set as relentlessly as water-chilled steel. He would have life for life; an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. There was something ethnic in the grim resolve of John Scannell; and his gray eyes, soft enough with sympathy as he bent above his brother, turned agate-hard with the first naming of Donahue.

While Florence Scannell, bound to his cot, was dying, the election took place. In the teeth of the Ring he was successful. But the Ring promised to rectify that "error." On the "official" count Florence Scannell would be defeated. John Scannell heard this crooked news.

There was one who stood for the wisdom of Tweed. He will not here be named. Suffice it that he was the Tweed intelligence; the potent one behind the throne of the Ring.

This wise one, and potential, was alone at his desk. It was the scant, gray afternoon of the December solstice. The door opened and John Scannell stood before him. He wore the tranquil air that was common with him.

"I owe you an apology," said Scannell to the potential one, "for this unannounced invasion. But I had a most important word to communicate."

"What is it?" queried the potential one, not much at ease with his formidable visitor, calmly the finished gentleman though that visitor might be. "What is this that you should tell me?"

"My brother," observed Scannell, "lies nigh unto death. There is small, if any, hope of his recovery. He was fairly elected at the polls. Despite that fact, your corrupt board is about, officially, to 'count him out.' My thought is that if my brother were given the certificate of election it would be as medicine in wine to him. It might aid him to be well."

"Very right," replied the potential one; "I'll look into the matter and let you hear from me in a few days."

John Scannell closed the door which had stood ajar.

When he again turned to the potential one his pistol was in one hand and his watch in the other.

"I will give you one minute," said Scannell, and his tones were cool and true, "wherein to promise that my brother will not be robbed of his election. If the minute dies wanting that assurance, I'll kill you where you are."

In the gray depths of those eyes bent upon him, the man of power read his death half told. The whole dread story would be finished unless within the pent spaces of a minute he interrupted its recital with a promise. It was fate; and the one potential doffed his hat to it. He promised. Scannell returned his pistol and was about to depart.

"I do not doubt your word," said he to the potential one, "for I do not doubt that you are wise enough to keep it."

"I'll keep my word," faltered the other, "but I request you to say nothing of our interview."

For the first time since his brother lay with Donahue's bullet in his life, the least shadow of a smile fell across the face of John Scannell.

"You need take no alarm," he observed; "I'll regard our interview as confidential."

Florence Scannell was given the election; the man of potency had kept his word. Also, as reward of it, the potential one at full threescore still dwells among us in quiet ease and peace.

Those months to follow the day when he was shot down by Donahue went tiptoeing into the past, and the hour of death came on for Florence Scannell. Worn of pain and starved by sickness, he was only the shade of what he was. John Scannell was with him,

as he had been day and night. The one dying, too weak to speak aloud, motioned his brother to draw nearer.

"John," he whispered, "I shall not live an hour. And before I die I want to say a word to you. I feel differently about Donahue; and now that I die I want to leave his punishment to his conscience. If he were here, and I held his life in my hand, I'd give it back to him. John, you're my oldest brother and my best and oldest friend. You never refused me in my life. I have one last request. I want you to spare Donahue."

"Florrie," replied his brother, and the tears were wet on his face—"Florrie, so surely as you die and I live, I shall kill Donahue."

There was a moment's pause. Then:

"John," whispered the other, "you have broken my heart."

And he died without further word.

On the cot was the dead, and by its side knelt the living; and there John Scannell made his vow anew that, be it late or be it soon, be it far or be it near, yet should his vengeance find a time. He would have life for life; he would pay with death his debt of death.

John Scannell made a visit to Donahue. His hope was to force him forth to battle; he would not kill him as his brother was slain; Donahue should have his chance. Scannell was coldly steady when he found his man.

"My brother is dead," said he, "and you murdered him. If you had killed him in honest quarrel and with his face towards you, I would not harbor thought against you. But this was murder—murder plain and cowardly. You killed him when he had no differ-

ence with you, and while his back was turned. For what you did there's no excuse, nor shall you find escape. Yet I will deal better by you than you did with him. You shall see your death and defend yourself against me; your hand shall hold every advantage that I hold in mine. You must come and fight. You should not hesitate; you are not new to weapons nor to taking life. You have already killed two men, and dearly wounded one. And you must come with me. To help you to decision, I promise it's your only door to safety. You've killed my brother. You must now kill me or I shall kill you."

Donahue turned white as paper. Donahue was bold, but there was that so inveterate in the one before him, he seemed so fraught of all that crushed and killed, that Donahue shrank from him as from a mystery of midnight. Donahue smelled his death off Scannell as kine smell in the wind the unborn storm. Donahue refused to meet with Scannell.

Four days had passed. Donahue, in company of two of his adherents, was walking in Fourth Avenue. Scannell leaped from a carriage and approached Donahue. As he came near he called to the other:

"Get ready; you are not to be killed without defense."

Donahue turned and fled; he was gone in a twinkling. Scannell made no attempt to shoot nor follow; his thought was still to have his man at bay.

There was that to happen which would show Scannell that his enemies were not so frank as he. He was waylaid on Twenty-eighth Street by seven bravos of the Ring. The notorious Owney Geoghegan was at their van. Their "orders" were to slay Scan-

nell on sight. The seven poured a volley against him. But his own pistol spoke with theirs; and as he fell with three wounds, a bullet-convulsed brigand remained to bear him bleeding company. The others fled. As they ran, the indomitable Scannell raised his shot body and fired twice. Each bullet stopped an enemy. There were no deaths to be the result of this attempted assassination. Scannell recovered, as did also the wounded trio of would-be murderers. The Ring still sought to compass his death. The Ring again "ordered" it, but there was now none among the Danites of a courage to hunt this Hector.

Following this last collision John Scannell disappeared. Some there were to say that he'd left the town; others told that he was still here, but disguised; the thing sure, however, was that none might make certain of aught concerning him. And with that, not alone Donahue, but Tweed and Sweeny and Hall and others of the Ring's highest, went nervously lest their lives, too, were written in the books of Scannell.

Donahue remained, for the great part, out of town. He crept to his home at intervals to lie in hiding for a day or two; then he would flit again. A fugitive day and night, Donahue's every moment was fevered of fear, and his life already fallen into a semi-eclipse of death.

It was a few months following the attack of the seven Danites on Scannell. Donahue came secretly to his home. The night following, with two others, Donahue was about in one of the more retired streets. Suddenly, and wanting sign or warning, one whom none recognized stood before them in the gloom. Not a word was spoken; there was the bluff bark of a Der-



STATUE OF ST. TAMMANY, FROM THE FAÇADE OF TAMMANY HALL.

ringer, and Donahue fell, shot through the body. The stranger disappeared like a dark ghost, as he had come like one.

Donahue, tenacious to live, got well of this wound as of the first; but before the fact was abroad, he had gone where no one knew.

It is a curious thought, and one which tells for the self-centered sort of Scannell, that none dared speak to him of Donahue. Richard Croker, his nearest friend, was asked to interpose his influence with Scannell. Croker shook his head.

"I'd give all I'm worth," he said, "and ten years off my life, if the matter might end as it is. It's bad; and more will make it worse. But"—and Croker paused—"but I can't speak to him. I best know John Scannell of all his friends; I've no closer friend myself than he; but I don't know him well enough for that."

Now come we to the last act of this tragedy; a tragedy born of conditions peculiar to the dynasty of Tweed. The time was November of 1872. The day was Saturday. Lacking a fortnight, three years had slipped away on the slow tides of eternity since the murder of Florence Scannell. Donahue was never seen these days, and seldom heard of. Now and again a half whisper would go about that Donahue had been in town, but was fled again. John Scannell, on his part, was about in his own affairs, calm, equal, and cold; he never smiled and never spoke of Donahue.

It was the evening of the day. In a basement at the northwest corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, and under the present "Fifth Avenue Theater," was a poolroom. John Scannell, who was walking in Broadway at the time, paused and entered. Donahue

was not in his thoughts; he believed him full one thousand miles away and more, for a waif-word blew about that Donahue's refuge was Havana. Scannell's fires of vengeance glowed as hotly as ever, but by long waiting they had become banked. In the lapse of years the tooth of sharp expectancy had dulled. Scannell wasn't longing and looking to find his foe with every moment, as was earlier true.

John Scannell entered the poolroom. There were full two hundred in the place. Scannell saw only one. Before him stood Donahue. That man who had slain his brother, and for whom he had hoped and hunted, was delivered into his hand. Almost three years had sped since John Scannell beheld his brother lying in bloody helplessness, and worse than dead, by the hand of this man. The picture was with him still. Almost three years had gone—more than one thousand days and one thousand nights—and each day he had re-sworn himself to vengeance; and each night he had prayed that the hour might come. It was here, and he welled with happiness. The murky glory of the moment filled his heart; his pleasure overflowed in laughter.

John Scannell gazed on Donahue. The dogged moments seemed to pause. Scannell's face shone with a smile. His eyes were lighted brightly up yet pleasantly, with the lamps of a white hate. Donahue, opposite, was as one of stone, and with a cheek of ashes. Donahue had courage; but it was of bludgeon kind; it would not carry him against this man of joy and death. Donahue couldn't command himself, he was in a dream of horror. Gripped in his right hand, and hidden in his coat, was a heavy pistol. It was found

frozen in his fingers when he was dead. Donahue pointed this weapon at Scannell through his coat; but his hand was nerveless, he couldn't fire. Twice he called in a dry, hoarse voice like a raven's croak:

"John!"

And again, "John!"

Donahue was calling to one who should have been with him. Scannell smiled only the more. The blood of his brother was calling to him.

John Scannell still looked on Donahue while the moments snailed away. Scannell reflected of Donahue as with a comic lightness that matched the smile on his lips. This was what he thought:

"They say you're bullet-proof, and that no lead will kill you. Perhaps this is true. And I'll make a promise in your favor. If you live through this—if you get by me this time, I'll call my vengeance off—I'll let the dead past bury its dead."

Something of that was running in the mind of Scannell. Then his thought went to other matters. He could see that Donahue grasped in his hand a pistol. He hoped that Donahue would shoot. Scannell cared not if he died or no; he was sure in his heart that he would live to kill Donahue, and that was all his prayer. From the first Scannell spoke never a word; Donahue at intervals called:

"John!" huskily.

Then a third thought came to Scannell. "My pistol carries the heaviest of balls. When I shoot this man, the bullet will go through and through and wound or kill one of those behind."

There was truth in this; for, as Scannell stood in the door, the onlookers, as pale as Donahue,—for each fore-

saw the sequel,—were crowded to the rear, and in the line of fire. This would not do; Scannell wanted no man's blood but one's.

Scannell began to pace slowly around Donahue. The other, fear-stiffened and incapable, could only turn to meet him. Scannell ceased not to smile. His unwinking eyes did not waver from the eyes of Donahue. The latter was held as by a spell. Slowly Scannell went about Donahue to the right, never widening, never lessening the distance. At the last he had forced Donahue cross-wise of the room, with naught behind him save the safe, insensate wall. The time had come.

Not until then did Scannell's hand seek his weapon. And he went slowly after it, with pauses full of pleasant hesitation. Scannell still tacitly called Donahue to action. It was not to be. Donahue was as rigidly helpless as a statue of ice. With iron deliberation Scannell drew his pistol. Donahue, licking a dry lip, stood at gaze and as one planet-struck.

“Bang!”

Between those murderous eyes which had lined the shot that stole his brother's life, Scannell's revenge went crashing. Donahue crippled forward, half-turned, and with a sob, which broke on Scannell like a tune of music, fell headlong down.

John Scannell looked on his prone enemy for a moment while his bosom filled with the tides of a generous peace. It was as though a stone had been rolled from his heart. Then he went slowly forth, and no hour had seemed so sweet nor the world so bright before.

An officer touched his elbow. Scannell turned and followed him. The officer led the way. The dead

Donahue was where he fell. A captain of police stood close at hand.

"Do you see your work?" asked the captain.

"I do." The sudden sparkle to glance in Scannell's eyes showed how burned the fires to be kindled in a brother's breast by a brother's murder. "I do; I see my work; observe how I approve it."

"Bang!"

And Scannell sent a bullet through the dead Donahue as he had sent one through the living Donahue before. The body jumped on the floor with the springy concussion of the shot, and then lay still. The vengeance of John Scannell was full.

XIV.

JOHN KELLY.

Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In actions faithful, and in honor clear !
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title and who lost no friend.

—*Pope.*

JOHN SCANNELL was made acquit by jury for the taking-off of Donahue. The argument to lead to his enlargement was the full pistol fast in the death-grip of Donahue's right hand. It assumed a peril for Scannell, and by that word the twelve men vouchsafed him free and blameless.

From this acquittal of Scannell an essay might be reared. The twelve who heard and made decision were born to the manor, all and each Americans. Their ancestry for more than one remove in every instance was American. Had it been a jury of folk emanate of Europe an opposite settlement might well have been arrived at. Your American is a sentimentalist; your European, comparatively, is not. The latter lacks in imagination. And he has been adjusted and readjusted in all his rights and wrongs, for over two thousand years, by force and effort of the law. Wherefore his natural thought has been revamped and made over until his notion of justice is his knowledge of law. If it be law, it is right to your European; and thereby the converse of "wrong, if illegal," is equally alert.

Your American with imagination, and therefore

ideals, and therefore sentiment, does not adhere to this theory of Europe. He has his law; yes. And he will follow it—with limitations. Your American has his law of murder builded on models English. It is no more, in its terms or their construction, gifted with gates of escape than are the laws of England, Germany, or France. But back in the recesses of American sentimentalism there are maintained exceptions. These make a safety for many who, by strict letter being transgressors, would otherwise be lost.

In this gloomy business of homicide, your man of Europe, fitting law to fact, would cut and baste and stitch a guilty verdict as a tailor might a garment. But without and above and beyond strict terms of statute your American can understand a justice. The reading of his law would grant one no relief. But were one to slay him who had murdered a brother, or wronged a mother, a sister, or a wife, your American will step to his defense despite a statute—do a justice and undo a law. Your unelastic European has no such good flexibilities.

True, it is all sentiment. Americans are the most sentimental of the tribes. More than half the world's sentiment is American and north of the tropics. Sentiment is not here written as the opposite of common sense. Rather is it employed to distinguish that last commodity in a character, sublimated and etherealized. Common sense of the sort that goes about of week days on four feet—and a most excellent fashion of sense is this—is never showy and has no brilliantisms. Its motto is "Progress with Safety." Risk is crime in the eyes of that common sense. It will face danger and be coolly intrepid, if forced by conditions which listen to

no refusal. But it will never rap at the door of a great peril of free will; and that, no matter the profit or the glory to be derivative of the deed. Wherefore Sentiment is ever the warrior, or the poet, or the singer, or the lover at his best. And your American replies to every one of these.

And that is natural enough; a philosopher of species would have foretold it four centuries ago, at the beginning of the Western settlement. America from the first has been fed for her citizenry with the picked peoples of Europe. This is true, and will be while steerage passage to these shores obtains. The emigrant is self-selected; and thereby is he the best selection. Who is there of Ireland, England, Scotland, Norway, Germany, or where you will, among those poor and stint of lore and fortune, to gather the courage, the enterprise, and the money to come to America, and not be best and strongest of his race? The clods, the weak, those of a dull dispirit, live and die in Europe; the choice among them come to us. Thus for a quartette of centuries we have been gaining to ourselves the bravery, the imagination, and the sentimentalism of the elder, other world. And conditions here—conditions of nature—rough and honest and manly, have magnified these attributes and strengthened them.

American existence has ever been a combat. Life has been a Peace with War. For two hundred years our frontier was a line of savage battle. Is it, then,—for one instance of racial trend,—marvel, when one reflects on strain and stock and education, that your American is the natural soldier? From the beginning, life in America has moved among dangers whereof your man of Europe never dreamed. And it has bred a

hardy optimism of the physical in American folk. Does your American go to war? He goes to kill somebody. The thought that he may be himself slain is second; it is dim and not much dwelt upon.

Your European, criticising what he might not equal, charges this optimism of your American about to war with being braggadocio, and is rhetorical over an American tendency to "underestimate a foe." It is wiser, and more to one's final profit in blood, to underestimate than overestimate a foe. If one may not make exact anticipations, at least one should give one's self the benefit of doubts. If you will but underestimate an enemy while he overestimates you, and though you have no more than one about your standards for three with his, you may still dismiss alarm. You shall conquer with little effort and still less of risk. Courage is belief in one's self.

Bacon has somewhat to write anent this in his Twenty-ninth Essay. Says the scribbling Chancellor: "Walled Townes, Stored Arcenalles and Armouries, Goodly Races of Horses, Chariots of Warre, Elephants, Ordnance, Artillery, and the like; all this is but a sheepe in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the People be stout and warlike. Nay, number (it selfe) in Armies importeth not much, where the people is of a weake courage; For as Virgil saith, 'It never troubles the Wolfe how many the Sheepe be.'" The world had some American proof of Bacon's accuracy of thought when Schley's fleet, being boat for boat and gun for gun no unfair match for its adversaries, utterly destroyed—root and stalk and standing grass—the Spaniards at Santiago, and in short order truly burned them from the sea.

Sentiment is an excellent goods—nationally it comes to be the backbone of popular will. And while America leads in sentiment, she will command in every brave thing else. And if braggadocio as a term means to make claim when one cannot make accomplishment, then America is not braggart. Her record for war and for cold valor, by any average to be developed for the past century and a quarter, tops a world's tables. All the wars of Napoleon, and all that has since happened of carnage kind, to or in Europe, wouldn't make a companion piece for a picture of our civil war. And if bloodshed is to be the test, there was battle after battle of that civil war with counts of killed and wounded to go from twenty-five to sixty-six per cent. of all engaged, or two or three or four times the blood-rate of such fields as Marengo, Solferino, Austerlitz, and Waterloo.

Aside from considerations of an aroused sentimentalism, one may verily believe that life in America induces a fraternal and withal a filial love, better, stronger, more vivid than one finds abroad. Nowhere, save in Ireland or the Highlands of the Scotch, does the clan or family spirit burn so fiercely as in America. Go to our South, which holds the truest and cleanest strain of your American with least of alien crossings. There you will have instant teaching that war on a member means war with the family, even unto cousins of fourth and fifth degrees. The American loyalty of blood to blood has its fair parallel in the clan spirit of a colony of hornets. And while it may be a whit less obvious of manifestation in Northern regions than in those Southern whereof I have fore-written, this loyalty of the family is abundant and pronounced

among Americans wherever they are found. And, when one digs to the bottom with his twelve native-born folk of the jury, it was that excusing clan spirit, and nothing more besides, that worked acquittance for John Scannell.

When Tweed was destroyed, John Kelly was in Europe. Tammany had fallen in ruins. While many, like Kelly and Croker and the Scannells, of Tammany had been fighting Tweed from the earliest hour, the organization, because of Tweed its head, was crushed in his downfall.

It was Richard Croker who urged Kelly in Europe to return. He put it to him as a duty to reorganize and rehabilitate Tammany Hall. Kelly came back and assumed the headship. The outlook was darker than was Washington's at Valley Forge. Tammany Hall was disrated, disgraced; to be of its muster was not a royal password to high political repute. Wherefore two-thirds of its membership deserted, and reared from time to time against it such rival keeps of Democratic pride and strength as the Irving Hall and the County Democracies. With this the situation, what might Tammany do? Surely there must be works of repentance following Tweed; a past must be lived down, and a public granted time wherein to forgive and to forget, ere anything like majorities at the polls or ascendancy in party conclaves could be hoped for by Tammany Hall.

Kelly was the ideal leader for that sorrowful time. If Tammany had been in power, owning a supremacy, Kelly would have gone backwards. Kelly would not have accommodated himself to a day of Tammany prosperity. He was too much the theorist, too much

addicted to principle and too little to policy, to succeed in a time of success. To put it bluntly, Kelly was too honest. But when on the reefs of disaster—peculiarly the disaster of disrepute—Kelly of all names was the man for the hour. His honesty, his courage, his character above reproach, were admirable as wrecking aids to refloat and repair the castaway organization.

Tammany at that moment didn't need a leader that could win, for of victory there was no hope. In the dry dock your bark wants a ship carpenter, not a captain to sail her round the world. And Tammany, following Tweed, must be dry-docked. In the hospital your soldier, wounded, needs a surgeon, not a general to lead him to the charge. And Tammany, bleeding with the wounds of Tweed, must go to the hospital. With the case as painted, "Honest" John Kelly was that one best endowed for the emergency. He was a ship carpenter of party, rather than a sailor; a better surgeon than general in a war of politics. It took John Kelly years to mend and make Tammany over and strengthen it, with honest men and folk of character, to a point where the public would re-intrust it with affairs. But Kelly did it, and there is none on the pages of Tammany to whom more of honor and of praise is due than Kelly. With his quality of honesty and the great respect a public held for him, Kelly doctored and cherished and conserved Tammany, broken and wounded to all but the death with Tweed, back to health and power and life, when in other hands than his the organization would have perished.

But Kelly had his sides of weakness. Kelly was a soul of theory—an abstractionist more than a man of practice. He cared all for a principle and nothing for

a policy. One may be a philosopher, or a philanthropist, or an angel, and give way to these virtues. But one cannot on such terms be a victory-winning Chandos of politics. Look in the average human face, and particularly, glance in the face political. What does one see? Hog and wolf in struggle for a mastery, with the hog a bit the better of the two. Kelly was too fair, too honest, too loyal. He looked for these traits in equal turn in others. Thus was he cheated, disappointed.

And Kelly, thus morally excellent, was wrong. From standpoints of ethics, Kelly was admirable; from those of triumph at the polls, he was buried in error. To be sure, and as has been said, in the day of Kelly, when no door opened to the least of chance for Tammany to rise, what were Kelly's defects of leadership came to be no harm. Tammany was doomed, following Tweed, to do a proper penance. It must be, even in its own party, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water until redeemed. Cæsar, after Tweed, couldn't have conquered with Tammany. Wherefore, as written, Kelly's infirmities of chiefship came to no loss; and, since all one might hope to accomplish was a trifle day by day of better standing for Tammany, they really worked for good.

Still, whether it be Kelly or another, he is wrong who in those sterner matters of the world, and which are distinguished from what constitutes one's religion and one's pleasure by the name of business—this includes politics—believes but to be deceived, trusts only to be defrauded, and whose loyalty has naught save treason as its lone reward. That is what one means when one tells that Kelly was too fair, too honest, too

loyal. One can't afford a sentimental extravagance more than one may a money one. It leads even to the bankruptcy of Hope itself. To quote it from the lips of a gray gambler,—though he would start at the term,—evilily experienced and sapient of much sin:

“You can't afford to play a fairer or more liberal system with a man than he plays with you. If it be a game at cards and he cheats, your sole safety lies in two courses. You must cheat him or quit. Luck in the long run will range equally; and if he is to add his skill to his luck, and his roguery to both, while you are made to depend on the two first with no help from the latter, he'll defeat you. To reduce what I mean to an example of dollars and cents, the statement might be put in this way: If you give a man five hundred dollars every time he gives you four hundred, he'll break you, though you carry to the transaction the gold of Solomon or Standard Oil.”

John Kelly was one readily deceived and as quick to trust as a child. There is this difference between Kelly and Croker. Kelly seemed to distrust, and trusted; Croker seems to trust, and his suspicion is never asleep.

It is marvelous, with his experience, and the rough, fierce, stormy school of life wherein he grew, that Kelly was a no-better reader of political men. He would not and could not be brought to see a treason by proof short of its dagger in his heart, and then it was too late. Kelly should have been more a gardener of distrust and cultivated suspicion as a tree. Old Louis the Eleventh was of an opposite kidney. It was this cunning King who soliloquized—“Treason! She sits at our feasts; she sparkles in our bowls; she wears the beards of our

councilors, the smiles of our courtiers, the crazy laugh of our jesters,—above all, she lies hid under the friendly air of an enemy reconciled. Louis of Orléans trusted John of Burgundy; he was murdered in the Rue Barbette. John of Burgundy trusted the faction of Orléans; he was murdered on the bridge of Montereau. I will trust no one—no one.”

Confidence—I state but general truths—confidence in politicians is pearls before swine. One who abides afar from the big party tempests—who dwells apart from the storm-centers of politics, and who, natheless, is of a mood to know the kind and sort of politicians—may be granted a helpful hint. In politics there are two classes: the Warwick and the King, the manager and the candidate, the potter and the clay. Of the second, if one cannot come by some specimen of one’s own to study, one may have much clear understanding from a close and apprehensive contemplation of the hog. It is not true that every office-hunter is porcine, but he is the exception who is not.

Men have double natures, personal and political. The man-political is never the man-personal. He who in his character of politician is the apex of piggish voracity, lacking scruple of honesty or grace of gratitude; who, wanting courage and a spoil to cowardice, will with the flush of danger desert his cause and comrade both, is oft and frequently, when taken apart from politics and upon grounds of private, fair existence, discovered liberal, true, and brave to word and friend. As a politician, however, he recalls the sty-people and one may truly have his portrait from the pigs.

Would you know the politician? Then, briefly, the hog! One should study the swine in his pen-fold and

bear witness to him as he goeth about and filleth his mouth with the straws of gladness! Your hog is ferocious, and will devour an unguarded and inadvertent infant, should such fall in 'his way. He is craven to the point which flies shrieking from the least and puniest attack. He is pertinacious without valor; obstinate without bravery; cruel, selfish, egotistical, without dash of liberal, frank courage. Nor is there obligation in your hog. Feed him from youth to age, and though he may know he has these favors from your hands—for your hog, mind you! is not without sagacity and will yell for food at the suggestive sight of you—yet will he never bear you gratitude nor love, for all you bring him. Dogs and horses are a different folk. They have hearts as well as memories.

There is another sublime thing about your hog. He is led by appetite; never by reason. His thought of right is his thought of want, and what he desires is what to him is just. So far is he ruled by appetite, to the abeyance of reason, that he is proof against lessons of pain. Your hog may wend thievishly to your garden thirty times; you may set corrective dogs on him thirty times; singing with fear and grief, a dog swinging to each ear, he will come from his vandalage thirty times. And then clear but the way before him; call back your dogs; and, within such space as one may count a score, your hog will return to the garden for the thirty-first time. He knows that it means trouble and a cataract of curs. But he goes. Disaster is no teacher to your hog!

Such is the hog; such also, for rule, is your office-seeker; such he has been, and such, doubtless, he will continue to the end. And Kelly, fighting with, sur-

rounded by, and herdsman to such squealing litter, should have known his cattle better. Kelly would trust and be deceived; repose a confidence, only to be betrayed.

And then on him who cheated he would make war. It was thus that Kelly fought with Tilden, with Robinson, with one hundred more of weaker moment. Great or small, giant or dwarf, Kelly, once deceived by him, was his implacable foe. And for that, as we've beheld, the Circe of politics turns all who seek her, and particularly those of candidational circles, into swine, Kelly met ever that ingratitude and selfishness and coward trustlessness which are the jewels to adorn swinishness. And so Kelly was in perennial hot water, and each day beheld the swelling of his feuds, while peace grew less and less. His enemies multiplied, while his strength decreased. It told against Tammany in the practical way of politics. The organization took no prizes; nor were its views of vogue nor deep concern with party.

As comfort to counter this, Tammany, chastened with little power and morally excellent with much weakness, was rapidly regaining that decent, sweet repute which Tweed had in this or that part tarnished or destroyed. Kelly was the Moses of Tammany Hall. He led it forth of that Egypt of Ill where it had toiled in the venal brickyards of Tweed. He was with it in the desert of No-hope, and for fourteen years upheld it and kept it compact against enemies without as well as within the Democracy.

John Kelly throughout his captaincy had one advantage—a pleasant one, and say the least—over Richard Croker. Tammany and Kelly were not, dur-

ing the supremacy of the latter, subject of any virulence of print. The papers, truly, were not in Kelly's day distinguished for an amiable content with either that leader or the organization he controlled. But, compared with this later day of Croker, they said little about them.

That clemency of the papers—for so, perhaps, would the papers phrase it—arose from a paucity of Tammany success. There was no threat of Tammany strength; wherefore the papers did not feel called to level spear against it. The story became changed with the coming of Croker. He won immediate triumph and secured control of the town. With that the papers awoke; they have been baying both Croker and Tammany with a rabid unanimity since that time.

This newspaper violence towards Tammany has an easy cause. The local unfashion of Tammany, and that deficiency of favor bestowed upon it by the very rich, have been explained. And whether one likes the thought or no, there be none so quickly supple to the moods of Money as the papers. For one, however, I'm inclined to defend the press in its right to hold as to Tammany, or Money, or whatever may come to be of moment in its eyes, what attitude it will. It is free to pick and choose its alliances, to meet its taste or interest as much as any private individual.

There is current hubbub as to the "public duty" of the papers. Justice will discover no public duty devolving on the press more than bears upon other folk. A paper is private property; not public. Your citizen buys or declines it at his choice. He reads it or casts it aside, believes it or denounces it, as he deems fit. If your paper loses money, no public reimburses its pub-

lisher. The loss is the latter's, and his alone. Wherefore he may open it to this relation, or close it to another, as freely and by the same right as your merchant may his store. There is no question of "public duty" to break into the problem.

It might be said, as matter pertinent, that the phrase "public duty" is one commonly overworked, and found more than frequently in the plain employment of fraud. Public duty, and its sonorous synonym, Patriotism, should be jealously looked to by the listener with their each invasion of his ear. "A fool's a patriot in every age," says Pope, and the Twickenham hunchback, for all his "Dunciad," his peevish quarrels with Cibber, Addison, Hervey, Montagu, and the rest, was not always wrong. The duty one owes the public may be easily lighted upon. It is in black and white, and stares one in the face by open word of law. And beyond the law there lies no one's duty even by an inference. Does one give to the public aught beyond the true and sure outreaching of the law? it is so much largesse.

Not alone does the law set wholly forth one's duty to the public, but the latter in its rule-making has left nothing to the honor, the honesty, nor the generosity of the individual. Before one is born the public begins to threaten one through printed tons of laws. Does one murder? one is to be hanged. Does one burn? or steal? or make a mayhem? one is to be imprisoned. Does one owe and not pay? writs of execution are to run against one's property, and now and then one's person. And so the tale is told. All is compulsion; nothing is permitted to the good nature nor generous integrity of the citizen. And when such is the situation there can be no talk of "duty to the

public" beyond that which the public has preferred by clear assertion.

What belongs to the individual belongs equally to the newspaper, and the public duty of the one begins and ends with the public duty of the other. In issues of politics—where one party is ever found to defend Money against the individual, and the other to defend the individual against the talons of the Money-harpy,—it has been shown by newspaper experience that he who, fending for the individual, makes front against Money, finds at the year's end no count of profits in his till. And of publishers there be few so rich, or fond of labors Sisyphean, or weak of a gold-wisdom, as to walk daily forth to certain loss. And who is he to blame them?

Therefore comes it that the papers commonly, and almost without exception, are in the ranks against Tammany Hall. And while one is not to condemn them in thus carrying their own eggs to auction in their own way, one should none the less avoid error yawning in discovering the motive which decides them. When one, however, considers the gratitude of Money, and the ingratitude of men, one must be driven to admit that the papers with the worst word preserve more of a popular generosity than one might reasonably expect.

And while one discusses the press one should ever remember, when debating what one may question as defect, that among the institutions of men the newspaper is young. It is yet in the childhood of its days, and not arrived at any adult, ripe perfection. In this connection of newspapers it is curious to read Ben Jonson's comedy, the "Staple of News." The dramatist, three hundred years ago, told the tale of a newspaper

that, word for word, is a perfect story of those two or three fevered journals of our town which, remembering that folk prefer amazement to instruction, stretch in admiration of the marvelous, and get themselves before the public in perfect Alice-in-Wonderland style.

While the newspaper has been struggling from the press for a round trio of centuries, it was not, save for the last one hundred and forty years, uncensored and free of pen and types. As recently as 1670 that titled imbecile Berkeley, Governor of Virginia,—he whom Charles the Second characterized when he said: “The old fool has taken more executions in that naked country than I for the murder of my father,”—wrote in a report to the home-state, “I thank God there are no free schools nor printing; and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government.” The earliest Virginia printing press—one at Culpeper—arrived in 1681. It was slave to censorship until within a decade of our Revolution. In New England, Harvard College set up one of these peccant and distrusted engines in 1639. This, too, was held in the leash of strict censorship until 1755. And as none may find fault with slaves or captives for moral or mental deficiencies caused of their bonds, so should criticism of the press pause somewhat on the fact that it has had no longer than, say, a century and a third, wherein to expand and mold itself free of argus-eyed and tyrannous obstruction of the law. For so brief a growth-space the press shows exceeding well.

There is one error of management which our news-

papers are prone to make. Those to be guilty thereof would find it profitable and working-water on their wheels to rectify it. That is the system of paying news-writers by space and not by salary. Under the present rule, and particularly on papers which fatten on sensation, there is inducement to exaggeration as well as sheer, invented lie. The more sensational the story, the more space will be granted it; and therefore and thereby the more money to the pocket of the writer. The present space plan is a bid for fiction rather than news; and as sensational fiction, when told of living men, is wondrous apt to be slanderous fiction, the ending in a cloud of instances is damages against the publishers. True, divers of our imprints—precocious and rebellious these, like boys of ten who smoke tobacco and blaspheme as do sinners of forty years—will scowl denial of this observe. What is written will be none the less fact for that. For the profit of their reputations, and their purses, too, the papers should abandon the “space system” in every corner of their comings-out.

“No man,” said Johnson to Boswell—“no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.” And because this is rooted verity, and the modern papers in taking advantage of it have fairly destroyed the literature of our age, they have in that behalf to answer serious charges. “Literature,” observed some wise-acre whose name eludes the pen, “literature is a good cane, but a poor crutch.” Which in English means: it doesn’t pay. As a common rule, writing, whether of truth or fiction, poetry or prose, never bought the author’s crust and cup until the daily papers came to be. One glance rearward and one is aware of this. Spenser

writes his "*Faërie Queene*," and it is not the public's, but Philip Sidney's gold which first gilds his muse. Spenser sends in his verses and waits humbly in the court to learn the word of Greatness reading. It is a kind one.

"Give him fifty crowns!" cries Sidney at the end of the first stanza.

That somber, close official whom he addresses thinks Sidney mad. He waits ten minutes. Then he interrupts to remonstrate.

"What!" shouts Sidney, "did you not give him the fifty crowns? Give him one hundred now; I have read another stanza."

At the end of the third stanza, Sidney orders another one hundred crowns to the waiting poet.

"And send him then away," commands Sidney, "for should he remain, and I continue to read, I will conclude bankrupt."

Swift is upheld by Sir William Temple, and at last lives by the Church. Warburton is another who would have starved without a pulpit. Gay, for all his "*Fables*," and the shouting success of his "*Beggar's Opera*," is fed by the Queenberrys. Burns turns gauger, and finds that bread by the excise which his verses would not earn. Hogg is given a farm, or the Ettrick Shepherd would have gone wanting flocks and fleeces to the close of his Scotch days. Goldsmith abides in a garret and has sixty pounds by the "*Vicar of Wakefield*"—a rose of fiction fadeless to this day—and is captive for rent in the talons of his landlady when Johnson brings it to his emancipation. Johnson, himself, sponges on the Thrales for the better part of twenty years; and at last quarrels with his benefactress,

for that, becoming a widow, she marries again and so breaks up his nest. Chatterton starves to death. Poe has thirty dollars for his "Raven," and five dollars a stanza for his "Bells." Thirty dollars for the "Raven" might be deemed a just reward for that poem, since both verse and thought were thefts. The Raven involved was North's raven, as one may see who reads "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*"; and as for the verse, one may find both style, and march, and now and then the very phrase itself, in the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Coleridge, the tumbler, leaves wife and children for poor Southey to support—it was leeks and lentils, one may promise—while he throws himself upon the Gillmans, who for sixteen years are willing to feed and lodge a lion for the illustrious advertisement of his roarings. The list might be made long indeed. There is Hood, dodging duns; Lamb, creeping in sad and rusty surtout to his India House; our own Hawthorne selling the Mosses of his Manse for those peas and pulse which were their returns. Thoreau lives on a dime a week at Walden and makes it the reason of a classic. Also he sells hardly two hundred volumes of his work, which does not pay the one-fifth cost of printing.

But while to starve or beg or sell one's self for pamphlets to the politicians was the fate of writers for the past three centuries and more, still the system bred a literature; which is more than goes on now. Our manners may be finer, but the grace has left our pens. In the day of that ruffed and pearl-sown dragoness Elizabeth, when folk fed savagely with their fingers, and forks were a curious weakness of Italy, still a Sidney, a Lyly, a Shakspeare, a Jonson, a Beaumont, and a Donne

were in bloom. And behold the names that cluster about the morning of the eighteenth century. Dryden has just died, and his funeral, interrupted by drunkards in its beginning, is after a fortnight made consummate at Westminster. But Dryden leaves Pope and Swift, and Gay and Garth, and Steele and Warburton, and Bolingbroke and Mallet, and Addison and Defoe, and multitudes behind. Defoe, spy, prisoner, wolf of politics, and what not, is still the grand-master of them all. His books, generally on autobiographical lines, are examples later for such as Smollett, and Fielding, and one had almost said Sterne; while his essay-editorials taught Addison and Steele their trades and made them models for their "Tatlers" and "Spectators." One even finds the paunchy old Defoe, in intervals of "Robinson Crusoe," struggling with the servant-girl problem in quite a modern way, and indignantly denouncing those labor unions which taught his kitchen hussies tilt-nosed airs and higher wages two hundred years ago.

Consider the year eighteen hundred. Consider the names that gather about the *Edinburgh Review* and *Constable's*, and *Blackwood's*, and the *Quarterly* magazines. Take the one hundred years to follow 1750, and what names look down on one! Johnson, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Richardson, Burney with her lisping daintisms of "Evelina" and "Cecilia"; Boswell, Charles and Mary Lamb, Byron, Scott, Blackwood, Hogg, Burns, Croker, Jeffreys, Wilson (Christopher North), Lockhart, Gifford, Southey, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, Lever, Campbell, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Lytton, Disraeli, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Hunt, Cornwall, Jerrold, Carlyle; and, of our own side, Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell,

Thoreau, Emerson, Parton, Poe, and him best of all, old Whittier. Where are the names now to march with those of one hundred years ago? Or where such a rendezvous as Murray's parlors in Albemarle Street—where one might have found of an afternoon Scott meeting Byron, and every literary notable besides from Channing to De Staël?

Where is one to seek such names to-day? Who is there of our own times, the heart of whose labors is still to beat one hundred years away? Stevenson, some of Kipling's, and two or three of Conan Doyle's, perhaps. And yet there are as good folk writing now as ever wrote. The world is as rife of Scotts and Byrons and others of as spry a genius for phrase or sense or sentiment as in that age Augustan—that golden age a century gone by.

But they toil on the daily papers.

They are offered stipends which no aforetime author—with now and then an exception—ever had, and are paid more for a week than poor Goldsmith might earn in a sixmonth. The papers pay best; and present cakes and ale are preferable to fame. The possible literature of the age is bribed out of existence, and all our Lambs and our Lyttons, our Grotes and our Gibbons, our Coleridges and our Carlyles, are grinding at “editorial” or “news stories” the mortal lives whereof are not to exceed the day. They are to come up as a flower and be cut down with each day's edition of the paper. Yes, forsooth! our dailies are to answer for a dead literature.

One may argue that were those about who might equal the masters and great captains of a literary past, one would hear from them; and that despite any wet-

blanketing of good pay on the part of the daily papers. The trouble lies here: your genius who should do these deeds is never made aware of himself. He has no time; and with his fat week's pay in his Saturday's purse from the papers, he lacks the reason to make his own discovery. Genius has no self-knowledge. The "mute inglorious Milton" is as ignorantly unaware that he is an untapped geyser of poesy as are his neighbors; the "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood" never knows that he is a quiescent volcano of revolution; both go graveward unidentified by others and unknown of themselves.

Even when the fact of genius has demonstration its possessor is the last to learn and the first to doubt its existence. Scott could not believe in his own greatness; and Thackeray, in spite of "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair," was quietly convinced of himself as a fellow of dull, undiligent weakness to the last closing of his eyes. It's the same in other trades. Clara Morris, the genius of the Emotional, is first a ballet girl and acts only by accident; while Mrs. Gilbert, unsurpassed of any stage-age as an "Old Woman," does not speak a line until the frosts and wrinkles of oncoming years drive her from those jigs and clog-dancings wherewith she lives. The Scotch seers could not foretell their own fortunes, for they could never "see" themselves. It is the same with genius. Even Disraeli's famous threat, when Parliament hooted the failure of his maiden speech, "They shall yet listen to me!" was rather the retort of anger, and of vanity with a wound, than the uttered calm prophecy of genius weighing itself. The great dailies, like a weevil, have eaten the germ and destroyed the seed of our

literature; they have that charge to reply to and be convicted of, whether they are to suffer for it or no. The deliquium of our literature is the editorial of the daily paper.

And while we be about a literature dead and buried in the dailies, there is another subject near one's soul. As a taste-disgrace of the times, one is made ever to see—I had almost said to read—through the mediation of our dailies (though sometimes it's our magazines), a procession of uncurried and clumsily considered articles and essays on every and any topic, made by folk who, wanting a literary ability beyond what might encompass the production of a postal card, have no better license for their poor writing than that they are ex-Presidents, or ex-Speakers, or ex-Candidates, or present Senators, or some such urgent commodity. Why should he regard himself equal to literature, the most difficult of the trades, merely for that through some fortuitous conjunction of geography, politics, and luck he once was execrable as a President, or disastrous as a Speaker, or defeated as a Candidate, or is presently imperfect as a nation's Senator? Is any of these a reason why he should rival Macaulay, or lift a leaf from Hume?

And these difficult ones as they hideously confect their bad English, or wax pompous with some threadbare phrase, should reflect on the cause of their employment, and, in the name of what we'll call their self-respect, eschew it and put it aside. Do not they understand that what they do could not last for one moment by its own merit, whether of thought, substance, or style? Do not they know that they and their lucubrations are designed for the curiosity of the reader, and

not his taste nor intelligence? The anxiety that collects them collects also the Bearded Lady, the Fat Woman, the What-is-It, and the Waltzing Bear.

And such being the event, why are they so foolish as to confine their splendors to literature? Why not pierce the drama with their gleaming presence? There, indeed, should be the true, rich theater of their gifts' display. Prize fighters have had a stage success; why not the politicians? Prithee! put their scribblings away and have them this better platform! Let the ex-President be "Sir John Brute"; the ex-Speaker, "Falstaff"; the ex-Candidate, "Jack Cade"; while our young and burning Senator—who has photographs with hair pawed over eyes, face wearing looks of stern yet haggard introspection, and as it were, a He-sibyl in the fury of prophecy—might surely find some character in the ample range between "Romeo" and Etheridge's "Sir Fopling Flutter" to which his banyan genius might let down a root to its green and profitable nourishment. The daily papers may be defended, perhaps, in their destruction of a literature on the plea that they need the literati in their destinies. But there can be no excuse for an employment of these ex-Some-things, who, with no reason for scribbling save an unfortunate notoriety, would be as well and, probably, as congenially engaged were they perched on drygoods boxes in some deserving side-show and sold their photographs. At least this last would protect literature from the pen-forays of these barbarians, which would be completely a solution of present fears in that behalf.

Thoreau had his views on newspapers, and writes in "Walden" thus peevishly: "And I am sure that I never read any memorable news in a newspaper. If we read

of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter—we never need read of another. One is enough. If you are acquainted with the principle, what do you care for a million instances and applications? To a philosopher all ‘news,’ as it is called, is gossip; and they who edit and read it are old women over their tea. Yet not a few are greedy after this gossip. There was a rush I hear the other day to learn the foreign news by the last arrival, . . . news which I seriously think a ready wit might write a twelvemonth or twelve years beforehand. As for Spain, for instance, if you know how to throw in Don Carlos, and the Infanta, and Don Pedro, and Seville, and Granada at the right time, and in the right proportions, and serve up a bullfight when other entertainments fail, it will be true to the letter. . . And as for England, the last significant scrap of news from that quarter was the revolution of 1649.”

While one is willing to stand between the press and the critics on an indictment of sensationalism, or for an aid and comfort rendered Money on its march of commercial aggression, there is that other charge of snobbery for which, in the case of more than one paper, it well deserves the whipping-post, the pillory, and the stocks. It is one thing to defend Money, for it has its rights and should have its day like any other dog. But to fulsomely flatter Money and bow adoringly before it is decidedly another goods. And there’s a present as well as a future serious harm to lurk in such slavish incense. Money has a weak mind; its head may

be turned; and parasitism is as much a deliriant as opium.

Yet sundry of our dailies keep it up—one wonders why. Every rich man becomes and is the patron before whom these Jenkinses of print forever bow and bend. It is these snobs of the press who are rapidly constructing of the word "millionaire" a title of American nobility. In their eyes and columns, a man of wealth is all-important in his citizenship. A poor man may be wise and brave and true; he may live respected and die defending the flag. Yet he will gain neither the space, position, nor illustration, in these dailies that went recently to one of our junior millionaires for a no-greater public service than running over a bicycle.

It is all snobbery. And it is pernicious, and deplorably un-American. These imprints will pat poverty on the back; descant feelingly on the heroism of labor. They will call Money every hard and churlish name. They invent the epithets "masses" and "classes," and assume to champion the first against the last. Despite all this, however, they omit not to sedulously fawn about the knees of Wealth. They find their fellow in the old-time parasite of Greece; discover their vocation in abject adulation of the very rich. Anybody, everybody, who has attained the mark of the million, is the subject of never-sleeping solicitude to these journals. He may not so much as sneeze but "artists" and "reporters," not to mention an occasional "commissioner," are dispatched to picture and report the sacred ceremony. It's this that promotes Money, disrates Manhood, and makes it possible for Wealth by merest political interference to set a goose to guarding Rome and give a toga to a fool,

John Kelly died June 1, 1886, at the age of sixty-five. And there has been and will be none to better deserve the hearts of Tammany Hall. Were he to want an epitaph, it might be graven: His Faults were the Faults of Honesty: he was more an American than a Politician, more a Man than an American.



ARTHUR PUE GORMAN.

XV.

AN EX-PRESIDENT.

This is a lecturer so skilled in policy
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)
He well might read a lesson to the devil,
And teach the old seducer new temptations.

—*Old Play.*

“WHY doesn't Richard Croker hold office?” While one may not answer as to the reason, one may reply decisively as to the fact. The future will never find him an officeholder. Nor may one blame him. There is little honor and still less of ease in officeholding. And as for the profit? why, one might better hold a baby or a horse. Most folk may reap more by merely holding their tongues; albeit, there be a-many of us to never grow rich that gait. Croker will never again hold office.

It is his word for it. Croker touched on the business tersely, yet with a clear vigor, one day at dinner. He was carving a fowl at the time; and with a blade of blunt unservice made but wretched work of it. It was conflict rather than carving, and reminded one of nothing so much as St. George and the Dragon. In the conversation of the four or five at table, the suggestion was made that, upon certain possible contingencies, Croker should be chosen a Senator of the United States. Croker looked keenly up.

“While I live I'll never hold another office,” he said; “and so you may tell any who is interested, however and whenever and wherever the question comes up.”

Richard Croker has filled office. Which possibly may be that weaning reason why he has no now ambitions of that kind. Croker was an alderman in 1870; and being inimical to Tweed was legislated by that unworthy into private life. He was afterwards marshal to collect arrears of taxes, and put previous records to the blush by gathering in a half-million of dollars delinquent in four months. For this good work Croker was publicly complimented by Havemeyer, then mayor. In 1873 Croker was elected coroner, an office of moment and importance. Later he was again chosen alderman and resigned to become fire commissioner. Croker's last office was in 1879, when he took oath as chamberlain of the city, a place of highest repute and dignity. Already, however, was Croker growing to his present temper of non-officeholding, and he resigned his trust as chamberlain within the year. This was his last place.

Following Kelly's death, Richard Croker was called to be the chief of Tammany Hall. He did not seek this elevation, and strove against it. John Scannell it was who, in the face of Croker's protest, made a campaign among the "leaders" and wrought out the selection of Croker.

Before that day of Kelly's demise, a dozen prior years indeed, a blow, shrewdly villainous, was aimed at Richard Croker. It was in 1874. Croker, thirty-one years of age, was serving his term as coroner. His office, however, is aside from the mark and has no part of the story.

It was Croker most of all who had brought Kelly to the leadership of Tammany. And of those about him, Kelly relied weightily on Croker and trusted to him,

Croker was cool and wise and of a good craft in council; thorough and clean as an executive. Kelly could have found none better to be his supplement. Your natural soldier has the same power to obey as to command; and Croker was your natural soldier. Thus it came—discussion ended and consideration of conditions closed,—that, when commands were issued, Croker took the field, swift, exact, and utter in their carrying out. For which virtues of execution Croker stood highest in Kelly's thoughts, as he would in those of Napoleon, had he been with him in his day. Croker, for his proper gifts of courage, silence, and a quick, military decisiveness, was the war-marshal of Tammany Hall. While Kelly ruled in council, Croker commanded in the field; it was as if, Tammany being the country, the one was Lincoln while the last was Grant.

It was on election day, the 3d of November, 1874; Hewitt was the Tammany-Kelly candidate for Congress. Against Hewitt ran one O'Brien, the idol of the mob, and more remembered for violence and lack of conscience than for virtues useful to the state. The O'Brien element were by no means an untested quantity in the practical labor of elections. They were famous as repeaters and plug-uglies; and if the ballot offended them, capable of throwing the boxes into the river; and if the judges offended them, of making those dignitaries follow the boxes before jettisoned. Altogether the O'Brien contingent were a highly lively tribe, whose overpowering passion for victory oft carried them to extremes.

Thus it befell, during the Congressional contest of Hewitt against O'Brien, that the latter's adherents, moved and instigated of Satan and to that King-

demon's infinite relish and delight, went from poll to poll like unto roaring lions, assaulting, threatening, and terrorizing the Hewitt workers and driving that candidate's votes into the wilderness. This must be recovered; or right would be defeated and crime succeed.

Richard Croker was asked by Kelly to take charge of the situation. Croker at once proceeded to the scenes of violence, and at a polling place where wrong was rampant and right was cowed, came upon the dread O'Brien himself. This personage was heavily accompanied of his warriors, some glisk of whom may be gained from the fact that the least desperately puissant among them was known as "Strong-Arm Mike." Croker had with him a trio of quiet, yet resolute, followers; he with these was confronted by O'Brien and a furious score.

Brief was the parley. Croker never yet counted an enemy until after the fray. He was ready and fearless. "You must send these thieves out of the district," observed Croker to O'Brien; "they don't live here and have no right here. These scoundrels must get out." The "thieves" and "scoundrels" adverted to included and were of the worthy class with Strong-Arm Mike. Since the retreat thus ordered of the thieves there present meant, if consented to, the election of Hewitt and defeat of O'Brien, that latter volatile person made no more ado, but struck at Croker. This was bad judgment on O'Brien's reckless part; a fact that broke over him like a tempest when Croker instantly retorted in muscular kind. There was an altercation wherein O'Brien lost blood and reputation with his followers, who had held

him to be invincible and found that he was not. During the mêlée, which waxed general, pistols were produced and a dozen shots were fired. None, however, by Richard Croker, who never owned nor carried weapon.

At the close of hostilities, which last was brought about by police, who interfered when O'Brien was being worsted, it was discovered that one McKenna lay on the ground, bullet-slain. In a trice it occurred to those most criminal of the O'Brien faction—all late minions of the Tweed Ring—that here was an opening to be both revenged and rid of their arch-enemy Richard Croker at one swoop. They would charge him with the killing of McKenna; a little diligent perjury would do the rest.

Thus was it determined. And because O'Brien was not without a malignant potency in certain places, which for a decency of justice should have been beyond his touch of thumb, Richard Croker was indicted and brought to trial for the McKenna taking-off. It could not be accounted a vast peril. Three years earlier in a black heyday of Tweed one might have told another story. As it was, the truth shone through the rickety perjury of the prosecution like sunlight through a lattice; and while the jury disagreed, for two there were of the panel who, being part of the conspiracy, stood with bad stubbornness for conviction, the indictment was instantly dismissed on motion of the State's attorney himself. It made no bottomless difference. The decision arrived at by the public in the beginning was that Richard Croker was innocent, and neither the trial nor its termination served other purpose than the confirmation of this view.

There was one lurid, distrustful element of this trial which wins comment to this day. That was the position of the judge who presided, and his charge to the jury. One will hear from time to time, as echoes of litigation grinding reach one's ears, of charges "favorable" and charges "unfavorable" to defendants. These adjectives, descriptive of an ermined attitude, are of ambiguity and may mean much or little, as the case may be. On this Croker occasion the charge was "unfavorable," and with such a fervor of unfavor, too, that it staggered all who listened, and was like nothing so much as the bench-efforts of a Scrogge or a Jeffreys in his most untrammelled day. But truth is mighty; right prevailed and wrong fell back, and Croker came forth from the furnace of that trial without the smell of fire about his garments.

It is curious to note that he who presided with such bias at this trial of Croker is still judge; holding now by grace and selection of Croker himself. And this goes in demonstration of Croker's profound self-control, and displays how completely he declines the voice of private feeling when passing on questions of party expediency or policy. Years later—for these jurists have terms of fourteen years—the lease of office of this judge ran out. Croker, free and powerful, was the Attila of party—the leader of a victorious Tammany. The judge in danger came not near Croker; he craved no favors and looked only for defeat. Nor did Croker seek the judge; dumb as the other, he also made no sign. None of those near Croker's elbow in the discussions of Tammany said aught of a renomination for this judge, whose term was waning to a close. Folk political were aware of Croker's little reason for pre-

ferring the retention of this judge, and looked for the latter's letting out. The time arrived; and when Croker turned in the list to his executive committee, embodying his thoughts of a ticket, it had the name of that judge at the top. It was wisdom and the heart of policy. And it was peculiarly the earmark of that cautious sagacity without which Croker's autocracy of sixteen years would have been impossible. Your common leader would have smote that jurist hip and thigh, and made a boast thereof, and a feast upon it. But Croker is the man uncommon. Silent, wordless, wanting hint or suggestion, Croker renamed and re-elected him.

Hewitt was sent to Congress in that struggle, and O'Brien was given to defeat. One of the papers, writing of a meeting following the election, said: "Hewitt was the next speaker. He spoke in strong terms of the recent election outrage. He said that the man O'Brien, who had nominated himself as his opponent, had boasted that he would be returned by a majority of ten thousand, and he felt assured that if murder would have served his opponent's purpose it would have been done. It was the last thought of his mind that such a contest would have been forced upon him. Hewitt, having stated that he had given word to the police of an apprehended attack upon his political supporters, and that the police failed to appear and discharge their duty, said, much as he regretted the unhappy occurrence that took place on election day, he believed that if it had not occurred, O'Brien would have been returned in place of himself, and there would have been thus returned to the National Council the representative of the mob. He,

Hewitt, took some pains to get at the facts in this case, and from disinterested witnesses he was able to say that it would be shown [the trial was not yet had] that the attack on that occasion was made by O'Brien and not by Coroner Croker. Coroner Croker had no pistol and never drew one. Hewitt said that he knew Croker drew no pistol, and that when pistols were drawn they were drawn by the opposite side. He did not underestimate the difficulty of the contest. He went into no grog shops and treated no crowds of hired ruffians. He used no money to buy votes, but what he did was to protect the honest voter in his right to deposit his ballot, whether it was for or against him. Croker was not an aggressor. What he did was done with a view to protect the ballot box. Hewitt said that the evidence on this point was overwhelming, and he believed that, but for the firmness and courage of Richard Croker, O'Brien would have got the certificate of election."

Another memorable event of the days of Kelly, and one wherein Richard Croker had a prime suggesting portion, was the discovery and elevation of Grover Cleveland, first to be Governor and next to be President of the United States. Cleveland had made some noise as the "veto mayor" of Buffalo. Croker spoke of Cleveland—while in preliminary and privy council—to Kelly as a possible good candidate for the post of Governor. The thought engaged Kelly; and in the end, and by the convention votes of Tammany Hall, Cleveland was named.

It is in my mind to give here some charcoal sketches of this heavy late President. My knowledge of him is sure and to the color. And Cleveland's portrait is properly parcel of Croker's career, for, more than any

other, it was Croker's hand to plant the stalk of him. Had there been no Croker there would have been no Cleveland, in a national sense at least; and while that fact may not be looked on as to the Croker credit, its relation is none the less in line. This is the life story, in compress, of Grover Cleveland.

There has been ever error in recounts of Cleveland. They were either weak with the flattery of some fulsome place-yearning Mugwump, or wrong as the assault of a foe who attacked by any method. What follows will be the thrice-pruned truth. It will be born, too, in that spirit of white indifference which should characterize precise history.

It is pity that the whole American public can't go to Washington and remain three months in twelve. It would be worth the nation's while to give every man a point-blank look at Government, and the watchmen on the walls thereof. One may take the commonest clod; let it be vicious as vile; low in its instincts, black in its past. And does one elect it, for example, to a Presidency, its apotheosis begins. Its halo comes with its inauguration oath; and ever thereafter that clod to the general eye will seem, not the clay it is, but the precious gold it ought to be. For all of which weakness of public sight and judgment, a weakness to grow with population, it is profitable to sit coldly down and read about one's rulers.

Cleveland, a Jerseyman, was born in March, 1837. He was forty-eight when first he came as President to Washington. Cleveland represented in his successes the victory of accident. He had what groping folk feeling for answer in the dark, call "luck." Like Napoleon, Cleveland named it "destiny." Let that go.

It's not of moment what one calls it, so that it be understood.

Cleveland as a youth was taught little of book sort. Coming from school he could not name you twenty authors; had not read a dozen books; didn't know Robin Hood from Thomas, poet of that style, and wotted little of polite letters. At seventeen, after performing briefly, his biographer says, as "teacher" in a blind asylum—and he might have taught the blind—Cleveland went to Buffalo. This was in 1855. By the goodness of an uncle he lived and studied law. He was admitted in 1859. Later he held a slight office for three years, and was defeated in his strivings to reach another.

By one sign one may know that Cleveland was not a learned sage of law. He became sheriff of Erie County in 1879. No lawyer of high blood will consent to this place. There are other and more professional channels of ambition. He will be the public's attorney, or judge; but, mark you! never sheriff. That office, with its hangman's work, its processes, its evictions, its levies and distrains, goes to another class.

And yet even this law ignorance shows its fortunate side in the climbing case of Cleveland. He became sheriff and kept the jail; and next, having, one may assume, made an excellent record, losing none of his keys nor his captives, he is seized on, made Mayor, and instead of the county cells keeps the City Hall.

It was John Kelly with Croker who made Cleveland Governor. It was a war: Tammany against anti-Tammany; city against country. "Let's take this fellow from Buffalo, who's been Mayor there," said Kelly. "Let's nominate him for Governor. He doesn't be-

long to either side." The Convention did as Kelly said; and then Conkling fought Garfield, and almost the Republican party stayed at home on election day, and Cleveland won over Folger by a shadow short of two hundred thousand.

Following Cleveland's Governorship, he was selected for the Presidential race. Gorman as manager elected him, landing him winner by a throat-latch, and was barred from the White House for it within a month after the inauguration.

Thus one beholds the lifting up of Cleveland from sheriff to President. This story is much quoted by some as proof of the sterling worth of America's free institutions. With the thoughtful, however, its mid-day value in that behalf is denied.

Jones of Nevada once told that of all whom he had met in high places Cleveland was mentally the most abundantly dark. When he came to be President, he had not read the Constitution of the country. Still, one is at liberty to select one's authors as well as one's literature; we may not, perhaps, complain.

There were two matters appurtenant of the White House of which Cleveland had heard; two powers to which he willingly turned. These were the veto and the patronage. Within a year from March 4, 1885, his first inaugural, Cleveland vetoed more measures than had all the Presidents who preceded him. What a study in egotism is this! What a misconception of duty! Washington, the scholarly Jefferson, men who rocked the cradle of the Constitution; the virile Jackson, whom neither man nor god might bind; Lincoln, with all his care; and the silent Grant, who lived in war's red front, while Cleveland's haunt was safety—the veto

example of these was no guide to him. They fought and founded, and fought again and re-founded the Government. They alternated pen with sword, gave wisdom and valor both to the upbringing and defense of the country. Cleveland had done nothing. Yet in one year, playing with this tremendous power of veto like a child with a toy, he dealt death to more measures than had all those heroes in the hundred years which went before.

To understand Cleveland as a President—for he changed mightily, and those who knew him a dozen years before wouldn't have known him then—one must remember the influence of money-getting upon him. He was poor, without a dollar, when first he came White-House seeking. When he left in 1897 he was rich to the point of millions. And Money had re-shaped, and molded, and added to, and taken from, and made him anew. Cleveland had not made a dollar; naturally, he didn't know how. It was like calling on a horse to make a dollar. He had grown to forty-eight, and came to Washington without so much silver as might serve to keep the fiends from dancing in his pocket. But he met wise men; men who saw in him those latent money-wonders which lie dormant in every President, and who were willing to work them out to his and their advantage. Probably that tribe saw aforetime the money-chances which slept in other Presidents. But as one after another, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, down to one's own time, they left the White House, some abject paupers, all leaner than they came, it would seem that those others lacked that thrift to permit their development. It was not until Cleveland's day that the White House became lucrative; and

he retired—he who was dollarless at forty-eight—with the record of being the first President who went forth richer than he arrived. Coming poor, he departed with the wealth of dreams. And to the quiet of his conscience, it is to be doubted if he could have told one word of how that glittering, pleasing marvel came about. He had millions; and he didn't know how. Yet the riddle was not difficult. As President he held that lamp of magic which one had only to rub, to make all about him rich.

It skills nothing to go over the long and tangled trail of Cleveland's money-getting, with all its windings, twists, and curious turns. And whether, in the heaping and sweeping together, it came from Red Top or Gray Gables; from bonds or stock deals or traction companies; or woodpulp patents; or Nova Scotia coal; or Cuban iron; or whatever its thousand sources, it was an enormous sum for one to have from a capital of money-ignorance and nothing in twelve years; and it failed not to impress Cleveland and affect him. In his last reign his great reverence was for money; his respect was kept for those who possessed it. Poverty was synonymous with ignorance; wisdom went only with wealth. In his day one might come afoot to Washington; and if one did, one couldn't see him. Come in a private car, and one could. One's honesty, one's worth, the goodness of one's purpose, or the justice of one's cause would not avail! People were nothing to Cleveland; property was everything. He would turn from a man in a moment. Spill down a million of gold, and the sight would suspend and hold him spellbound—cast him into a trance of riches.

Cleveland was not book-learned; neither had he been

taught of travel. He knew nothing west of Buffalo, nor south of the North Pennsylvania line. He had, most of all, no imagination. He had heard of a West, he had heard of a South; but the terms told no tales to Cleveland. What the West and South were; their wants, their rights, their aims, their strengths, loomed but vaguely, lost in that mighty fog of no imagination and what he didn't know. Cleveland's was a small mind, but hard as jadestone and retentive. After its manner it had a narrow strength, and while he learned slowly he remembered; not always, however, with profit. He had no mental finenesses; no taste for art nor music. He knew no pleasant difference between a Murillo and a three-sheet poster. He would have had no preference for one of Schubert's serenades over "The Arkansaw Traveler." He would rather talk than read, eat than talk, fish than eat, drink than fish.

Cleveland was a creature of impulse rather than of thought-born decision. Would one teach him anything, one must teach him through the eye. What he saw he knew; what he heard—unless it were to someone's disadvantage—made slight impression. Cleveland turned credulous, ready ear to slander. When he was President the commonest blackleg of party, one whose plaudit could not aid one, might tear down good repute with a word. Nor might the affirmations of honest men stand against the malice and mendacity of that one blackleg.

Flattery was the most potent lever in the case of Cleveland. Those thrived best who flattered best. He was amenable to the tickle of the sycophant as ever was swine to cob. One might have stuck bills on him so it were done with "soft soap." As a result, those who

stood close to Cleveland were either cunning or servile. They chanted his praises; and they never contradicted nor bid him pause. Some were crafty and fawned upon him to use him to their ends. Others were mere cringers. But honest natures, strong, open, frank men who would tell to him the truth, were soon brought to stay away. He wanted none such near him.

Cleveland delighted in the little, and would labor pantingly at the windlass of small things. It was this bent of the infinitesimal that led him to put in hours darkly arranging a reason to shatter some old woman's pension with the bludgeon of his veto.

Cleveland was by nature a Tory. He had no innate conception of republicanism; no knowledge, native or acquired, of the school to which free America belongs. Had he lived in that furnace hour of Bunker Hill, his substitute would have worn a red coat, and fought at the foot of that renowned eminence against Warren and the others at the top. His trend was monarchical. Three times within three years he aligned himself with a throne; in Samoa, Hawaii, and last in Brazil. He succeeded in Samoa; and this country, with England and Germany, upheld a king in those far islands. He failed in Hawaii with his clumsy king-making, and public opinion frightened him away from "Queen Lil." Mendonca scared him backward with a laugh and a sneer in the case of Brazil. His ever-Toryism was at the brakes! With Cuba bleeding at our gate, with a people and a Congress demanding her relief, Cleveland to the last refused.

Men called Cleveland ungrateful. Those who helped him most were most roundly rebuffed. The flatterer, the sycophant, the boneless Mugwump waxed rich by

his favor; the friend who built him went without reward; the laborer of party without his hire.

To egotism and a coarse greed Cleveland added the heart of a hare. None was more flightily timid in a physical way. Perhaps it was this that kept him from the war when the nation fought for its life in the sixties, and Cleveland, aged twenty-three, in perfect health without wife to weep or wean to stay him, took heed he didn't go. What a Curtius! How Rome would have reared a column to him! When Cleveland aforetime left Washington for Buzzard's Bay or "ducks," he skulked secretly from town. His coming back, as to its date, was earnestly covered from a world's knowledge. When once he returned from Buzzard's Bay, I chanced to be at the station. The rabble, whereof I was a unit, knew nothing of Cleveland's coming. The train drew up. Cleveland descended and approached the gate. There were only a few to be pleased and to cheer. As he came near, twenty Secret Service spies, there for that brave work, stepped from their listening, peeping places among the feared and common herd, and cordoned that President and "protected him" to his carriage. It was a pride-flattering pageant!

During the last three years of Cleveland a ring of sentry boxes rose up about the White House. The Presidential police force was recruited to twenty-six men. Each night a trio of those guardsmen pervaded the White House corridors. More were in the grounds. Then the President could sleep. It cost eighty dollars a day, which made it high-priced slumber. When Cleveland would ride, an armed, booted, spurred detective, with a foolish revolver on his foolish hip,

swung to his foolish saddle and clattered foolishly behind.

In the luxuriance of a measureless egotism, Cleveland was wont to hold that he elected the party. His courtiers, as they fanned and fawned and flattered, assured him of this, and he believed them. Every defeat the Democracy suffered after 1892 served as proof to him. It warmed him with mild pleasure as he saw reflected in the hopeless returns his popularity. "See what happens when I'm not running!" he argued, and drew a glow from party defeat like an inspiration. It was this that taught him that the patronage was his and not the party's. And he used it to please himself; to push his way with Congress, and as jewels wherewith to deck his flatterers and spaniels of politics.

One offshoot of this egotism, partly born of timidity, was Cleveland's secrecy. While President, he locked every door, turned down every light, gagged every mouth, hid everything he might. There are but two keys to go with government; one is to the Treasury, the other to the jail. But Cleveland's whole thought was for chains and padlocks. He hated questions, he hated newspapers, he hated lights.

Cleveland held that a President was a guardian. Bayard was mirror to Cleveland when he said that the American people were a turbulent and unruly brood, and required "a strong ruler" like Cleveland to keep them in check. Mark the word "ruler." That was the Cleveland idea. A President "rules" the country; the people are his subjects. That was the song his courtiers sang.

In his egotism, Cleveland, given a White House, played the tyrant. He frowned down suggestion,

and he ignored the people. He would turn Congressmen from his door until they wearied of coming. No claim was strong enough to gain entrance to him against his whim. Within three days after the repeal of the Sherman law, wherein Voorhees and Mills both lost their political lives to do his will, he refused to see them.

Millions were made by the coterie about the White House in those last four years of Cleveland; made when an extra session ballooned the market; made with bond deals; made with tariff. Cleveland would ring out in tariff. The administration was doing all it might to put the Havemeyer schedule on sugar. And when Gorman wouldn't, Cleveland refused to sign the bill, and for ten days gave the longest possible limit of law to the Trust to bring in sugar free. That ten-day "pout" cost the Treasury ten million dollars and the people ten times more.

Cleveland called an extra session; to the advantage of Benedict and the then White House circle of favorites. Congress came; and he threw his patronage right and left and pulled on the ropes and worked at legislation like a common sailor. "Repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman law!" he said, "and the business sun will shine, the business grass will grow, and a deep and lush prosperity will be ours again." His prophecies fell flat with a great failure. It was the same in the tariff instance. It was the same with bonds. It was ever "do this" and "do that," and time and the tide will turn and good come riding in! From first to last he was a false prophet. No one had the blessings of which he preached save the tariffites and the bondites and the ones about the throne. The

backstairs Cabinet and the pool with White House passkeys prospered mightily. The public interest went lank and worn and hungry.

When Cleveland came in 1893 he found the Treasury on the rocks. He kept it there. He pounded a hole in the bottom and stuffed the leak with two hundred and forty million dollars' worth of bonds. He sold these at 104; and the next day they brought 120, and bring it as this is read. Had a Mayor of New York so indulged himself, a special Grand Jury would have been on his ready trail with horn of law and hound of inquiry. But bonds were to go and go and go again; and as a byplay, and just to show the sympathy which dwells between our millionaires, Carnegie's two hundred and forty thousand dollars' fine, imposed for rotten armor plates, was to be remitted. There was none of this during Harrison's term. Cold he was, unsocial he was, an unlovely soul at best; but honest was Harrison, and as lucid-pure as ice.

When Cleveland came in, the bond-wolves began to howl and snarl about the gold. Carlisle planned in the early summer of ninety-three to do as Manning did in eighty-five. Cleveland took his pronunciamiento from him, wrote it over, crossed out silver, and made Carlisle say that he would pay gold—nothing but gold—while a dollar shimmered in his till. That was what the bondites wanted. They bled three bond issues from the people.

But these were the big weeds of Cleveland's government. The little ones flourished as rankly strong. The lighthouse-tender example was not wasted. The *Dolphin*—unpaid for to the dead John Roach—became a department yacht. One assistant secretary of the

Treasury would junket in one revenue cutter to Alaska, while another assistant secretary ordered another revenue cutter from her station at Baltimore around to Fortress Monroe, for purely picnic purposes. The Commissioner of Immigration,—who reported fewer than three thousand paupers turned back in a year at an expense of two hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars,—not to be outdone, would take a learned assistant and plunge across Europe, from the Shetlands to the Dardanelles, for the “instruction of the Government in immigration”; while the Fish Commission went about its useful work by dispersing itself throughout the Maine lakes, where, with naphtha launches and much goods in bottles, it propagated fish. In this day Crime robs the Government with a gun—the rough and lusty method of the footpad. In that day it was bleed and embezzle and larcenize by indirection, while the public looked the other way. They drove Williams from Grant’s Cabinet because his wife rode in a landaulet at the expense of the government. Williams lived too soon.

Well! have done. The above exhibits a few of the easy high places in the Cleveland career. His administration was failure. Moreover, it was of revenge, of treason to the party, of wrong to public weal. At home the country was thrown to Wall Street; abroad it was made the laugh of Europe. Only one thing was right—the Venezuela utterance. And the dead Gresham did that.

Still, one must be fair. Cleveland, as well as every President, has partial excuse for his delinquencies, whether they be ones overt or of omission. The office is tremendously bigger than the man. The office controls the occupant and drives him like a horse in har-

ness. The President can't half help himself, and in more than most of his action does as he's commanded, goes where he's compelled. The detail of Presidential effort, and as well its broader marks, are much predestined. It's as if one were made President of an iceberg, or a glacier, or the Hudson River. The drifting of the one, the slow marching of the second down its glen, and the solemn sweep of the last, have each its simile in the journeying of a great nation along its lines of fate. No chance-created pygmy of a President may bridle or direct. One were as wise who strove to stanch the Mississippi with a wisp of straw.

Cleveland's second elevation—and his rule from 1892 to 1896 was worse than revolution—should last a century as a lesson to the people. It was the public, and not the "politicians," who demanded him. The politicians objected, Tammany objected; but the people demanded, and the people had their way. The architects and builders of party declined Cleveland; the people interfered and took him up. The stone which the builders rejected was made the cornerstone of the temple, and the subsequent history of that edifice showed that the builders were right.

XVI.

SNOBS, MY MASTERS!

It is a hard matter to save that country where a fish sells for more than an ox.—*Cato*.

HE who lives without cynicism lives without safety, and hate is but the other side of love. And what has that to do with us? Nothing, nothing, your worships; wherefore let us say no more about it.

That one more loathly thing than work is idleness. These are the Scylla and Charybdis of existence; eternally are we destroyed in the whirlpool-suck of her with the dogs, or leaped upon and lost to the six darting and hungry heads of that sister monster across the straits. Let us in such dilemma refuse our tasks; let us throw down the sculls of effort while the boat goes where she may. So shall we have motion without labor; something will gain accomplishment while nothing is done. This may be the middle course Ulysses tried for; the happy medium sought for by the sage. Let us go, then, with the currents. There is more and wider water down-stream than up, and as a ceremony it is far easier—while quite as graceful—to drift all day than pull an oar an hour.

It is in one's mind to be cynical. And why not? These be days to make one bilious, and bile is the parent of cynicism. Idleness in purple, industry in homespun! Honesty at hard labor, while crime wears

the crown! Ah, well; it has been so in all the ages! True worth was ever a peasant and tilled the soil, and scum comes surely to the top. Futility is the fashion and Fashion is the king. Let us crowd to the throne-room.

What fools we mortals be! Also, what snobs! One multimillionaire becomes benevolent with books. And all the sycophants are burning incense to him as if the incense bore insurance. That multimillionaire may found libraries, or rear spires, or place alms in the thin and claw-like hand of Want. Yet the gold of his charity shall wear the stain of the blood and the mire in which it was gathered. There's nothing novel, naught to shout over, in what this rich one is about. It has been done by sinful Wealth when, fear-threatened of Futurity, the Unknown of beyond-the-grave had it under cow in every age. And now, because it trembles before what will be and tires of what soddently is, and starts on some crusade of Bedlam largesse, this Wealth won in wickedness is to have present halo and take its austere reverend stand among the saints.

Well; and why not canonize it? It is only a handful of years since a band of worshipful clergy gathered—a muster of surpliced Tories—and “sainted” Charles the First. “He died a martyr for his faith,” they sobbed, and wrote his name on the holy list. It is a proud thought with some that sundry of their ancestors were busy when Charles was chopped, doing all they might to promote the “martyrdom” of our royal candidate for saintship.

What snobs we be! Even our colleges are poisoned of it, and one young billionaire is made the object of some college ballot honors for his “peerless social

genius." Yes, in good fact! our great schools are smitten of snobbery. "Seminaries of learning"—wrote John Quincy Adams in his diary—"seminaries of learning have been timeservers and sycophants in all ages." Adams would write more stingingly, were he here to-day. And themselves snobs, is it wonder the colleges suckle snobbery? Perhaps this last is to be traced to parents rather than the schools. Sure it is that herds of young ones are sent collegeward by the hope, not that they'll learn anything from lecture or from book, but rather that they may make the acquaintance of future rich weaklings, to become hereafter in equal parts their patrons and their prey.

What snobs we be! The clergy and the colleges lead while the journals beat the drum! The clergy? Yes, my friend! Is it a wedding of wealth? or a billion-dollar baptism? or a funeral where great riches remain? Then to altar or font or bier the certain clergy come darting like kites to a quarry. What snobs we be! Do you know that folk love and wed and are born and wearily die in Mott and Mulberry and Baxter and Essex and Hester streets, every day in the year, and that the last to be bothered by it is a bishop?

Thank Heaven for the Rocky Mountains! They make at least one-third of the area of the United States, and the very "lay of the land" puts snobbery out of the question. The toady is topographically impossible. Thank Heaven for the precipitous rudeness of the Rockies! They shall yet serve as the home of a strong and saving race—the American Swiss—who are to be the backbone of the country, as their crags are the backbone of the continent.

Snobbery begins to obtain in politics as well as take

a smirking hand in trade. The small bow before the strong; the little fag for the powerful. In politics the result is corruption; in commerce, Trusts. One is not mad with any ardor of pessimism. One has no mood to become of that group of ebb-tide patriots who deem it impossible to rule with innocence, and hold that every king must be a Catiline. One does not believe that every hill is a Calvary, every reward a Cross; and that Truth is ever foundering, unsuccored, on shores it sought to save. One is not victim of any slackwater optimism, nor has one's hope been seized of a dyspepsia. One is sustained by one's religion of politics, which plants itself on the belief, as on a rock, that true republicanism is imperishable for that true republicanism is God. Yet while one does not fear, one submits one is not flattered of any present promise of the times. The hands of the dial, pointing to trouble, point to Trusts. It is a day of weakness and corruption in halls where law is made. One should meet one's times boldly. One should counsel war on what politically is. One is not to be with opportunists who weakly hesitate at danger and would for peace be half a slave. One should not follow a Rousseau, who, failing to teach France to think, tamed himself to copy music that it might dance, and so gained sordid bread. Such is to starve the Man to feed the Beast.

Monopoly, fecund of Trust, spawns like a pike; Principle, unmated of popular effort, lies in a barren bed. The enemy strengthens himself while folk idle. The march of the Trusts marks the march of Ignorance; the sun of progress borders to an eclipse of Money and another Dark Age may descend. Someone once said that: "Law is the safest helmet." The value

of the apothegm depends upon who wears this steel cap. If it be Honesty, good! But if Monopoly go to Washington and forge itself some headpiece of a statute the story runs fearfully different. It is not always true that a State has added to its safety when it has added to its laws. As things are, one is all but free to say that one despairs of virtuous legislation. In those law-lists, Right seems ever to go down before the shock of Riches. There should be change—change unusual and change that reaches far.

“It is better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with the government of men,” said Danton. But the Frenchman was in a tumbrel at the time and suffered some coming confusion of the guillotine. Had he been given freedom and a sober second thought, he would have seen that the citizen is driven to “meddle with government” to keep it from meddling villainously with him. Therefore, let the public become intelligently meddlesome. Nor should it hesitate; nor go halfway. There should come no blackmail of a partial peace. It is the worst of oppression that makes craven terms with tyranny. This is an era of potato-bug politics. Monopoly devours what the people rear. Some stand must be made, some near and stubborn stand, or the century will witness us destroyed and overrun. He will be wise of that day who, living without flag as without citizenship, carries his country on the sole of his shoe.

It will be warfare hard and breathless; this stand against Monopoly. These combines of rapacity and capital which, as Lord Thurlow puts it, “Have neither souls to lose nor bodies to kick,” are the folk difficult. Much of peril, too, comes from the turned-'round con-

dition of the common taste. There is too much luxury, too much excess; too many for themselves, too few for all, and Virtue plays a second violin. We have come too far from a simplicity of the fathers which made that middle safety between the politically too-little and too-much. The edge of civic apprehension is lost. One sees this in the absolute honesty of many of the Trust-makers in their dishonesty. One sees it in that stolid disregard which the public to be exploited bestows upon them.

There is a coarse red MAN who preaches Trusts as a principle. He stands close to the American throne and is its prop. He is no hypocrite; he believes what he proclaims. It is only that his Titan interests are yoked of an ignorance equally Titanic. Like some toad in stone, he is become imbedded in his own affairs and exists unreachable of any touch not having source in self. Such malignants as this MAN, by an imbecile integrity, become a double danger. There's a sin that's honest, just as there's a hate that declines a bribe as soon as love. Even such rude and brutish aggressionists as this MAN, commerce-gorged and money-fat, may be acting veraciously by their blurred lights, and so pass guiltless of moral turpitude. What they do, like the handless acts of a rattlesnake, may plead the defense of nature.

Indeed, one is inclined to this theory, for one has beheld the leaden wonder of this MAN on a strike occasion when poor folk begged. He looked on them as if happiness were a new idea, and common justice yet to have invention. The swinishness of the MAN could conceive of no rule save the rule of desire; and in this savage staring there shone a hideous humor. It would

have been comedy had it not been tragedy, and were it possible for murder to furnish fun.

For all that, while one may excuse of sin such as this MAN, as one holds blameless some dumb, unmindful beast, they must still be met and dealt with. These heathen of riches are in want of baptism anew. Their times cry for that priest to say to them as spoke the Church to the wild Clovis: "Bend thy neck, proud Sicambrian; adore what thou hast burned, burn what thou hast adored!"

But one should not wax over-weary; one's hurts are doubtless part of the day's work. One might better pause. Sisyphus should have occasional repose; and Apollo can't always be bending his bow. Talk is tiresome alike to talker and him talked to. Also, to preach danger to some timid ones is to shoot at a loon on a lake. They dive at the first flash of phrase and are under water before any bullet of argument or fact attains to them. Moreover, one's inspiration must be rested and baited of a new Hope. There be tired times when one loses faith in one's very self. One sees so much of the unexpected cart-before-the-horse. It daunts one's reason and bids it doubt itself. The magnet lies still, the steel filings ramp and fasten; yet one learns, before one is done, that it was the magnet that furnished the impulse and the activities of the steel-dust were compelled. And so it runs throughout, and defeats the blushes of ardent young Conclusion. The magnet attracts, the passive controls, the alkali has kingdom over the acid, weakness is power, and one begins to know with the German that "the female selects." And so one is taught to discount the voice of Reason. One even concludes that were

folk to take chart of deduction and compass of conjecture, and, chucking both overboard, steer by lights of fixed instinct, all would come better off. It is by no means clear, since Monopoly holds the torch, that existence is such laughter. Monopoly has driven happiness from half the earth and cut down the visible supply of joy by fifty per cent. One was expected of Omnipotence to have a good time aboard this rolling, weltering world of ours, plowing its blind course through rimless ages. One was not sent to suffer. But Greed and Monopoly, working in latter times to produce the Trust, have seized on what was meant as a craft of comfort and made a galley of her. They have chained each to his oar, there to toil till his heart breaks.

And there is a gap in the walls where enters a half hopelessness. There be folk who agree to their bonds as to the will of Fate and forget the freedom that belongs to them. The capacities of these feebleized ones are crippled. Mindless, unlighted as to their rights, they also dwell in midnight concerning their responsibilities. They are, roundly, bad citizens. They comprise that wrong, respectable lot who hesitate over a consequence rather than an act. Their moral thought is all ajar. They shrink from a capture, not a felony; they have forgotten what Mme. Roland remembered—that shame is not of the scaffold, but of the crime. With such code, and with the further conviction that Money is the only nobleman, given safety for their persons and their “reputations,” these gentry, of no color, abide abjectly docile to Money’s word and rein.

Still these spaniel people—these weak ones in good clothes, who crouch before the upraised thong of

Money—are not the virile ones. And some day there'll come grief. Some particular outrage will set the brand to the growing long-grass of a public resentment, and woe will spread like a prairie fire. And with the horizon of coming time more than half consented to as filled with the dark topsails of trouble on its way, what do the "parties" do? What do our great contending armies of politics offer to the day's defense? Democracy proffers nothing and does less. The Republican remedy is to swell the Army and poke the fire with a sword.

We sit too much in the shadows; we are too much ridden of a superstition of Money. We are too apt at hat-doffing and to remove our shoes and fall on our knees before a million dollars. In older Europe and an elder day, the noble kicked the peasant, the king kicked the noble, and the Church kicked the king. That wasn't so bad as now and here, when Money alone does the kicking—kicks the public with that threefold force which aforetime found triangular diversion and distribution. That's a prime malady of our hour; we enthrone Riches. We are taught this by papers which rave over a billion-dollar babe, or swoon at the spectacle of a millionaire in a "common jury box." The world should be too manly and too wise to tolerate such tutelage. As if a babe in an ivory crib, with swan's-down swathings, sucking milk from cut glass, were any more a babe! As though a millionaire in a jury box were other than any highly muddled gentleman in like position! It is at this pinch that correction should seize humanity by its truckling collar and straighten it up.

If one bows one's self at the seat of Money, why

shouldn't Money set foot on one's neck? If one proclaim one's self serf, why shouldn't Money proclaim its mastery? Stand up, man! brush the dust off your knees, scuffle into your shoes, get your hat on, and assume some self-respecting virtue though you have it not. If it's money you want, be something more than slave, and you may win some. Crouch, and it's sure you'll have naught save cuffs and crumbs. Never hesitate; face Money. Then it is harmless; it couldn't reach one in a round of ages. Fear not to look a million dollars in the eye; it will turn and skulk the other way like any other brute.

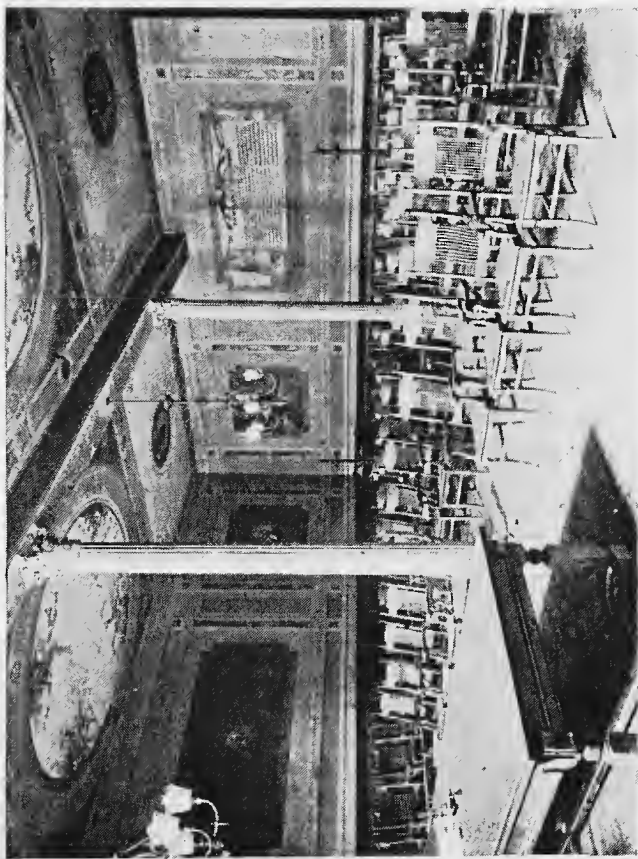
Time was when I sprawled about the Rocky Mountains; I waxed conversant of rattlesnakes and was a student of bears. Also I took a course of Indian. These taught me that the systems of savagery are masters of the systems of civilization; that the primitive has power over the modern, and that money doesn't count with a bear. Encounter a savage and he forces his method upon you. Our troops can't compel the Indians to fight *their* fashion; the savages force our soldiery to fight *their* fashion. One may be the best boxer, the best wrestler, the best debater, or the best thinker; and yet should one become entangled of a bear, he'll make one fight bear-fashion. He won't box, nor wrestle, nor talk, nor think; and he won't let you. That bear will hunt or hug or maul or crunch or dally with a millionaire as if the victim didn't have a dollar. And the latter's millions will have with the bear no more of current avail than an Irish billet of exchange. The right American, in the political presence of Money, should adopt the sturdy system of the bear. If you meet a man and he has a million—and many a

good man has—respect the man and don't mind the money. If you discover a man and he hasn't a million—if he be even moneyless—respect the man and don't let the absence of that million discourage you. That is what a bear would do; and if you will but emulate this bear-example, the rule of riches will be broken, and Money, from the high places which your parasite sort has permitted it, will falter and fall away.

And in reaching for a remedy, oh, American beset! one should fail not, with all the rest, to address the President. One has but to reach and teach him, to accomplish most in mendment of an hour. He is the man at the wheel; affect a President, and one affects a course. One should be firm and plain and cool and make one's self apparent. One should appeal, for specimen, like this:

Your Excellency: There is no impulse of insult in this. There is also little hope. You present the dampening question of unknown incapacity. You are a cavern of a man; hollow, dark, and with little to tempt to exploration. You do not say much; yet your wordlessness offers nothing to confidence. Cowley, the Englishman, remarked of a lesser Napoleon: "He never speaks and always lies." And by this light there's that of parallel between folk one wots of and the Frenchman.

While you are but little relied on, you have still attained to the Presidency. You have scaled the highest peak of the Alps of politics. And whether as President you be the offspring of accident or evil coldly planned, you should yet have a pride of perch and yearn to leave a name half worth a shaft at least. And this you might well do. You know the sickness of the



MEETING ROOM OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF TAMMANY HALL.

times. We are cankered serfs of Monopoly. The Trusts have us in chains. Cæsar boasted that he found Rome brick and left her marble. You may have a prouder word. You may write of your régime: "I found Rome slave and left her free."

Why not play what's termed the "patriot"? Why wouldn't it be, personally and politically, wise and good to stand for the many and against the few? Hayes, a predecessor who left the Presidency to promote a poultry hastening to decay—once stated: "He serves best his party who serves the public best." And Hayes was right. Defend the common weal. You will thereby sustain your to-day while making certain your to-morrow of renown. This is within your ready swing. Think, man! One may look to one's future, while one secures and makes sure one's present; so order one's existence as to be ready to die at once or live one hundred years. And thus may you do. Honesty and a championship of the people would bring encomium now and shape your fame forever.

It is beating against wind and tide to talk to you. And yet, even with the small hope of landing, one must press on. He who teaches a king, if it be no more than one right syllable, befriends a people; one should not surrender, therefore, without a struggle the chance of touching you. As the hour trends, Monopoly is to have finally all. And in that devoured day we will as a nation present a lonely case of "naught but green fields, a shepherd and a dog"; with Money the shepherd, and Government the dog to herd and drive the people to the shearing-sheds. You, in the White House, could avert this and change the currents of calamity. He would be thrice a felon who should fail.

Do you cavil at a turgidity of phrase? You need not. This is but a poor occasion to insist on any rose water of words. An order in that scented behalf would go unheeded. Thiers complained of Bismarck, as they bickered diplomatically over terms of peace, that the Iron Chancellor spoke German instead of French. "Do I?" responded Bismarck. "That cannot be helped, my friend. When I confer with one, and mean that he shall have his way, I speak his language. When I intend to have my way, I speak my own." One does not presume to any Bismarckian power of coercion. But, for somewhat a Prussian reason, one prefers to be explicit in one's native tongue and way.

One will not, oh, Excellency! rehearse to your confusion any abandonment of the platform on which you placed yourself to ask for votes. Platforms are the humbug of politics. They are the bell-ringing before the auction; their purpose is to call a crowd, not make a price. In this experienced day, he who is misled by them is deeply dense. The voter should ignore a platform to look hard at a candidate. He should put the man above the argument in his consideration; it is the horse and not the harness that pulls the load, or kicks, or bolts, or balks, or runs away. One is not shocked because you turned your elected back on the platform. Nor does one declaim against partisanship in your appointments. You would be weak, indeed, when charged with the responsibility of the day, did you call any to a guard-tower of government not of your own and trusted clan. But the right to be partisan does not mean the right to betray a principle. And as a pilot you are bound to faithfulness and to remember and mind your marks.

However, it is not concerning such as platforms and partisanship that one is in present earnest. One is but warm to have you to the warpath against Monopoly. As an earlier, necessary step you should rid yourself of management. Management belittles you by its mere existence. True! it was management which named you and elected you at the polls. Yet it fought for its own hand. You owe naught of debt to management, either as candidate or President. And if you did, you would still have small right to give it a White House for four years. You should begin your fame-hunt and your quest of public good by turning it away. While management has you in its vulgar fingers, you will never teach history that you are of that timber to make a President; still less of the marble from which to carve a god.

Even if you were to politically rebel against its masterful eye, management could not destroy you. And if it could? "No man," saith the Spartan, "can be truly free who fears to die." And this, if rightly looked at, points to management and applies to you. Put management from you at all hazard, and as a brave preliminary to being great.

Think of the turnspit littleness of the attitude management forces you to keep. You are made to dance attendance on its word. It packs you with that puppetry which is to amuse and please its vacation. What a prideless destiny is this! You, a President, to deck the ignorant leisure of a mere gorilla of gold! Can a winnowing future, seeking wheat from chaff, deem well of you on these lacking terms? Therefore make yourself glorious by revolt, and grant yourself a serious recrudescence as President and man. You

must revive in rebellion against management or hope of fame is gone.

You say that as a country we are making money? And if it be so, is that the whole of liberty and the last best word of life? We are rich, yes; that is, rich in a certain way of dismal disproportion. It were better were we not so rich. Of what advantage are a few more feathers and a few more gems that but wave and glisten to breed vanity in a foolish few, and envy in a foolish many? Rich, yes. Too often, however, in that gambling, workless, sudden fashion of treasure trove. To tumble to great fortune is seldom good, even for that envied one who tumbles. It is an unsettling disaster to all who look on. Let us call ourselves rich, then, and make swaggering sentences concerning it. And while we do, our taxes are growing, our debts are growing, our army is growing, our rights are going, and Money has more and men have daily less to say. Is that a burnished story? And yet, you might change all with a blow and take your place with the Immortals. Do you find no trumpet-blown inducement in such chance? Suppose your present right-journeying would mean challenge to management, and through that frame disappointment to a list of leeches? There is a money-itching tribe that bear the relation to government that wolves do to sheep-culture. They do not add to general profit, though they roll in fat themselves. Such gnawing folk are worthy no regard. Their good means public loss; a stab at them is to renew ourselves in liberty.

This is a call to duty and these be oaken words. They smell of midnight and the wick; and you should weigh them. The times grant naturalization to the

devil and make a citizen of him. He puts money in the bank and leads in politics. Right crawls in tatters to its kennel; Wrong, at pleasant ease, goes radiant of its gold. As affairs turn, the Revolution was fought too soon; Bunker Hill was premature; Valley Forge was failure and Yorktown a mistake.

XVII.

HILL AND GORMAN.

In the distracted times when each man dreads
The bloody stratagems of busy heads.

—*Othway*.

"TAMMANY HALL," observed Richard Croker, "could gain no mounting good from a White House, however much the latter might be friendly or inclined to give it aid. The organization is entirely local in its domain of toil. It must, of course, be regular; and, therefore, Tammany must work its best in a national campaign for the general ticket, and it ever does. But the New York City vote is peculiar. There are hundreds here who are against us nationally, while locally they are with us. And so, as the conflict shifts from city to country, our friends are frequently our foes; later, when the war returns to the town, they become our friends again. It is such conditions which make a national campaign nothing save a season of peril for Tammany Hall. Should the party succeed, the best we could have would amount to no more than a minimum of good to the organization; the most that we commonly hope is to escape without getting hurt."

Croker does not hunger to have prominent part in any President-making. In such crackling enterprises it ever has been that Tammany's lot in the melodrama was the blistering rôle of catspaw. Still, Croker bears steadily his burden with Tammany in

the national debate. Nor does he shrink nor seek to evade what he believes to be a duty. He is ever sincere, ever squarely aggressive; indeed, in the contest of 1900, he stood alone representative of about all the "management" the general Democracy received.

Following Kelly, when Croker took supreme command of Tammany Hall, there were two of the party to be prominent in national politics—and each had a Presidential prayer—with whom he was brought into close and sudden relations. These were David Bennett Hill and Arthur Pue Gorman. Croker, who is quick in his regards, liked the latter while he distrusted the first. When Croker was given the baton, Cleveland abode in the White House, while Hill, promoted from a Lieutenant-Governorship by Cleveland's departure to a Presidency, ruled at Albany. Hill was eager to succeed himself as a Governor regularly named and elected. It was a crisis in the fortunes of Hill. If he were not set to lead the State's ticket in the next campaign, he would go to the bottom like an anvil; the waters of a lost opportunity would close forever over his drowned head. Thus was Hill placed; and his fate was in the hands of Croker.

There were those of power in Tammany who advised against him; they wanted none of Hill. Croker stood alone; yet he had his will. Croker decided for Hill, and Hill it was. Both the records of the convention, as well as the count of ballots at the polls, display that Hill became Governor because of Croker's support. There is some shimmer of a thought, too, that Gorman, then in the Senate from Maryland, late manager of the Cleveland campaign, close friend of Croker, and with his own plans of a White House residence for

himself, had somewhat to do with Croker's choice of Hill. Be that as it may, the lapse and changes of time have rendered the event more curious than important.

Hill studied for politics as some study for orders in a church. His school was hard as emerald in its lesson-list. It taught the art of alliance, the science of combination; and it overlooked the humanities of politics. No inference of money-badness should adhere to Hill. No one, whether friend or closest foe, in maddest flights, ever fancied Hill in any dubious connection with a dollar.

Hill is unpleasant to the eye; more unpleasant when come in contact with. His atmosphere is bright but cold, as if the sun glanced on an ice field. Nor are his manners of the school which charms; he has no polish. Force seldom means polish; and Hill is force. Hill is not a general, he's an overseer; he never leads, he drives. He commands, true; but always from the rear. It is not cowardice; Hill feels the necessity of making his people fight beneath sweep of eye.

This last is because of Hill's strong instinct of loneliness. Hill knows he has no friend. He has allies, has confederates; they are such to-day and foes to-morrow; but Hill is never loved. No one will sacrifice for Hill; none die for him. Hill is no Napoleon to inspire affection in those who come about him. At the best, Hill is but a guerrilla of party—some Quantrell of politics.

Hill is honest with his adherents. Let them but conquer; each shall take his share of booty. The scales of distribution are held justly in the hands of Hill. One of Hill's tenets is "spoils." And in this

applause of the spoils system, Hill is sincere. He is not like Cleveland; to beg for men's aid, to turn his back on them in victory. Hill, while places last, gives to his followers without stint. Whatever is conquered, whatever comes as captive of his sword, is apportioned among them.

Hill had such training as the hard class-room of his time could give him. He was taught that no flower of sentiment swayed its perfumed head in politics. He learned to face his foe hardily, fight grimly to the end, and, if needs must, die in silence—mute as fox among the hounds. When he won, he was to take everything that might strengthen himself or comfort his people.

Mentally, Hill is rough and rugged; he looks a fact in the face. His plans run ever and always to a fight. This is in contrast to Gorman. That statesman seeks to attain the object direct. Hill plans to a fight; if he wins the fight, he gains the object.

Yet Hill is, after all, the creature of his contracted school. He is essentially a State politician. His policies are not national. Through every method the ward-lines show too plainly. And with this weakness of the provincial, Hill couples a lamentable failure to know men. He would quit his seat in the Senate, repair to O'Ferrall's committee room in the House, to bully that Virginian against his conscience in the Rockwell contest case. Hill had not met O'Ferrall; didn't know whether he were hazel or oak, craven or brave, a priest of peace or some fray-fed berserk. And yet in this darkness as to the character of him he was to meet, with a full-blown Presidential hope to risk, Hill went. It was a move that many a born fool would have known enough to avoid engaging himself about.

Hill had sorrow and pain as his guerdon. O'Ferrall denounced and defied him; he promised him, had the interview befallen but five years before when the O'Ferrall blood was quicker, that he, O'Ferrall, would have threshed him like a shock of grain.

Had Hill been nationally wise, in the height of his White House reachings of 1892, he would not have gone southward on a special car to upbuild fences. He could have done nothing to sooner fire a Southern distrust of him, nor breed against him a Southern opposition.

Hill in person is well fashioned. He is of height; of good breadth of shoulder. One gets the impression of physical strength from Hill; almost of physical ferocity. With black eyes and black hair—what fringe there is to hold its desperate ground behind his ears—and black coat, Hill offers a somber effect. And, with a face pale to sallowness, finishing below on a shirtfront of dead white, this somberness becomes sinister. These, added to a lawlessness of soul which lurks in the man, confer an outlaw atmosphere that repels. What is most admirable in Hill is his forensic courage; what most wonderful is his intellect. He thinks with the openness of noon. Yet, his mind is of the earth. It spreads no wings of fancy. Hill will never soar; never move one's soul with eloquence, nor write a poem.

Despite his black hair and bilious skin, when one has studied Hill, it will claim one as a thought that there is much of the old Dane about him. What a viking he would have made! How he would have worshiped Thor, held his horse festivals, and drunk from the skull of his enemy! This Norse thought may come

from the fact that Hill is destructive rather than constructive in his talents. Destruction is an easy work; a laborer of roughest sort can throw down more masonry than two hundred skilled workmen in equal time can rear. But destruction is none the less majestic and engaging. Also there is something innately popular in destruction; it tends to equalization.

While Hill's intellect dwells on the ground, it is ever swift and darting. It proceeds with the accurate power of a panther. Hill springs on conclusion, and is seldom wrong. Hill for selfish cause goes often against his beliefs. Within himself, in 1896, Hill was for Silver; for an income tax—that measure he fought so long and jealously. He was brought in opposition to these by stress of money-folk. One knows not the bond between them; one does know that the men-of-money have many times controlled the direction, though not the detail, of Hill's course. It was not money in the coarser sense; Hill is not a money-lover. Money for money's single sake is secondary. He seeks it, spends it as incident to life; and that is all. He neither keeps nor cares for money. And yet it is Money that guides Hill. And it has more often than once carried him into the wastes of political mistake. Napoleon conceded that Providence took a part in battle, and determined its close. But Napoleon added that Providence fought ever for those who owned the heaviest artillery. Hill may remember Napoleon in his strifes of politics. Avoiding a trap of what seems temporary success, Hill, doubtless, clings to that flag with money in the belief, long run or short run, that Providence fights ultimately for that party which has the heaviest bank accounts. But Hill trips himself with

error. In his never-ending arrangement of the present to bring a future personal advantage, Hill makes mistakes. There have been too many of these. Hill's end is on its way. It will come, and none will mourn him; his funeral will be as lonesome as his life.

In politics Hill is sincere without being bravely honest in the honest sense. That is the Hill flaw. Hill's conception of men is artificial; he deems each an office-hunter. He cannot be taught of that army of folk who neither hope nor hunt for place, and the sole purpose of whose voting is to promote right government among men. The great world—however unsteadily—aims at good government; Hill aims at power through the holding of high office. With each, politics is a method; but the object sought is not the same. And Hill cannot understand that probity of motive on the world's part which does not exist with himself. And so he falls wrong; and thus he ever plays and makes his game too fine. That is the truth at the bottom of the troubled well of Hill. He does not know mankind; doesn't apprehend the race in its simplicity. And so Hill fails to be with the general march; he turns ever wrong to perish in some wilderness of neglect and lack of confidence.

Hill has no true idea of a popularity. One may know this by his wifeless state. Folk will not trust your bachelor publicist. Politics is with the mass the merest condition of sentiment and the approval of a personality. Folk talk of the issue, but they vote for the man. And as a first concession to sentiment, they demand that he to whom they trust great office come with the indorsement of some woman who loves and clings to him. The bachelor at fifty is a political

suspect. The world doubts him, declines him, wagging its sage head. It loves him not. Hill, with all his sleight for caucus, primary, and convention, does not know these merest rudiments of his art of votes. No mate has borne him altarward. He has suffered for it in his career. Hill has aversion to women. The Senate, while he was there, was guarded by his order to bring him in no word from them. He would not meet with women, would not talk with them. At the most, they might see him by proxy; they might send a man.

While Hill is in retreat before woman—not the amiable rout of one bashful, but the retreat that skulks backward, shows its teeth and bristles—he will face men like a lion. And he is frank to talk. He has no confidants; none dwell so near him as that; but he will talk with a fierce indifference as to what he says that borders on the reckless. He comes readily to his portal at any summons, does Hill.

“What do you want?” asks Hill.

Propound; and he replies with directness, where others, who assume a freer air, double and deceive.

Hill is apt to speak the truth. Not from aught of moral thought; but at the worst he prefers to tell the truth and fight. His political courage is of proof. He will cast his glove in the face of triple odds.

“Hill”—said the late Senator Coke, with his queer lisp and a look of sober ingenuousness—“Hill is a wonderful man. He’s bigger than we thought when he first came to the Senate. And he’ll not only fight, but by nature he’s a desperado. If Hill had been brought up in Texas, I reckon he’d ‘a’ killed a dozen men by now.”

Coke was in earnest, and Coke was right. One might observe Hill from the Senate gallery. A love and lust for combat laired in the heart of Hill. He would engage with careless liberality against Harris and Morgan and Mills. As if the odds were still unequal to his thirst for rough collision, Hill would abruptly turn and with harshest taunt enroll Gray among his adversaries. And, more marvelous, Hill would quarrel this quartette to a standstill; absolutely defeat them into silence.

It was these Senate joustings against numbers that told much. One cannot drive Hill from a subject. He'll no more take his eyes off the *casus belli* than will a gazehound off the hare he follows. Hill sticks to the business at bay. The war itself may wander, the battle stagger to new fields; Hill will not lose sight of the issue, nor forget what called him to his arms. If a moveless courage could always attain the subject contended for, peace would ever discover Hill in its possession. Hill's assaults forensic have no furtivities of execution. He slays his rival directly in hot blood; carries forward his slaughter with all the noise and din which belong to it.

By nature Hill is a knife-fighter. The courage of a race may be read in the length of its weapons. And what is true of races is as true of men. The Roman short sword and the American bowie knife mark the highest type of fighting courage. He who wields either looks to go close in and expects to come back covered with blood. He considers not his own safety so much as the destruction of his enemy. And such is Hill. When he debates, he makes curious figure-eight movements, with his extended right hand. These are the

veriest fence of the bowie knife. As Hill scores a point, he thrusts his hand straight forward like the head of a rattlesnake. It is at such times he pierces his opponent. But Hill has an integrity in his ferocity. He is Anglo-Dane, for all his hair and eyes. He makes no ambushments; he poisons no water-holes; sets no traps nor snap-haunches.

Hill does now and then the unaccountable. He will wage a ten-year war with Cleveland, and next, for no reason one may wot of, Hill goes to a White House dinner, and then submits to subsequent Senate stultification by defending the worst measures of the Administration. Hill is not always to be understood. He has courage, he has wisdom; moreover, he is the man practical and lives unhampered of a past. Tradition is nothing to him, precedent but dust. He has no reverence, he is not cautious, and he'll clash with one or all who, for love or heavier cause, would take to the lists with him. And yet, with so much that is excellent as against the little that is not, Hill is not beloved of men. They who follow him gain no sense of loyalty to Hill. And it was written, for these reasons of no love, that Hill must fall. He will come finally to be a lone hermit of politics, a beggar-man of party, telling his beads in unanswered prayers for power. And none will visit while he lives his cell, nor when he dies his shrine.

Gorman is a different picture. With his monk's face, his repose, his quiet eyes, his chaste dignity, Gorman fills the vision pleasantly enough. Nowhere in appearance does Gorman jar on one. Physically he is neither big nor little; mentally he is much the same. Politics with Gorman is an accident and not a creed. He is a

good thinker in a way of egotism; with himself at stake, his impulse acts powerfully as auxiliary to his reason. In temper Gorman is timid and shy. But, ambitious as a Bonaparte and as egotistical, his purpose is often elevated and the game he hunts is big. Wherefore, much that he does seems daring. What one takes to be daring, however, is naught save the expression of a hunger to have, which, now and then, overrunning itself, carries him into peril.

Gorman has tact, is diplomatic—an apostle of the indirect. He is as crafty as a coyote and as lurking. And like your coyote he never faces danger. As far and as fast as he may, he flies. If overtaken or cornered, he will snap. And his jaws cut like razors. But even this snapping is defensive and ceases the moment the pressure is removed. There is the sharpest of antithesis between Gorman and Hill. Where Hill has valor, Gorman has strategy; where Hill is Dane, Gorman is Hindoo; where Hill becomes berserk, Gorman turns Borgia, empoisons a bunch of forget-me-not and sends it to his enemy with a love-note full of heart-regard and warmth. If it were the old days in Rome, and Gorman and Hill were made to fight in the arena, Hill would pick up the buckler and the short sword. Nor would he lay emphasis on the buckler; it would hang on his left arm more as a matter of form. Gorman would take net and trident, crouch as he faced his foe, and attack retreating. Gorman, as written before, is the Hindoo. And just as the Hindoo with his crafts, his opiums, his hypnotisms, his cords of silk, and his assassin's creese as crooked as his tongue, is more to be feared than some bugle-blowing champion who makes tenderly sure the enemy is wide-awake

and in array, so is Gorman more dangerous than Hill.

Where does Gorman get this trick to set snares and dig pits and hide when he hears one coming? It is due in part to an environment, in part to breed. Gorman's father was a Peter Gorman. The elder Gorman had fame about the lobbies of congresses long dead. When Gorman was twelve, his father, who was of the Republicans,—for with him, as with the present Gorman, politics came to be merely a lane to a field which one meant to sow and reap,—put him page to the Senate. For seventeen years, enrolled in posts ranging from page to postmaster, Gorman obeyed the Senate and did its errands.

In a day which stewed in its own corruption, and among men many of whom esteemed chicane, subterfuge, and direct mendacity as virtues beyond price, Gorman passed his boyhood. At an age when character is formed, and the lessons of one's life are taught and learned, Gorman had every day to fly and hide and supple himself to be preserved. No matter the oppression, all the boy Gorman could do was run. Run and keep running. Run from the shadow as well as the substance; from the true as well as the false; from the right as from the wrong—run from everything. And if pursued and overtaken, stave off execution until opportunity opened to run again. That was the boyish destiny of Gorman; the destiny of a daily fugitive. Is it wonder that he came from such school with less courage than craft, and less conscience than courage?

Gorman has no profession, no trade, and some education. His calling is politics, his purpose to hold office, his object to be rich. He has had success. He

was Senator from Maryland, and he is worth two millions of dollars. Gorman made politics pay.

That Gorman has his ways of power is shown by his passing a tariff measure and making it law in the teeth of the House and the White House. He made the Wilson-Gorman tariff with a majority of one. He had three by count; but he began by thrusting Hill—once his tool, then inveterate with mutiny against him—overboard. Gorman debarred Hill even from the party caucus. That he is master of a wool-foot cunning appears from his winning the tariff without noise, or fury, or the disclosure of his own convictions on that point of cardinal politics. No one knows, nor does his record show, whether Gorman is for protection, a tariff for revenue, or free trade. Also, Hill and a dozen others nearly burned themselves alive trying to smoke Gorman out.

That Gorman will snap when cornered was indicated in his Senate speech assailing Cleveland. And that he lacks a common courage is told when he talks with Cleveland for half an hour on the morning of the day the speech is delivered, and does not mention its approach to that President most interested.

Before he came to the Senate Gorman was limited to Maryland. Until his Senate promotion he had busied himself, vine-like, in overcreeping the Maryland Democracy, and succeeded in covering it, trunk and bough and smallest twig. Gorman was not delightful to the aristocracy of Maryland—the Carrolls, the Worthingtons, and the Pinckney-Whytes. But their systems were antique, Gorman's modern. He used telephones, telegraphs, and steam; they plodded with the old-fashioned school of horseback, saddle-

bag politics. And Gorman defeated them, walked over them, and was monarch of Maryland. Then he came to the Senate. And then it was he resolved in silence to become President. From that hour when he took his oath as Senator back in the late seventies, he held a White House in his eye.

As Gorman stood in the Senate he burned secretly to become national in repute. But wary, careful, a soul of shadows and concealments, he said nothing and abode his time. It came when, with Garfield's election to the Presidency, the fortunes of the Senate Democracy were made to tremble. Cameron negotiated a treaty with Mahone. The latter was to bring the Republicans his vote towards Senate reorganization. The Senate was in the hands of the Democrats. Mahone, for a reorganization, was to be with the Republicans; and for that work Mahone was to name Riddleberger, afterwards a Senator, to be sergeant-at-arms. Conkling would lead the Republicans in their struggle for possession.

And save for Gorman the Republicans would have conquered. With Mahone voting with Conkling the Senate would stand tie between the parties. Conkling and Cameron relied on Arthur as President of the Senate to cast the vote of decision. It was Gorman who resolved on objection. The other Democratic Senators were disposed to let the day go by default. Gorman urged that Arthur, as President of the Senate, could vote only where tie occurred on a legislative question; that he could not interpose where the question was one of Senate organization. Gorman, then young as a Senator, submitted this view to leading Democrats. They saw nothing in it. He took it to Ben Hill. The

Georgian encouraged the Maryland Beaconsfield. They arranged to oppose Conkling and Cameron.

Then began a conflict which, lasting several weeks, was terminated by the resignations of Conkling and Platt as result of quarrel with Garfield. This double stepping down and out left the Senate Republicans hamstrung; they crippled down at once and their fight was lost. Gorman gained fame in this *mêlée*; he exulted while he thought of it as a step towards the Presidency.

But such is the irony of life that this triumph of Gorman was to have much to do in promoting that one of all who for years stood in Gorman's path. Over in Buffalo, Cleveland as Mayor had backed ignorantly into a contest for the right, and won. John Kelly and Richard Croker reached out for Buffalo's Mayor, then brilliant with advertisement, as a candidate for Governor. Civil contentions, which racked the Republicans as corollary of the Conkling-Garfield trouble, weighed in for Cleveland to a degree which made the majority by which he was elected over Folger seem almost foolish. And at this point, Cleveland, Governor at Albany, and Gorman, with his new laurels in the Senate, began to make one another's acquaintance.

Gorman feared Cleveland from the first. None knew sooner than Gorman that the wave which bore Cleveland into Albany would land him high as the next nominee of the party for the Presidency. As this was secretly the Gorman ambition, it is not hard to infer that his heart did not yearn over Cleveland. But he dissembled, gave his hope a recess, and with a sigh turned in, in 1884, to name Cleveland, and by victory or defeat dispose of him and dismiss him from the

programmes of politics as soon as ever it might be done.

Cleveland was nominated for the Presidency. Gorman, who had fame for dexterity in practical politics,—with the face of a prelate and the heart of a privateersman,—was put in front of the forces of the party. The Republicans, however, were not disheartened by the Conkling-Garfield dissensions of the years before. They proposed Blaine, their best and greatest, and went behind their guns with the cool valor of buccaneers. And they all but won.

Blaine lost New York—the White House key in 1884—by fewer than two thousand. And that leader who defeated Blaine was Gorman. The Maryland manager turned the currents in the last hours of the conflict. He saw the trouble; he called on Baltimore for money; he got it to a sum without a name. Thus equipped, Gorman poured that balm the wounded hour called for into the lower wards of New York City; and when the mists of doubt were blown aside success was his. Gorman had made Cleveland President.

When one cannot be a king, one should be a Warwick. There are grace, luster, and riches in the part. If one cannot be the throne, be the power behind the throne. Gorman, after victory, made no doubt of his influence with Cleveland. He was the Scipio who had commanded success; he had fiddled it out of the fire; he was entitled to a White House latchkey. It should be his voice in the closet, his whisper on the backstair.

Gorman craved three things. And they were denied. Cleveland refused Gorman; and was so roughly plain, withal, that the situation, assenting to no obligation,

admitted of no hope. Gorman made no more requests. True to his education, Gorman was patient under insult, meek under the whip. His hates did not foam; his resentments were without a tongue. When friend or flatterer condoled, he shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands, talked benignantly of party welfare, and stood as model for the Magnanimous. He foresaw that Cleveland would be renamed in 1888, and as far as he might, and wear a dignity, he assumed to favor it. He busied himself for the common good.

Cleveland was candidate a second time, and Gorman helped. It was Gorman, when Silver had captured the Committee on Resolutions at St. Louis, and the Committee's people were on the borders of a report declaring for "Free Silver, Sixteen to One," who sat quietly down and talked them out of it. Smooth as honey, suave as cream, Gorman laid the cold finger of his policy on Silver's adherents, and they yielded. They would have rebelled against one less softly deft. Gorman purred them to a standstill; it was Mesmer in politics.

Cleveland and defeat agreed in 1888. Long before, however, Gorman had begun to construct Hill. Not for the good of that vigorous person, but for Gorman's. He proposed to take New York from Cleveland with Hill. He worked on Hill and builded him, brick by brick. Hill was not strong with Tammany, he had cheated Croker and the organization; there was no pipe-line of concord or confidence between them; nothing but dislike. Gorman, on the other hand, while running the first Cleveland campaign, gained a hold with Tammany and Croker which few could master. Gorman made Hill believe that he was to follow Cleve-

land in the White House. There was no moment when Gorman planned anything of the kind. Gorman privately proposed himself for the White House; Hill was to be his stalking horse.

After the defeat of the party in 1888, Gorman began collecting power. The Force Bill came along to give him a lift. The mad Republicans all but made his fortunes with that measure of black sin. Gorman, following 1888, saw that Cleveland was as feverishly for a third nomination as he had been for a first and second. At this, he went in with Hill more deeply; he double-moored New York to their ambitions, bow and stern; he did not leave Cleveland so much as a cobweb of influence with the party in his own State.

To have Hill more at his whisper and beneath his eye, it was Gorman who told Hill to come to the Senate. From 1888 to 1892 it was Gorman, not Hill nor Cleveland, who was potent with the New York City Democracy. It was Gorman who invented "snapperism"; not Hill. There was the Richelieu! "Snapperism" would defeat Cleveland of his State's delegation, while it destroyed Hill with the country at large. Two birds, one stone!

Propagating power wherever chance opened a way, it was Gorman who made Crisp Speaker in 1891. Mills was the Cleveland selection. Gorman brought Hill, Tammany, Maryland—every factor he could call his own—to the help of Crisp. Gorman made Crisp Speaker just as in 1884 he had made Cleveland President. Is it not strange that Gorman can so triumph for others and so fail for himself? It is because Gorman has perfect courage where another takes the risk.

It is when he must hazard personally the pain and shock of downfall that Gorman wavers. It is when he must go in person with the rush, and chance lance-thrust and saber-work, that his lips whiten, his eye falters, and his heart faints. It is then that he hasn't that sandstone courage to call down the last grand general charge required by success.

There was a ludicrous incident which happened during Gorman's plotting for a Presidency. His tactics—and they were native with him—were to make the nomination seem to “seek” him. He would not confess himself a candidate. The Senate was a Gorman hotbed; Hill had no adherents there.

But a change was about to be forced on Gorman. Brice, Morgan, Cockrell, Pugh, Vest, and others of similar pinion, all for Gorman, all inveighing against Cleveland, demanded that Gorman be announced and appear obviously a candidate. They insisted that he openly accept the situation. They argued that Hill could not withstand Cleveland in the country, while Gorman could. But they needed the Gorman consent as well as the Gorman name. With the mass of Senate Democrats the cry was: “Anything to beat Cleveland!” They compelled Gorman's acquiescence. To save his sensibilities they arranged to “force” a candidacy upon him; they would shove him from shore against his will.

It was a well-known orator of the middle West who was to launch the Gorman boom. He was not of the Senate. Gorman was to give a dinner in honor of this orator. His Senate supporters would be present. There was to be none not a Senator, save the guest of honor—who was to declare for Gorman in an impassioned

speech, to which others would offer oratorical addenda full of fire—Crisp of Georgia and the Speakership, and Compton of Maryland.

It was a splendid conception, with a dinner and a possible President in it. On the evening arranged the guests drew together full of appetite and hope; that is, all except the guest of honor. He was missing, and his absence spread a chill. The others waited; at last they sat down without him. As they battened gloomily and silently, a carriage drove to the Gorman gate. No one got out. A search party—a fashion of steering committee—developed the guest of honor inside, in a state of abstraction. The guest of honor was brought forth and filed away on a sofa. The banquet proceeded drearily. No one volunteered to make the speech of the unconscious one; no one demanded Gorman as a candidate; no Presidential plausibilities were unpacked.

While Gorman was chagrined at this outcome of a feast from which so much had been hoped, his sly spirit felt, with it all, not a little relieved. In silence he could now go forward with his sapping and his mining and his tunneling and his Hill pretenses; and that was more to his taste. Gorman multiplied his efforts to clutch the nomination. He persistently refused, however, to become an open candidate for convention favor; he never failed, to the public, to deny his ambitions in that behalf. Hunting it as game never was hunted before, Gorman still sought to preserve the appearance of a nomination hunting him.

Gorman went to the Chicago convention of 1892, a full-fledged candidate, but undeclared. Hill's coming defeat was already apparent. Gorman's friends took

with them twenty thousand Gorman badges, silk and gold, great and little. These were to be flaunted opportunely and explode enthusiasm. They were drowned in Lake Michigan, and never got out of their boxes.

"If the New York delegation," said Richard Croker, "could have gotten away from its instructions and dropped Hill, we would have beaten Cleveland and named Gorman. But Hill insisted on the delegation wasting itself on him. It was Hill who nominated Cleveland."

Whitney, as cunning as a Mazarin, was there for Cleveland; and the wide-flung sentiment of the country was for him. This unfortunate popular last fact became patent more and more. Someone suggested a quiet "count of delegates." This was three days before the convention came together. Each State headquarters was visited. There was a covert, but thorough, poll. It disclosed that Cleveland did not have the imperative two-thirds; and that Gorman was stronger than Hill. And still the cry was, "Anything to beat Cleveland!"

It was Gorman who broke. Gorman, losing heart, made his decision for Cleveland. But in its first stage Gorman kept his Cleveland mood to himself. Following the "count," Gorman disappeared. No one found him for two days. On convention morning, Whitney—who was Reynard the Fox for that convention—was out in an interview, saying that "Gorman was for Cleveland, always had been for Cleveland," and expressing amiable contempt for dullards who had believed anything else. Contemporaneously Gorman appeared at Whitney's elbow, pegging away for

the ex-President. Cleveland was named on the first ballot, with Hill sticking to the end.

Gorman, in his way, at sightless midnight and by the left hand, is great. He has done wonders of politics and legislation of the fog and spun-glass kind. How does Gorman work these marvels? By a craft like unto that of Mephistopheles; by a talent for diagonalism—a genius of the indirect; by a faultless capacity for making one believe that one's own best interest lies the Gorman way. Gorman is weak and wonderful at once. Gorman is as the vampire bat, which, wanting strength and courage and power for war, still inhabits earth and air and night and day, sucking gentle blood with safe indifference from lion and from lamb alike.

XVIII.

BRYAN AND A PRESIDENCY.

Be brave then ;
For your captain is brave, and vows reformation.
There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny.
The three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops,
And I will make it felony to drink small beer,
All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey
go to grass.

—*Jack Cade.*

THERE are more good lives lived than written, complains Carlyle in effect, and then goes forward to belabor a German person of bad luck who has offended him with an unhappy biography of Jean Paul Richter. What Carlyle writes is highly the truth. The Scot might have pushed forward another rood or two and said that, compared with lives as lived, no good life will nor ever can be written. What is here set forth is not in defense of the present, which, making no pretense to a granite gravity, is a study, rather than a story, of Richard Croker. But to take up again the crabbed line laid down by Carlyle: It does not conform with the possible that between the charged and crowded covers of a book aught liberally better than glimpses of an individual is to be obtained. If one's whole true life were printed down, with all one felt and meant and lost and won and did and failed to do, each day would claim a volume to its record. Every sigh would own its paragraph, every tear take up a chapter in its telling.

Johnson once said, in an earlier day of that worthy's siege of his society, that did he believe Boswell intended to write his Life, he would assuredly prevent the outrage by taking Boswell's. The dour Carlyle almost laughs at this, and intimates some aid to biographic literature had great men acted on Johnson's epigram and butchered their historians before the latter got to work. Carlyle selected his own Life-writer, and gave to Froude, in advance of his demise, whatever of those bricks and mortar he would want as material for his building. And at that, it's to be misdoubted if Carlyle would not wring his hands in a very protest of agony, were he here to regard and pass upon the finished work.

In his assaults on the criminal German aforesaid, assaults which were to be the excuse for himself writing a sketch of Richter, Carlyle set forth with fine, though inferential, scorn the method which the caitiff Rhinelander, telling of Richter, pursued. From some Index of Great Names he culled the date of Richter's birth, and from the newspapers fixed his death. Then he fought through ranks and double ranks of books, and clipped unsparingly each paragraph which carried Richter's name or made a least of reference to him. These were then jumbled together in a hodgepodge of glomerate confusion, to have that place in literature which in architecture is occupied by Stonehenge. The German has no notion of perspective, and grants space equal and alike to a two-weeks' jaunt into the country and a sickness of fifteen years. Also, he is abrupt in his transitions, and in a paragraph confers on Richter a wife and a trio of weans. In the next, or nearly the next, Richter dies; a

sentence gapes unexpectedly beneath him like a trap door in the "Vision of Mirza," and Richter is gone. Only for the moment, however; like Harlequin in the pantomimes, he but descends beneath the stage to return plungingly through a clock-face the moment after. Carlyle does not like this, and fingers the poor German with epithetical severity.

It is by no means sure that the scheme followed by the German, and over which Carlyle pouts so rancorously, would not produce a sterling story of its man. Once I looked over a "Life of Jesus Christ," constructed by Thomas Jefferson on precisely that plan of clip-and-paste. It was made of excerpts from the literature of a half score of countries, and displayed the Galilean in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic. By those who could read it, the word was unanimous that this mosaic of Jefferson's offered the best biography of the Saviour yet extant. And there wasn't an original line by Jefferson.

Carlyle in his grumblings is not to be minded too much. Carlyle was an oak tree with the stomach ache. There was something innately wrong with Carlyle and his machinery, for he lived to be eighty-six and still never witnessed a day pain-free and whole in its happiness. His capacity for gloomy contradiction appears in his daily forebodes of nearing death. Ever dying in thought, he lives on and on, full sixteen years beyond the given limit.

And Carlyle might have been more cheerful. Biography, for all he says, becomes better—or has during the last century—much faster than the individual. When the progress of humanity is considered, it does

not impress one by its extent. Steam? and telegraph? and telephone? say you. That is not progress, it's discovery. Or should you insist, call it a progress of the physical. In astronomy, geology, electricity, mechanics, chemistry, medicine—arenas of discovery these—we have progressed. But on the moral-mental side—the side of ethics and of the abstract—we have ever been much at a stop. The mental-moral eye is dim; the bodily vision keen; daily we discern more and still more of the physical, though little, if any more, of the psychical.

How long is it since man first tried to pick the lock of futurity and make purchase of the tales to come? And yet after centuries of peering, spying, and foreseeing, one can't certainly foretell one's own story for those sixty seconds next beyond. One knows no more of God, nor is one nearer God, than were those other ones an age of eons gone. Is the finite to know the Infinite, and is a foot-rule to measure space? And our theology is not more sure than was that of our slant-skulled forefather who went clothed of a sheepskin and a club, ate his meat raw, and saved his fire to pray to.

Seize on the last four hundred years; compare the progress of the physical with the march—if march there has been, and not a stolid squatting on its haunches—of the moral-mental. Give a short regard to medicine, an ensample of the physical, and measure its oncomings.

“If to-day”—said a New York City physician, of abundant patients and sufficient fame—“if to-day I were to practice my profession as I did a score of years ago, I would be jailed for malpractice. And a score

of years ago had I practiced my profession as I do to-day, I'd have been jailed for malpractice. So much has the world of surgery and medicine turned over in twenty years."

Consider what is done with drugs, and temperatures, and surgeons' knives and needles and antiseptics. Compare the present with remedies sovereign in the time of that great Galenist, Gervase Markham, who was in his pride three centuries ago. His was a practice wherein folk drank sand in wine for dyspepsia and called it "pebble posset." The Water of Life, which if one took "he might walk safely from danger by the leave of God," was compounded of twenty-nine garden herbs, to which were added "a fleshy running capon, the loins and legs of an old coney, the red flesh of the sinews of a leg of mutton, four young chickens, twelve larks, the yolks of twelve eggs, and a loaf of white sugar all to be distilled in white wine." A powder of pearls, amber, and coral was given for consumption; while others, for the same malady, preferred "cock-water, the cock being to be chased or beaten before he was killed, or else plucked alive," and then distilled. A cordial based on garden snails and earthworms, "about a peck," was used for dropsy; and aches of the sinews and griefs by sprains were reduced with "oil of swallows" obtained "by pounding twenty live swallows in a mortar," with as many roots. For epilepsy "a mole . . . dried in an oven whole as taken out of the earth and administered as a powder" was the remedy; deafness gave way before an oil, the result of "a grey eel with a white belly inclosed in an earthen pot" and buried alive for fourteen days. "For a stitch in the side," prescribed the scientific



GROVER CLEVELAND.

Markham, one might "look when you see a swine rub himself, and there upon the same place rub a slick-stone, and then with it slick all the swelling and it will cure it." Cæsar was bald and bewailed it. The conqueror might have grown hair like a Sutherland had he but fallen in with Markham, and learned that all one had to do was grease one's depilitated poll with an ointment confected of "garden snails plucked out of their houses and pounded with horse-leeches, bees, wasps, and salt an equal quantity of each"; or, if that were not to please him, then a potent hair balm might be gained by "drowning in a pint of wine as many green frogs as it will cover, setting the pot forty days in the sun." Such was medicine in a day of Shakspeare. Lay it by the side of present practice and decide how far we've come.

And, having done so much for physical progress, place beside Bacon, Raleigh, Sidney, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Lyly, Spenser, Jonson, and More, the best thought of poet, moralist, publicist, and philosopher of now, and show wherein the moral-mental has advanced. Since the Roman builded Watling Street, and the Saxon inhabitants of Britain, with bodies hand-painted a beauteous blue with the dyes of woad, stood watching, the race has traveled far in the sciences of communication, transportation, and dress. Also, the Atlantic liners are a great tree to grow from such an acorn as that pitched and wattled coble, big enough for one, of coastwise England, ago two thousand years. Those are great strides; but they mark nothing save a progress of the physical. Not that one grieves thereat. One is simply trying to reach a fact, not find a fault. The physical is first, the moral-

mental second; if we cannot progress on both lines, but only one, then, for comfort and the race's sake, let it be as it is—the physical.

Do you say our laws and schemes of government have progressed? And now we've but added another to improvements physical. Our laws, which are but the uttered detail of our government, were, in abstract, thought and talked and written and dwelt upon in every age of which we know the story. The theory of a republic is as old as the hills; indeed, there have been ever republics back, back, back in the dimmest distances of time. It is only the practice that with us is new. And whatever of progress is told by it, like medicine, like railroads, like boat-bulding, it is a progress of the physical. Improvement in law—a betterment of government—does not declare a moral or mental advancement. There exists ever a tacit resistance to oppression, and the birth of a republic means no more—even though it be the better government—than that through some accident of crowned weakness, or mayhap some power of geography, as was the case in our own Revolution, the republicans asserted, conquered, and afterwards sustained themselves. England and Germany are monarchies; France and America republics. Yet it would be difficult to show, speaking of the mental-moral, wherein the standards of the two latter are higher than those of the others. Mexico is a republic; and in thought, morals, and the spiritual, she cannot contest with those monarchies named. And Germany comes almost to be a tyranny at that.

Take the immorality of drunkenness. Folk are as drunken now as in the time of Hengist. Alcohol is ever suicide, partial or complete as one drinks less or

more. No one doubts this; least of all the one who sells and he who buys and drinks the poison. We make laws thereat; but one may not uproot a habit with a rule nor fell a tree of appetite with any ax of statute. There is, in an item of drunkenness, no progress of the moral-ethical. Nor is there like to be. It is the age of avarice; of commercialism and a mania of money. Where there are a buyer and a profit, there also will be a seller and a sale. And so the traffic in hell-water goes on; and its litter—whereof the pedigree should read, “out of Alcohol, by Apollyon”—of crime and misery and degeneracy, is daily brought forth in our midst. Does such promise a progress of the moral? “Wine makes a man pleased with himself, which is no small matter,” said Johnson to Boswell, as the two defended tippling. Johnson was a false donkey; he might have said as much of insanity in more than three-fourths of its expression.

What is the trouble? It is the hour of commercialism, an age benumbed of commerce. Deadly to the moral-mental withal, it is still no mark of genius, and hardly one of commonest wit, this making of huge money. Such feats of riches come rather from a red-squirrel bent to hoard. The red squirrel, with a brain not to fill a thimble, will hoard you away each autumn enough of nuts to save a dozen red squirrels through a dozen winters. The wolf, sagacious, strong, and a menace, too, lays nothing by; he pulls down each day’s beef each day. And yet is the red squirrel wiser than the wolf because of a bushel of acorns?

Commercialism sways the scepter, and your modern Alexander is the “business man.” How may one know him? By his coarse complacency of face, with its

prim trimmed beard of mutton-chop; by a spirit like unto the spirit of pork; by a soul the height of his counter. There is the Produce Exchange—a body of immortal hucksters; there is the Stock Exchange—a body of immortal gamesters; there is the Chamber of Commerce—a body of immortal Tories, who give Anglican dinners and drink “God save the King”; these be all, all “business men.” The term “business man” is become a first potency in education, theology, politics, society, where you will. All must hear, and all obey the “business man.” It is decidedly a Dogberry instance of “when I do ope my mouth let no dogs bark.”

There is but one fellow to the “business man.” In the Eastern Faraway lies dreamy India; hot, dark-eyed, and inert. The native is timid and retreatingly weak. His courage is as dusky as his skin. In the groves about the native villages dwell colonies of grave gray apes. They come whence and go whither they list; they enter the huts of the villagers and help themselves. They take as they please; and no Hindoo may club nor chide, nor thwart them, nor call to see the color of their apeships’ money, for, lo! these apes be sacred. These are the “business men” of India; and they bear resemblance to their brothers over-seas. Commercialism and the “business man” are foes to enthusiasm, to imagination, to art, to poetry, to literature, to everything but commerce. They dam all streams save streams of trade. They make a commodity of the sensibilities, and feel gratitude by the gallon, and are torn with love by the yard.

One shudders to remember what a critic will say who has read this work thus far. One may hear him

curse behind his beard and demand what have these meanderings to do with the story of Richard Croker? Let him growl and grind. When one goes grouse-shooting, one goes for the feel of the grass underfoot, the quick taste of the air, the greenery of the woods, the tree-talk of bough against bough overhead, the blue of the sky, the bosk and the gum-smells of the thickets, the lipping and chafing of the brook against its banks, as much as ever one goes for grouse. And what care we for critics! What is a critic? A critic is he who finds fault with you for doing something he could not do in a way he would not do it if he could. Am I clear? "Clear as mud," say you. Thanks! my spirit wraps itself in your assurances as in the very silks and satins of satisfaction. One is safe who holds of critics as Sterne wrote of them.

"'Their heads, sir'—quoth the author of *Uncle Toby*—'their heads, sir, are stuck so full of rules and compasses, and have that eternal propensity to apply them on all occasions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than stand to be prick'd and tortured to death by 'em.'

"'And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?'

"'Oh, against all rule, my lord—most ungrammatically betwixt substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach, thus—stopping as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths by a stop-watch, my lord, each time.'

“‘Admirable grammarian! . . . Was the eye silent? Did you look?’

“‘I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.’

“‘Excellent observer! And what of this new book?’

“‘Oh, ’tis out of all plumb, my lord,—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles of the four corners was a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, my lord, in my pocket.’

“‘Excellent critick! . . . Grant me patience, oh, Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting! I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horse worth riding on, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author’s hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares he knows not wherefore.’”

What is the balking trouble with this chapter? Why does it not get on? or why refuse a destiny and avoid its work? Wherefore does it dawdle, and delay, and wax vociferous over nothings like some hare-brain canine barking at a knot? The key to the entire worry lies in the fact that my intelligence isn’t halter-broken; it won’t lead.

When I sat me down on the doorsill of this chapter I first had Bryan in my mind. Then my thoughts took unexpected wing and covered what of this chapter has already gone before. Then my conjecturings turned again to Bryan; only for a moment. From the Nebraskan they roved to Hill—Hill who was sedulous to hide his light beneath a bushel of jealousy in 1896, to let it shine again in 1900 because reflection

warned him that he was but four years distant from 1904.

Next, my idle thoughts began to circle and sail above Hill's lack of gratitude to Croker, and the eyeless, bat-like characteristics thus betrayed. Croker gave Hill his nomination for Governor, and then gave him his majority at the polls. And yet from the day Croker made of him a Governor, Hill did what he privately might to discourage, divide, and disperse the power of Croker and break down Tammany Hall. This was green and hateful ingratitude; and with nothing for its parent save a cheap envy of Croker—for no interests, political, or otherwise, of Croker and Hill could have possible collision—it had, as a sentiment, no least sustenance of common sense. Also it pointed the poor judgment of Hill. Had he been skillful of men, he would have known the formidable character of Croker, and passed him by with his intrigues. Croker made Hill Governor; later he sent him to the Senate; and one may suspect for no other reason than, as much as he might, to be rid of Hill in New York.

Thus, I say, did the eddies of my thought swirl touching Hill. Then, of a sudden, they slipped away anew; they deserted the contemplation of Hill's fatuous ingratitude, to reflect on his personal appearance. My thoughts dwelt, I recall, on Hill's mustache and scheme of face as shown in his shaving. Then they moved to a general survey of faces and beards, and with the counsel of experience made wondrous deduction. My thoughts—they had won beyond any rule of mine—insisted that the manner of one's beard, and the clip and style of one's apparel, were signboards of char-

acter; that externals told the story of internals, and garb and make-up were outward indications of an inner man. Do you discover a gentleman with a red hat-band? Be sure there is another inside of his head. Are his clothes extravagant of color, kind, or cut? Some garish excess that lives within is pointed to. Are garments slop-shop, and trousers of ill fit? They prove the soul inside to be a sloven, and tell of morals baggy at the knee.

And next my rambling cogitations picked up this subject of beards again. They whirled and tossed it for their own amusement. There are but two human faces in Nature; one is smooth and one is full of beard. When one, with shears and blade, betakes one's self to an improvement—for so one deems it—of one's natural visage, results will ever speak the secret of one's self. The full beard betokens manhood, honesty, simplicity, and withal an uncleanness that misfits with modern times. Given manhood, honesty, and simplicity; with a white fineness of fiber added, the man mows his whole face smooth. The mustache has manhood and a spirit to be military behind it. The mustache was born of a day of armor when helmets denied accommodation to the beard. It is the disaster of the mustache that it is common behind every rum counter of the land. Your mustache, found in convoy of a full, long, and abundant sidewhisker, argues a weakling vanity, no stubbornness of manhood, and a fervor for the feminine which is never deeply returned. Those little broom-beards to cover the chin, while the cheeks are shaved, when linked with a mustache, promise selfishness, craft, cunning, and no fine loyalty to friend or principle. It is the instinct of conceal-

ment which frames and cultivates this beard; it is an ambush behind which the wearer's words may lurk and hide. The broom-beard, unaccompanied of the mustache, proves a steady, pains-taking avarice which will follow a dollar to the prison door. There it will pause. The broom-beard of either kind recounted is never worn save by folk of commonest clay—it voices an unfineness. Its wearers, however, will generally be “respectable,” because they will always be discreet. The business “mutton chop” has had a prior mention, and there need be here no addenda to former words thereon. Then there is the fop's face, which finds assertion in the tenderly clipped Van Dyke, or else those wee, waxed mustaches to go with the heroes of hectic romance. One might write days without end on beards. Those imitative beards, snipped in patterns of a Prince of Wales; or those mustaches, turned up and flanged like a buzzard's wing because a Kaiser does it, would keep one's pencil to the laborous treadmill of a month in descant on that sterile brain which prompts them. It was thus my thoughts gamboled and rioted, and would not be driven in the legitimate service of this book.

Following the settlement of all things earthly concerning beards and raiment, my conjecturings next gave way to a half-melancholy doubt. They reproached me with a willingness to lay a too-much importance on outward signs and symbols. As though they, my vagrant thoughts, were not the ones guilty, and had not done the whole without consulting me! They warned me not to repose in judgment on a bare appearance. They spoke of whited sepulchers; and even recalled me to that beautiful trumpet flower of

the tropics that closes on, imprisons, and devours by ghoulish suction the humming bird which visits within its vampire cup. I must not, said my thoughts,—which having renounced my guardianship of them, were now to pose as guardian to me,—I must not let simple appearance carry me too far. My theory of a story told by looks was an inantherate; abortive, sterile, with no chance of a descendant honest child. My thoughts went so far as to attain me of a point of view. You are disturbed and discouraged by a gorilla, and do not like his looks, said my thoughts. And yet that is because of your point of view. Without question your gorilla is a fine character, if taken purely on a jungle basis. One never hears of your gorilla swindling and cheating and oppressing his fellow gorillas. Also, he exhibits his gothic manhood when after supper he sends his wife and children into the topmost branches of the ancestral tree to pass the night in safety, while he with his club slumbers doughtily at the foot, ready for any or all who shall threaten his household.

Next, my thoughts declared that no one may make a rule which will fit mankind. Humanity, if crack and crevice go no further, at least parts into a duo of classes, just as do animals; one being wild and the other domestic. There are, urged my thoughts, people of two kinds, the sheep people and the wolf people. One class drifts in flocks and lives in comfort; it is first sheared, and then eaten, and always owned. The wild or wolf class lives hard and free; its member dies defiantly and alone, none knows when nor how nor where; and no one owns him. With such a variance in the plain natures of men, it is the limit of risk, so said my

thoughts, to attempt conclusions as to Jones because of discoveries touching Brown. One might be wolf, and the other sheep; one a flesh-eater while the other dined on grass; one be a slayer and the other a slain.

And this while, mind you! I was trying to coax my errant intelligence, together with its thought-foals, into the harness, to the end that these pages be rightfully plowed and planted. My thoughts seemed to weary down a bit following that hyperbole of wolf-and-sheep, and I all but had them by the forelocks. And, indeed, it was not long thereafter when I did squarely herd them into the fence-corner of a fact or two, and effect their capture. Probably I will have blame for this mental runaway. I ought not; I couldn't prevent it. The disaster wasn't even preventable. Good folk, honest folk, will exonerate me in the business. Only madmen and "reformers" demand the impossible and abuse one when it isn't produced.

When Richard Croker was given charge of Tammany Hall following Kelly, not a member of the organization held an office. Tammany was "out" in the absolute sense of the word; the dominant powers of the party (local) were inimical to the Tiger's people. Croker met this opposition with conciliation. And beneath the conciliation dwelt a sure cunning. Croker's first move was a surprise. He got up one early morning and named the best man of his opponents to be the head of the Tammany ticket. This action shook up the faculties of the enemy; it amazed and dismayed him. In four years Croker, by arts of conciliation backed by a velvet force, had brought the discordant elements of the Democracy together under

one banner—the banner of Tammany Hall. The Irving Hall and the County Democracies, and what others there were, disappeared; exhaled beneath the rays of Croker's rising policy and were taken up and absorbed by the older organization. Under Croker's chiefship the Democracy carried for eight years the city and did not lose it once. The first stumble was in 1894; Tammany was routed and its enemies had possession of the town. The year before this disaster, however, Croker had laid down his leadership and retired to quieter fields. Not for a quartette of years—not until 1897—did Croker resume any active Tammany command.

Cleveland went to the White House for the second time in 1892. For the four ensuing years, had he been guided to his work by the very demon of the Republicans, he could not have more completely wrought the dismemberment of the Democracy. At the close of his term the national convention of the party, representing in its vast majority a hatred of Cleveland and all his ways, gathered itself together. In this convention there were no managers, for the party had cast off those who, in the traditions of politics, should have been its captains.

It was at this moment that the star of William Jennings Bryan showed over the horizon, and began to climb and burn in the party heavens. Bryan was chosen by the almost unanimous voice of this convention to lead in the campaign for a Presidency. Bryan created himself with a speech. Hill, too, had gone to the convention with a harangue in his pocket and a hanker in his heart. But Hill, with a usual infelicity, maneuvered himself into early disrepute; his chance, if

he had one, was lost. Bryan, more dexterous, and the abler, better man, succeeded. Bryan also had his oration and he delivered it. The convention was inflammable. Bryan touched it with the torch of his "Crown of Thorns" and "Cross of Gold," and for reward was fairly conflagrated into nomination.

It is worth observe that those who now read Bryan's speech on that fire-swept occasion wonder at its tameness and fustian character of commonplace. Amazement arouses, and asks how an effort, so obviously mediocre, could so blaze in its results. The answer is ready and valid enough. Oratory is of the audience rather than the orator. Take a cold bar of iron. Lay it on an anvil, and smite it—hammer it as you will. The off-come is clamor—a clangorous horror of uproar. But heat the bar white-hot. Lay it again on that same anvil, and with the same hammer strike that selfsame blow. Instead of clangor, the result beautiful is a fire-shower. And on the hot and spitting iron remains the deep mark of your effort. And so with oratory; with the bar as audience while the hammer is the speech. And so with Bryan and that Presidential nomination. It was your pat occasion when man and hour meet. The convention was at white-heat. Bryan laid it on the anvil of opportunity; struck it with the hammer of his rhetoric, and the rest is known to all. And yet, as said before, it was the audience, not the orator, that furnished the eloquence.

Bryan's career, impossible in any other land, offers all that is sharp, ardent, and eventful. Bryan began his public work in 1891; five years later six and one-half millions of voters sought at the ballot-box to make him president. During the Fifty-second Con-

gress the tariff affairs of the Democracy went staggering. The "popgun" bills that Springer framed had neither dignity nor tone. They were sneered at by Democrats and scoffed at by Republicans in every high and open place. It was not until Bryan made his first tariff speech in the House that the Democracy took heart and regarded life worth living. On this tariff occasion the Republicans, with the cynical Reed, were there to carp, and say sharp things, and ask sharp questions, and make evil interruptions. One after another the orators of the Democracy, some of them old in conflict of the forum, were riddled by Reed's sarcasm and made to fly. Crisp, in the chair, was in despair. At last, Bryan was sent into the thick of House storm. He came with the advantages of a musical voice, a bright eye, and a pleasing personality. Nor did he talk long before he developed that he was not alone fair of his English, but had therewith such command of the subject as belongs only to ones who have burned the lights of studious preparation. Bryan's speech was the event of the session. Every thrust of Reed was parried; every blow was stopped and countered. Time and again the "Big Man from Maine" was made to draw back, discomfiture in his face, while the House howled. For a new man—a young man, one who had not talked five minutes in the House before—the feat was as a feat of wizards. At the close, Crisp and the fathers of the forum congratulated Bryan; and even opponents, while disagreeing, came across and shook him by the hand. That speech saved the House Democracy, and fixed forever Bryan's standing as a master of forensic fence. What was to be applauded most was the stability of the man;

no more to be stampeded than a stone wall; no more to be put to flight than a tree. In the Fifty-second and the Fifty-third Congresses Bryan was in the forefront of party movement. In his second Congress, while still a member of the Ways and Means, with Wilson at the head, he not only made the leading speech for the Wilson bill, but a speech so elaborately complete for Silver, that Culbertson of Texas, himself the gray, wise Nestor of the House, said: "That exhausts the subject. It's the best possible setting forth that the cause of Silver can have." During his Congressional life Bryan led up the forces for low tariff, Silver, fought to repeal the National Bank acts, and consistently aided Hatch to pass his Anti-Option. On appropriations Bryan was against extravagance and lived the persistent champion of economy. With his own people he was always a leader, and the Nebraska Senators came often to the House to gain his views. Bryan was a Presbyterian in religion. He was frequently in the pulpit as a lecturer. Politically, he refused no call to speak. He once addressed a course of preachers, and then talked politics from a rum-shop bar on the same day. When the house held a Sunday session, Bryan left his seat for an hour to lecture on the divinity of Christ in a church on Capitol Hill. Bryan in habit was decorous and well within the moral line. He had no redeeming vices. Bryan prepared a speech with care. He wrote it, pruned, pared, and rehearsed it. He said once that he would no more speak without preparation than he'd plunge wingless into an abyss. Bryan's life was quiet, except so far as he disturbed it with pilgrimages of politics. He had no circle of friends, made and received no

social visits. He was in no sense a lady's man. He was not a rose of society. In dress Bryan could not have been called a fop. Neither would he have excited the cartoonist with any Greeleyan degeneracies of raiment. His garb was modest and of dark reserve. Bryan would have won no notice for the clothes he wore. In epitome, Bryan was the West. His life was simple; he made up existence meeting men, reading books, making speeches to further his political ends. Bryan served two terms in Congress without a mark to his discredit; and failed of re-election through an over-production of Cleveland. He was not a Mugwump, not a Populist; but a Democrat who got his inspirations in a party past. No one need blush for Bryan. He was as good a Democrat and as true an American as any who ever bought a bond or owned a bank. Bryan was in person of middle height, strongly and stockily built. His shoulders were broad enough to excite the approval of a wrestler; his chest was as deep as that of a race horse. Nor was he overabundant about the waist. He looked what he was—a man of health and perfect physical power. Mounted on Bryan's square shoulders was a square head. His hair, black and recalcitrant rather than docile, defied brush and comb, and tumbled and tossed with a spirit of its own. This wayward black hair, coarse as a pony's, would have given Bryan a shaggy effect were it not for the relief he brought the situation by completely shaving his face. No beard, no mustache, had the freedom of Bryan's countenance. Every trace was mowed away with the light of each new day, and when the world saw him, he was as smooth as a curate. There was nothing soft, nor yielding, nor effeminate in Bryan; nothing of the

flower. His eye was dark, his complexion swarthy, with the British, not the Spanish, swarthiness; his nose an eagle curve, his mouth well widened and firm, and the whole based on a jaw, the seat of strength, and as square-hewn as if cut from Devon rock. Bryan's instinct was conservative. He went not easily to the new. Like all well-balanced, well-built men, Bryan was a creature of his environment. He was for a low tariff; yes. He was for free silver; yes. Because they were as naturally a Western product of principle as was corn a natural product of the soil. There would be neither truth nor justice in picturing Bryan as some Danton, or some Robespierre, the apostle of disorder, bound to cast all into chaos and then cement chaos with blood. Bryan was not of that school. He was wise, faithful to a trust, honest with the probity of the sun, morally as well as physically brave, and as much the patriot as any. It skills not, aids not, yields nothing to the safety nor glory of the gold or any cause to belie this man. Give him his due, and tell of him the truth, as one would had he come from the East instead of the West, and been able to show a railroad or a bank in his pedigree. His honesty, his patriotism, were not to be impugned. What he asked for was proper subject of debate, and perchance refusal; but the man himself was no more to be corroded than gold, no more corruptible than a diamond. Personally, Bryan charmed all who approached him. None who knew him refused him respect. Bryan was of the old party, and in him the careful searcher would have found a renaissance of the ancient Democracy. It was excellently in Bryan's favor that he was founded on himself. No coterie controlled him. All there was of

Bryan was Bryan. Bryan was what folk call "magnetic." Men liked him. He was pleasant to the eye, to the ear, and soothed by his presence and never troubled. No man saw him in a passion. He was cool and of a cautious temper. No flush of irritation reddened his cheek. He was of poise; and his emotions sat steadily, as became those of one who, with care for himself, ate thrice a day, laughed at dyspepsia, and slept soundly of nights. Bryan was well, even highly, educated. He had quarried books and tunneled learning with any musty professor of them all. More than books, he had studied men, and their lives were his lessons. He had a memory like unto wax, and what he heard or read or saw remained with him. Bryan was not so profound as quick; and with an intellect, rather military than philosophical, he made weapons of all he knew, and every scrap of learning belonging to him was at hand to be defensive or offensive, as his swift aptitude for combat might decide. It is not too much to say of Bryan that the arena of politics presented no one of that day who, with fuller information, more pleasing address, more ready eloquence, and a quicker wit, could cope with and overcome him. Bryan was these things excellent. Also, Bryan was defeated, which is not so good. Bryan, in 1896, should have won. He was beaten by a lack of party discipline; by a plentiful want of wisdom at the headquarters of party. There was too much of the camp meeting, too little of the military, in Democratic management. Like a mob the party went to the election; like a mob it was met and routed.

XIX.

THE REFORMERS.

One might live without raiment, and live without food;
And live without evil, and live without good.
One might live without laughing, and live without sighing—
One almost had said, one might live without dying—
But who is the man who could live without lying?

—*Queries of the Practical.*

LET us go backward a pace. Cleveland, following 1892, directly and indirectly fomented Mugwumpery and anti-Democracy in the City of New York. In a personal sense, at least, your fault-finder should not for this tilt with Cleveland and break lance of wrath against him. Cleveland for that second White House owed nothing to Tammany Hall. Wherefore, always sour, ever personal, and never generous in either a spirit of party or of public, Cleveland strove his deadliest towards the destruction of Tammany and the New York City Democracy as then was.

There is an element of politics, self-styled "reform." It is opulent of numbers in this town. Its leadership is much in the fingers of a parcel of outcasts of all parties and politics, and a ranting circle of dominies, crazy of notoriety. These trouble-makers, under the warmth of Cleveland's favor—for he coddled them as ones hateful of Tammany—began to stir and swell. Also, in the accident of general feeling, the town met your "reformers" halfway,—the grain stood ready nodding to their sickles of lunacy and disappointment.

The town was eager of "reform." That is, the public, never careful of its nomenclature, called it "reform."

This sudden gush of goodness on a people's part is a phenomenon frequent enough. Like those trade cataclysms termed "business panics," it will fall out about five or six times in a century. Both are seasons of hysteria; one of commerce, the other of morals. It chanced to this town as a community to have moral hysteria in 1894. And being of this regenerate temper—a temper which, to the discouragement of theories as to an immediate near millennium, never lasts—the public, as stated, met the "reformers" halfway.

To you who for any purpose may be a student of communities, here is a sentence of advice: When a town demands "reform," it does not mean reform. It has only bungled with a term. It does not yearn for moral change; it desires, rather, some mitigation of immoral expression. It objects to refuse in the street; privily, it does not object to refuse in the back alley, where it never walks and seldom casts its eyes. Towns are like drunkards: they encourage and request some reason-limit of restraint; but, with the last word, they no more want reform in fact than they want burning at the stake.

"I would sooner part with my fortune than my vices," said Colley Cibber; and cities and Cibbers are much of a sort.

Your casual and not over-interested citizen is much justified in discounting the true inwardness of that reform which inhabits the mouths of professional and incessant "reformers." Folk, whether they know it or no, boast themselves, as a rule, for attributes and feelings and resolutions whereof, compared with folk

voiceless touching the same, there are least of traces in their breasts. Your brave man never names his courage; your honest man is dumb as to his integrity. And communities, in these habits of self-glorious announcement, are exact with individuals. When you invade a region which boasts of its hospitality, have a care that your purse be well bestowed with money—you will pay for what you get. Boston, now that slavery is departed by edict of a Kentuckian born and bred where slavery was an institution—Boston, now that “Abolition” is an accomplished and a fashionable fact—vaunts herself as the first cradle of black freedom in this land. Within the eighteen months next prior to Lincoln’s election, however, the Concord clergy and the town’s “best men” besought Thoreau not to speak in approval of John Brown or a palliation of his eccentric liberalisms; while in Boston, Wendell Philips was being mobbed and his assassination conspired, for preaching “Abolition,” and Andrews, Governor, was, in that peril, refusing Philips the common shield of law. The Pilgrim Fathers and their now descendants tell loudly of their love of liberty for all. Yet it is none the less a truth that when the passenger traffic in pilgrims ran low, the *Mayflower* was turned into a slaver; and instead of Standishes and Bradfords, and Winthrops and Aldens, brought over fettered and screaming dusk cargoes to moan and toil and know the name of freedom never more. Throughout the North, one hundred years ago, slavery flourished. It was put away; not for that it was some devil’s sin, but because it didn’t pay. The immorality of slavery was a Northern afterthought.

Take the New England otherside. That region was

never known to brag the courage of its people. And yet the Yankee is as dauntless as any who sailed with Francis Drake. The Yankee will ransack the Arctics for whale; he will rock for weeks on the misty, wreck-sown Banks of Newfoundland for cod; he will go anywhere, dare anything in hunt of fortune or to have his way. And your Yankee goes blithely to blood. Within weeks following the opening gun of our Revolution, the British were driven from New England; and for the seven troublous years to ensue, never an Englishman was to make a track in Yankee land. It was, with the exception of a British ten minutes in a Connecticut port, to be the same in the War of 1812. Does such immunity from English fire and sword relate no story of the Yankee? And New England was the sentimental as well as military point at which England should have struck. New York City's record is abject by the side of Boston's. This town surrendered to every hostile body who came up the bay. Any fishing smack of determined violence could take the town, and did.

Twice England invaded seriously this country; and both times of set plan of conquest. These schemes of invasion were alike. The base was Canada; and the line of English triumph was to lie through Champlain and along the Hudson. It was easy and simple in theory and on a map. It would have been in fact, were it not for the Yankee. In the Revolution the English died at Saratoga with Burgoyne; in the last war they were sunk in Champlain; in each adventure the folk who met them were four of five the Yankees. The New England man is a bold and desperate soldier. The more so since his strifes have ever a fiscal

side. He takes a set of books to a battlefield. As he wheels a battery into position, he opens an account. He charges himself with the powder burning, credits himself with the enemies slain, and while the fight pays three per cent. he keeps it up. New England never boasts the courage of its people, and yet a deathless courage is the overtowering attribute of the entire tribe.

Folk who, in politics or private life, are wont to exalt their virtue, may wisely be distrusted as ones bankrupt of true virtue. Sometimes such are hypocrites, sometimes only fools who fail themselves to know. This is true of "reformers" and "reform." Your clamorous reformer is seldom in public earnest, and never a public good. Moreover, he is powerless for any bleaching change. For reasons of a profit of money there is to be no soon disappearance of vice. Vice will continue until, commercially, vice, like slavery, does not pay. There's a shrewd tribute in rents, and in goods and wares purchased and consumed allowed by vice to coffers of general trade. Commercialism—that pastor to a flock of profit!—that religion of your "business man"!—will ever guard and shepherd vice in favor of its rich and final fleece.

In 1894 the town fell foaming in a fit of sentiment; it was pinched of a transient repentance. And it threw itself, sobbing, into the laps of those "reformers," above described; and whom, like the poor, we have always with us. The "reformers" took, and Tammany lost, the town.

It was prior to this by about a twelve-month that Richard Croker resigned his chieftancy of Tammany. For thirty years he had stood in the storm for the

organization. He was weary and craved rest. There was, however, as he retired, the lamp of one determination to glow in his resolves. Those friends who had been as the power of his arm, and who were to be left behind, must be preserved. They were not to be hereafter crushed by the organization in new and perhaps jealous hands. That was Croker's compact with himself.

Croker pitched on one, Sheehan, to succeed him. Sheehan was skilled in politics, albeit—though not without a foxish strength of his own—weak, compared with Croker. This Sheehan choice of Croker's was not popular. The "leaders" were against it. But Croker insisted, and by a composite of cajolery and compulsion, Croker, as usual, made his way. Sheehan was decided on, *vice* Croker resigned; all answering "Aye!" save the obdurate John Scannell, who, for forty years, had been Pythias to Croker's Damon, and who, in the face of Croker's pleading, voted "No" to the last. Sheehan now at the helm, Croker sought England, and an ease *cum dignitate*.

Croker was gone from the command of Tammany Hall four years. His absence, however, in its true effect might best be understood. There was not, during those years, a moment when the throttle and the levers of complete leadership were not within his reach. He had but to stretch his hands to have them. And this, as one read before, was for the conservation of those who had been his strength in peace and tempest both, and not once faltered of their faith to him.

It was no fault of Sheehan that "reform" beat down the town in 1894. Nor should the defeat of two

years later, when Bryan lost New York City by some twenty thousand, be charged to Sheehan; Bryan (locally) was fair impossible. Croker, had he been to the fore, might have held the city situation; for his personality—as exhibited in 1900, when with no better Bryan and no worse McKinley reasons offered than were shown four years before, Croker in the saddle brought up the town for Bryan by near thirty thousand—is worth a difference in favor of Democracy of twenty-five thousand men, or fifty thousand in majorities.

Still, while honesty will not lay on Sheehan those defeats which smote the Tammany Democracy in 1894 and the trio of years thereafter, it cannot but be admitted that the Sheehan hold on Tammany was not strengthened thereby, nor was any organization confidence in Sheehan's favor thereof generated. And thus stood affairs in Tammany, following the Bryan disaster of 1896. The Wigwam entered upon 1897 with Sheehan in command, but with his grasp of both men and matters Democratic much shaken and enfeebled.

That Croker at this time was not far to call is beheld in this: As early as February of that year, Croker was on ship, to sail again for England. Sheehan sought him and his counsel.

"Whom should it be for Mayor next autumn?" said Sheehan.

"Van Wyck," responded Croker; "Van Wyck is the man you want. He has the three things that Tammany most requires in this year's contest; brains, courage, and integrity. Name Van Wyck."

In February Croker had already re-assumed in fact the post of leader of the organization; an assumption

which, because of Sheehan's later sly conspirings, was nine months afterwards to become as obvious as it was actual.

Sheehan was too small a figure for the supreme seat of Tammany Hall. He fell beneath the harrow of events. Nevertheless, from any view of justice and disinterest, Sheehan was not at fault and had no chance. Deluged by defeats over whose causes he had no control, torn by an ill fortune that belonged to the party at that time and not to him, disliked and disobeyed by the full one-half—at least eighteen—of Tammany's "leaders," had Sheehan been Philip of Macedon, still would he have been swept down.

Finding himself sinking, Sheehan made a mistake. Instead of discerning the source of his weakness in himself, and in the situation whereof he was the arch's too-small keystone, he believed that Croker was secretly pinching off his buds of power. Sheehan should have had more wisdom. A half-sagacity would have told him that Croker, strong enough to put him where he was in the face of protest, was quite equal to the mark of puffing him from the scene with any breath. Sheehan believed that Croker worked against him. Thereupon Sheehan began the transaction of some milk-and-water chicanery against Croker.

These trivial small conspiracies of Sheehan evinced themselves in coldness towards and interference in disfavor of folk who had been of Croker's Life Guards. The darkest might have foretold the outcome of such action. And Sheehan had had his warning. At a dinner of the "leaders" on the last day of Croker's active rule, and when he passed his baton to Sheehan, Croker, after demanding of each present in

the name of what friendship he might hold for him (Croker) to yield a best obedience to the new captain and strengthen and uphold his hands, said:

"There is but one thing which will bring me back to any active part in politics, and that is the safety of my friends. Now that I put aside my command of Tammany Hall, and step down into the ranks of the organization,—now that I end my leadership in politics and leave the field,—I leave behind me those whose friendships, in every stress, and through every strain and danger, have never failed me. Nor will I while I live fail them. Whether it come in one year or in ten, and though I should be at earth's most distant end, so sure as one of these shall need my aid, I'll come to help him. And so I say to you. And so I say to this man," and Croker laid his hand on Sheehan's shoulder where he sat at table next him, "whom you have made your chief."

This is all of Sheehan; let him be dismissed. Nor should judgment torture him; Sheehan is better than his story. Therein, however, he is not alone. "The evils which men do live after them." None is so bad but he is better than his biography. Even one's best friend never knows one's best nature; how, then, is he to tell of it? The same is true of peoples and of periods. All history, as written, comes to be naught better than the gutter of time; the beautiful and the best of an age are never found therein—only the age's drainage.

Richard Croker returned to power in 1897. It was for his friends. He came from England in the summer. There transpired then a curious show of the tremendous hold of Croker with the men of Tammany

Hall. No word preceded him; he asked none to meet him. Debarking, he went to his hotel. There was no syllable of suggestion, or request, or command, to issue from him; nothing save days of silence.

With the coming of Croker, Tammany stagnated. There was a profound halt with nothing certain but uncertainty. Then twenty-two of the thirty-five "leaders" together called on Croker.

"We want you to come back," they said.

"Are you here as my friends and acquaintances, or as 'leaders' of Tammany Hall?" demanded Croker.

"We come in our characters of 'leaders.'"

"There are twenty-two of you," observed Croker. "Am I to understand that the thirteen other 'leaders' object to your request?"

"No," they replied; "thirty-three of the thirty-five want you to return to your old command of the organization and take charge of this campaign."

"Tammany's wigwam is in Fourteenth Street," retorted Croker, and his glance was hardened in rebuke. "What have you, as 'leaders,' to do on Murray Hill? Has the organization been put on wheels since I left, that you trundle it about the town? Go back. I will come on one condition. Your chief—who is not with you—must write me asking my return."

Croker resumed the guiding staff of Tammany Hall. His sway was more absolute even than before. The political outlook demanded work. The "reformers" were in the wheelhouse of local domination; they swarmed in every corner of city mastery. But they were to be beaten and scourged and driven from the temple. Three years before they had gone to power with a majority of seventy thousand; they were to suffer

deposal by almost eighty thousand. Their reign, wrenched and racked with wickedness, could be tracked by that dripping corruption which attended its every step. Deformation civic and not reformation had been the harvest of them.

Croker adhered to his February thought and put up Van Wyck. It was an inspiration. "Greater New York" had had Republican construction. This, between the parties, was to be the first duel for its rulership. Under all the circumstances, fighting on a new and larger field, and with the untested machinery of the just-built greater city to set in motion, Van Wyck was a best nomination. And Van Wyck, with Croker's hand on the tiller, came through to victory. Tammany had been redeemed.

Van Wyck, as Mayor, is one in whom a people may not only have a confidence, but take a pride. As Chief Executive of the city he makes a safe and graceful quantity. Van Wyck is not old; he lives still on the sunny side of middle age. He is wise, ardent, industrious, and of severe integrity. Van Wyck hates a rogue, loathes a Pecksniff, and has scant patience with a fool. His Democracy is rock-ribbed. There is nothing of the water-color in his politics; Van Wyck is a partisan. For Republicans he has no agreement; for Mugwumps no mercy. Jefferson would have adopted him; Jackson taken his hand. He was one of the best of jurists; he is better still as Mayor. The office will wait long at the gates ere a wiser, braver comes to fill it.

There is that which is exemplary in the manliness of Van Wyck. He grows to a principle; welds himself to a friend. He will stand by both to the last. In this

busy, crowded hour, when egotism rules and every man is his own North Star, few there be to wholly know and appreciate Van Wyck. The city was new; the charter was new. There were jealousy and no love between the threescore and ten communities which had been herded hastily together to become "Greater New York." Van Wyck was the first of his line. He had no predecessor whom he might follow; no precedent whereby to walk. The charter, like his office, smelled of the glue and varnish of yesterday's construction. Yet, *sans* jolt, and friction, and loss, the times have gone with a suave accuracy and a soft and carded strength that most towns miss.

Van Wyck's administration has been a marvel of city management. Not only was the town new; worse—it was bankrupt. And yet, where has there been loss? or failure? or falling away? or retrogression? Every interest has been defended; every prospect fostered; the town has not only held its ground, it has gone forward. Criticism, hate-tipped, cannot point to a disaster. Honest, stern for justice, stubborn for the good; it is of such Van Wyck wood a world, when wise, makes Presidents.

However, he is worth most where he is. Wildly as it may assail the ear as statement, a Mayor is of more real and potent moment than a President. The world is a fool misled by glitter, deluded of a noise. Rightly viewed, from the grounds of immediate citizenship and man's daily life, a City Hall is greater than a White House. Ordinances are more cogent than general statutes, and the Mayor who vetoes or signs the first, of an interest more intimate than that President who vetoes or signs the others. By the same word! a

Congressman is of less concern than a Councilman who legislates to your doorstep; a supreme judge of no such weight as a Magistrate who fines you for not cleaning your sidewalk, or a policeman who warns you against obstructing the street. Your city rulers are your real rulers; while a President is, in truth, as far away and cloud-wrapped as the tyrant of some dream.

Following this contest of 1897, which had for its end the avalanching of the Democracy upon its enemies, and a Tammany retaking of the town, Croker seized a first occasion to be publicly heard. It was by way of interview in a leading paper:

"We have just ended an election," he said, "and the Democracy was successful. In face of reason, and justice, and good sense, the opponents of Democracy made me 'the issue.' Every untruth was told; every epithet to which slander could lay the malice of its tongue or bend its pen was flung against me. I said nothing during the progress of the campaign; I have lived in New York City for fifty years and was willing to let reply to the injustice of my enemies be made by the people at the polls. My vilifiers have been confuted by a plurality of almost eighty thousand. And now that the fight is done, and Democracy has triumphed, there is a word for me to say. There has never been a specific charge of wrongdoing to be laid at my gate. Slander was ever general, and never pretended to state a venal fact against me. It will be seven weeks before the new Democratic administration takes hold. Meanwhile, the opposition, and particularly those folk who were most active in their press and on their platforms in defaming me, have all the public records in their

possession, and hold every office—city, county, and State. Let them dig in their records and hunt in their offices. If I have wronged the public in any least degree, the records *must* show proofs and traces of it. Let these people who have made these wrong charges point them particularly out. Seven weeks is ample time. They owe it to themselves, as well as to the public whose money they draw as salaries and have taken an oath to serve. They have all the machinery of State and local government; the Governor, the Mayor, the sheriff, the district attorney, the juries, the detectives, the police. They have the comptroller's office and all the records. Let them now show, in at least one instance, directly and specifically, where the public has suffered so much as an ounce of loss through me. Their failure shall mark their tales as slanders and point to them as ones who bear false witness."

In 1898 the Democracy, with Croker in conduct of its energies, reswept the town against Roosevelt, justly far and away the opposition's most darling figure. Croker held the town by nearly ninety thousand. Save for rogueries rural, and a worm-fence desertion of the party, Croker would have carried the State. Roosevelt, with the fresh and smelling glory of San Juan blood upon him, succeeded in the whole State by fewer than nineteen thousand.

In 1899, under Croker, the Democracy again kept New York County by seventy thousand; while in 1900—with the dragging handicaps of Bryan and Silver both—the party with Croker controlled the town by twenty thousand.

It was Bryan and McKinley for a second time in



DAVID B. HILL.

1900. The latter, plastic, ductile, docile, safe, had pleased his party's magnates well. He had been sweet to management. He owed everything to Hanna, and he paid in full. Reed was possessed of a precise thought when, in response to query put just following McKinley's first inaugural, he said:

"Hanna run for the Presidency in 1900? Why should he snatch at the shadow when he has the substance?"

McKinley is the middle size of man. He is passive; he is acted upon and does not act. He is prudent of himself; nor over-sensitive. He strikes poses and becomes a picture. He shrinks from the new. He sees nothing that has not been seen, hears nothing that has not been heard, finds nothing that has not been found, says nothing that has not been said, thinks nothing that has not been thought, knows nothing that has not been known, does nothing that has not been done, and would neither eat nor breathe were there not precedent for each. He is a peg of a President on which Money hangs its hat as it sits down to the conduct of government—a snubbing post to which all craft, pirate and merchantman, tie up alike. Is he honest?—yes.

"There are different kinds of honesty," quoth Morrison, once of the Ways and Means. "There is this man McKinley; he's honest. There was Randall; he was honest. And, for myself, I reckon I'm honest. But there is this difference. If I were to fall into bankruptcy, no rich men would pay my debts. If I were to die, no rich men would present my widow with one hundred thousand dollars. I'll tell you why. My sort of honesty never did that sort of fellow any good."

XX.

THE TRUSTS.

For Falsehood now doth flow,
And subject's faith doth ebbe;
Which would not bee if Reason rul'd
Or Wisdom wove the webbe.

—*Percy's Reliques.*

BRYAN was beaten in the second campaign as decisively as in the one before. The "business interests" were afraid of him. Most men, and peculiarly "business men," with that unintelligence to which the mob seems grafted, think they are electing a god rather than a President—a god whose power, like a Gorgon's head, could, did he care to exercise it, turn them into stone. They should ruminate a bit; the President is not a legislative body. And, if he were, one cannot enact "prosperity" by terms of law. The world has "good times" and "bad times," and commerce its tides to come and go. These are, so to say, as an aspiration and an inspiration of trade,—a business breathing, if you will—and have no more to do with politics than with the pastoral rite of sheep-washing in Ettrick's distant dales. The President, building the nest of his ambitions in the White House to hatch the eggs of his little policies, is like a bird similarly nest-building in the top of a tree; and one has not more to do with any following "prosperity" or its bankrupt absence, than has the other with that year's crop of nuts. But "business men" don't know these things.

That "management" of a national Democracy in 1900 was of the camp-meeting character of the prior campaign. This did not make for loss, however, as Democracy was doomed in advance. Bryan was beaten by bad management in 1896; in 1900 Bryan defeated himself. Bryan mislaid the issue.

In practical truth, and beyond a simplest campaign purpose, issues do not count. Nobody in or out of office heeds the issue after an election. One has warrant for this: In 1892 a President was elected on a tariff issue; and to please the banks he called an extra session for finance. In 1896, a President was elected on an issue of finance; and at the request of manufacturers he called an extra session for tariff. And thereat the peasantry seemed pleased; at least there was no complaint; wherefore, as said before, one may assume that after an election an issue doesn't count.

But before an election, and in the shock of parties, issues are tremendously important. And Bryan turned up the wrong lane. He struck for Silver; an issue live and real in his first battle, but surrendered and departed from by the masses in 1900. Bryan planted himself on Silver. He should have had more of the education of events.

Silver, finance, is (to use a colloquialism) a hard-luck issue. It is a raft, or a breeches buoy; to be popular, the public must first feel itself wrecked. The place to look for an issue is not your pocket, nor the selfish plans of politicians hoping place; the issue is found in the question of the people. Bryan didn't realize this; he adhered to Silver and was buried with it—buried Presidentially for all coming time.

Bryan's error was grown of a multiplied experience of cheap men. He had met many men; but not the right men. Bryan, for four years, met only those who came to him. Such offer but a meager and misleading course of study. One learns little or nothing of folk who come to one. Emphatically is this true of those about whom there has been much of talk and uproar. By advertisement of their powers, or fortunes, political or otherwise, certain men become raised above the rest. There they stand like lighthouses; and flagrate with this oil of ink, they shine attractively to moral bats, and all lunatic fowl of politics, and insects of mental night. Thus it was with Bryan. Those who came, and hung, and fluttered in his face, and whose squeaking cheeps, and buzzings filled his ears, told him no wisdom, endowed him with no thought. This ruined Bryan; just as a similar siege of wittol admiration broke down Cleveland in his second reign. Bryan did not meet, and talk, and mentally hug and wrestle with the right folk. And thereby he missed the issue, and the Presidency.

No man is original; none a law unto himself. There is no such thing as a tub on its own bottom—it is ever a borrowed bottom. To have ideas, a man must scratch himself like a match against another man. Sparks come only from sharp collision and brisk contact; never of themselves. Next to meeting men, read books. Books for wisdom; men for collecting a flow, a flash, a dash, a vividness of spirit. Were I called to conference with youth ambitious of a greatest destiny, I would talk like this: Meet men. Dress well. To mount in life you must meet and deal with men; and you are to rise or fall by men's impressions of you. A first im-

pression is the impression important—it will wear and last. And folk are reached most deeply through the eye; the ear is but a poor avenue for one's approach. Would you know the difference between the ear and the eye as conduits of impression? Listen, then, to a tale descriptive of one who has been run down and crushed by a street car. You will feel the conventional horror; then, in a moment, the picture has faded from your mind. Be an eye-witness to some such grisly catastrophe. You will fall sick, lose appetite, start in your sleep for months. Dress well as a method of beneficial first impression, and to lure the favor of the other's eye. Be certain of the definition of the phrase "dress well."

"He was so well dressed," said Alvanley, "that everybody turned to look at him."

"Then he was not well dressed," retorted Brummel. And the Beau was right.

One will not sooner enlist the antagonism—aye! I had almost said the hatred—of a stranger, than by some bright extravagance of dress. It is an animalism; but one should reflect that men are only animals; one must be on the watch for animalisms. They are more dangerous than intellectualities, and must be dodged. Refuse all fantasticisms of costume. You may try this on the dog. Select some sedate, common form of dog. Walk him for a mile along the street. A dozen dogs will see him and bestow upon him no violent attention. Tie a red handkerchief about his neck. Those dozen dogs will assail him out of hand; they will comment on and criticise him with their teeth. They resent the red handkerchief. Once a friend refused a business transaction with a person, much a

stranger to him, but of good repute. Both lost thousands by that negative. I asked my friend wherefore he turned his back on an arrangement so manifest of profit. He said that he despised the other man. Pressed for cause, he at last reluctantly confessed that his antipathy was born of the fact that the first time he saw the one in question the latter had a broad red collar of silk about his neck, upholding, low on his shirt front, a massive gold medallion, the badge of some foolish order of American "nobility." My friend had loathed him ever since; he preferred a loss of thousands to the torture of a ten-day business conjunction with him.

When the sun has gone down wear dress-clothes. Evening clothes are the most democratic of uniforms. They are rigid, and put a limit on extravagance. They are a palladium; they prevent the billionaire from blotting one out with an opulence of costume. They are a best bulwark of Americanism.

Avoid clubs; join some good chophouse. Clubs are clearing houses of inanity; seminaries where dullness is taught as an art. You will find no giants there. They are but shallow waters; clubs are not meant for any swimming of big fish. Clubs are designed to exclude opinion, and by a spirit of social elimination include "respectability." Go carefully with this last term; it is a most determined cheat. Clubs offer but two advantages, and these are such only to folk who feel their want. They present a privilege of gambling without fear of the constables; and offer the opportunity of over-drink with a least risk of disrepute. They never help and always hurt. Join some superlative chophouse. One meets everybody in a chophouse; any-

body in a club. The first is preferable; one gets more for one's conversation.

Meet the best women. Women, beautiful and brilliant, shape and polish men, and give them an air and an edge. You can't see too many wise and beautiful Hypatias. Men are quicker, braver, wittier, better, in the presence of a woman, just as the male bird, in those seasons when he seeks to engage the approval of the female, takes on a livelier note, a brighter color, and a bolder strut. Meet as many beautiful and brilliant women as you can; seek for them as for lost treasure. Each is an epigram. Marry one, if she will. You will secure counsel and a dignity thereby. And you will not become that moral, mental, physical quicksand called a bachelor. There is no respect for the bachelor; nothing save suspicion. He is a blow aimed at the race. He has the place in society of a fox in a barnyard. It has been ever so; it is human nature. Dercyllidas was a brave soldier of Sparta; but Dercyllidas was a bachelor. When a youth refused to give him a seat, with the remark, "No child of yours will ever make room for me," the youth had the applause of the elders.

Have no vanities, exhibit none. Strive to understand the word. Long hair on a man proves vanity. Short hair on a woman, or a gown of ostentatious plainness, and a bald pattern, as though designed to fit a billet of wood, is evidence of vanity. Moreover, it tells of a vulgar vanity—a vanity that almost crowds to immorality. Greeley was, in his way, a fop; Diogenes, in his tub, a prig. They were both slaves of vanity—the conceit of the studied uncouth.

Vanity is various and wide-flung. One meets with

vanities of all kinds. Once I descended upon Concord where Yankee, when time was, met Briton in a first discussion of the Revolution. I came not there in any way of idleness; I was sent to write and to work. My business was to engross what thoughts might come of those literary great ones whose memories were as that hamlet's halo. Of these ones of renown there had been him to stand above the others. I had read his words. They were heavy with a phrase-haze and a fog of spirit, yet alight and thundrous of the thought, storm-born. Titanic figures showed dimly in them, like mountains in a mist. It was as though afar and beyond and behind the horizon of his being there had dwelt a world of mighty ideas, whereof a mirage was again and again projected into his brain—the formidable shadows of majestic things; but, alas! like all mirages, upside down. And he would describe these visions. Multitudes read his writings; for while one felt the confusion as of one standing on one's head, yet they had their charm.

This pen-Thor was long dead before my time. But his home of former days was there, appointed and furnished as he had left it. I would see this home; it would waft me an inspiration. The spinster daughter of our god departed occupied the house. She was of years, and I fear me soured of a ferment of time and too much singleness. I sent her a note, and begged for five minutes of that house whenever she should say. Also, as displaying faith, I disclosed my mission of the magazine. That letter would have won me audience of the Pope. For a later purpose of initial, I will miscall the god "Oak"; and his descendant spinster, "Mistletoe." I had this reply:

"Miss M. must excuse herself from receiving any call. Miss M. requests Mr. L. not to name her in his Concord article, as she is a private person. Mr. O.'s biography is in the public library and will tell all that is necessary to know about him."

This was vanity,—a discouraging case of vanity on the maiden's part,—a vanity which denied a plain right of the public and of mine. Also, I had said naught of mentioning "Miss M." in any article. The god, afore-said, had of his own choice kicked and pounded with his pen-hammer at the front door of general notice until a good-natured world unbarred and let him in. The public clapped fame on his crest, and gave him wealth. This note of Miss Mistletoe was not a way wherein to entertain the honest approach of a curiosity which her parent god had personally planted and nursed. I wrote the following rebuke, in which I endeavored in my fashion to propose a question of much fine personal right. It was my hope that the Concord School of Philosophy might be trepanned into taking it up in debate and so wreck itself as on a rock:

"Mr. L. re-presents his compliments to Miss M. and thanks her for the note. Mr. L., in deference to Miss M.'s request, will not name her in his Concord article. Mr. L. is driven, however, to say that he holds Miss M.'s request unjust. Miss M. has perfect right to her existence, and to see or not see people as Miss M. may be pleased to determine. But Miss M. has no more right to the *fact* of her existence than has Miss M. to the tracks she made in yesterday's snow. It is anybody's, everybody's to remember, dwell on, mention,

and revere in any proper way. Mr. L. will not elaborate his theory and weary Miss M., but rest content with its statement. Mr. L. is confident that Miss M. will, in her thoughtful seclusion, one time justify it; she may even conclude in the premises that her request smacks of advertisement and the prayer of the Pharisee. Mr. L. will still remain the servant of Miss M. in his disappointment."

There was, to my note, no reply; I was treated with merited contempt. Neither did the School of Philosophy break its discussional shins thereon. I still contend, however, that the barred and bolted attitude of Miss M. was born of vanity and nothing else; and I warn that youth with whom I now converse, and for whose enlargement I have prevailed on myself to relate this painful tale, not to unbend in any like poor conduct with Miss M.'s, should he one day be similarly placed. Miss M. is in the wrong. There she sits; gnawing the nail of her vanity, blocking the way to a shrine.

Don't be ashamed to accept this counsel, oh, youth! Jupiter, himself, was raised on goat's milk. Incline, therefore, your further ear. Be a gentleman. One speaks not now of that wasp-waisted gentility that founds itself on golf, and polo, and automobiles, and single-stickers, and four-in-hands, and which boasts as best acquirement a graceful ability to pick up a lady's fan, or that weird sagacity which knows the confusing fish-fork from its fellows as our gentility sits down to dine. That gentility demands as its foot-stone a dead and hopeless middle-ness, moral and intellectual, which it is to be thought you've missed. No; one points

rather to another gentility, flower of a much-wisdom, a stalwart sympathy, and a kind probity of heart. One piping critic—a callow creature this, of hollow chest and hollow head and hollow heart, and of a manhood as sallow as his cheek—one piping critic, I say, complained to me that Croker was not, as he expressed it, “a gentleman”; that is, he had no pink-tea graces and would expand to nothing ornamental as an element of cotillions. Sappy was right; and yet should he be instructed: Genius is never a “gentleman,” as Sappy struggles with the term. Cromwell was “no gentleman”; Napoleon was “no gentleman”; our own Grant adorned a line of battle rather than those ranks of social tinsel styled “our best.”

In matters of even a slightest concern, for one may never foretell a final magnitude, approach decision with caution. And never decide in the night. Plan in the night as much as ever you please; but reserve conclusion for the day—resolve only when the sun is up. The night is a season of impulse—a reckless time. Darkness calls to the predatory in man’s nature—calls on his inner wolfishness to rouse itself. The going down of the sun promotes the crime tendency in man. Congress should never sit in the night. The moral tone is at its lowest, charity is diminished, the sentinels of one’s better soul are heavy and somnolent, and even Justice nods—in the night. The larger share by three-fold of all the blood and horror and tragic atrocity of the French revolution found decision in the absence of the sun. Wherefore, though you may consider in the night, conclude only in the face of day.

Shall you travel widely, do you ask? Travel is of no such mad and boiling commandment as the example

of idle rich ones, desperate of much wealth and running from themselves, might teach one to believe. It is better to read a book than see a city. There is a regional sameness wherever you go. As ever it is hill and vale and grass and tree and lake and river, with the same sun swinging in the selfsame heavens overhead. He sees as much who bides at home. Old Whittier had it right:

I know not how in other lands
The changing seasons come and go ;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow !
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates ;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveler's tale.

Yet on life's current he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails ;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer !

The eye may well be glad that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall ;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind ;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

Thoreau would not go to Paris, for he couldn't

spare the time from Concord and Walden Pond. The Thoreau precedent of home-staying is not bad.

Never ride when you may walk; eat thrice a day; sleep eight hours; and meet *men*. Also, carry a book about you. Some storm may blow a fool upon you, and the book shall be as a harbor and a haven where you may ride safely out the tempest. Carry Lamb's "Elia," or Bacon's "Essays," or More's "Utopia," or Plato's "Republic," or Bayard Taylor's "Echo Club," or Thackeray's "Rose and Ring," or Virgil's "Eclogues," or Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age," or Shaftesbury's "Characteristics," or Gay's "Fables," or Heine's "Ballads," or some such printed gear. These are all to be had in baby volumes—little and light and fitted to a pocket. Any one of them is a perfect bombproof from the devastating fire of a fool. Some natures—morbid, sensitive, haunted of ghosts—may shrink from a ruthless going among men. There are such shaken folk. Coleridge was one of these. He couldn't bring himself to open a letter, and would let one lie for untouched weeks as if it caged a cobra. Collins fled from London, raved if he but heard men's voices in an anthem, and went mad among rural graves. These children of the morbid and De Quincey strain are the ones of all who should mingle broadly with men. There is a sanity in much meeting of men. Only meet men enough, and one will gather to himself a happiness, a soul-health, and a good fortune allowed to dwell with none save the Hyperborean.

Bryan misunderstood the issue. Bryan fought for Silver, and finance in 1900 was not the question. The appeals of predatory wealth—the Black Sanctus of Money praying to the devil—had been rewarded with

the Trust. And the question of the Trust was in the hearts and on the beating lips of common men; it was Trusts they would have answered; Trusts were the issue. And Trusts are like to be the issue these rolling many care-trodden years to come.

Clisthenes invented ostracism for the Athenians. He, of Athens, who by money or intrigue made himself a common menace could be exiled by popular vote. There should be a next amendment to the Constitution arranging for an American ostracism. There are one hundred folk of whom it might be said that were they thrust forth from a residence, debarred our courts, and stripped of right to property, the future of liberty among this people would brighten by one-third.

If one were to bend one's self to Trusts, one might better begin with that inquiry of Trust parentage suggested of Havemeyer, and study Protection. Protection, as a shout of politics, was first loudly heard far back in the twenties, when Jackson and Adams and Clay and Crawford met in four-sided White House contention. The tariff imposed to pay the expense of the War of 1812 was found grateful by the manufacturers of that day; gluttons then as gluttons now. But in the twenties the debt was well towards being met; the tariff reason was departing. So the manufacturers, inventing the pretext of Protection, clamored, squealing—as ever swine for swill—for tariff continuation.

It was Calhoun who first said: "Free raw materials." This phrase he made while contending Democratically for a "tariff for revenue only," and the Protection incident thereunto. "Free raw materials" was a concession to manufacturers—a sort of sop to

Cerberus—and meant for their mollification. Since then, party readers, rather than party reasoners, have repeated it as a tenet of Democracy, and withal holy. Within our own time, Morrison—the first Democrat to head the Ways and Means following Civil War—accepted it. With Morrison, as with Calhoun, however, “Free raw materials” was a concession, not a principle.

As an after contingency of Civil War, as in the days to follow the last war with England, the American manufacturer basked in the sunshine of a tariff that bred riches in his favor like a growth of grass. And he couldn’t get it high enough, such was his money-gluttony to gorge his pockets. Thus, in our own eaten hour, Protection again became a war-shout of party. And as the Whigs of the earlier part of the century had it for their slogan, so also their Republican legatees, of the latter quarter, used it for theirs.

Protection is the name for that excess of tariff which the country does not need to pay its bills. And the Supreme Court long ago declared it illegal. The Supreme Court asserted that the nation’s taxing or tariff power could not legally be pushed beyond the limit of public need. This did not deter the Protectionists, who never yet balked of a desire because of its illicit sort. They waved the bloody shirt, aroused Northern terrors with the picture of a malcontent and scowling South, elected their Congresses, and did the hungry will of the manufacturers.

Our Republicans gave the manufacturers Protection. Also, for their own defense, they did another thing. They piled, and piled, and piled up public expense. This was to do away with the use of Protection as a phrase. It was, as a commandment of

Republicanism, alarming to the public, and, therefore, perilous to party. But the fact of Protection could not be surrendered, for the swinish voracity of manufacturers—who furnished the campaign funds of Republicanism—demanded it. The easy settlement was to increase public expense. Even a Democrat could not object to “a tariff for revenue only.” Therefore, pile up expense; and thereby pile up the want of revenue to a figure where the tariff built to meet it would cover the last call of the manufacturers, and still avoid the distinctive and dangerous title of Protection.

Within the decade Republican Congresses have done their most to inflate appropriations and waste the people’s money. And all for no reason, beyond the bare first fact of direct loot, ever agreeable to your true Protectionist in place, than to base thereon a tariff, which should add to the fortunes—blood-garnered and criminal in many instances—of that whole long muster of wolves who, for the past quarter of a century, have worn sheep’s clothing and marauded the fair flocks of common weal. A glance—hit or miss—at the expense history of this country will show what Protectionists have done. In Monroe’s time, the over-all expense of government was eight and one-half millions; in Jackson’s bold hour, thirteen millions; as late as Buchanan’s régime, the year before Lincoln came to the White House, it was under fifty-six millions. To-day, the annual expense of government is over nine hundred millions. “Tariff for revenue only!” is good enough. No one shall run the chance of shouting “Protection!” Meanwhile, the favored manufacturers fill their pockets with both hands. How have the Protectionists swelled



THE TAMMANY MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

the expense of government? In a thousand somber fashions. Direct fraud, pensions, contracts, place-making—the larcenous story would hardly have an end. Be assured of this: The nation, now costing more than nine hundred yearly millions, can run for one hundred millions; and be at that as much a world's force as in that thirteen-million-dollar day of the grand Jackson, when he ordered his fleets into the Mediterranean—the *Constitution* at the head of the column—and forced France to give up seven and one-half millions at the mouth of the gun.

Your sole “reason” of Protection is private rapacity; there was never the public argument for its invention. Protection said “infant industries!” An industry so unnatural to the soil that it requires a subsidy—in short, Protection—should be allowed to die. Because some harebrain would raise lemons in Vermont, must some highboard fence of tariff against the coming of lemons to these lands be built for his protection? And yet that is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument of “infant industries.” The Protectionists said we should continue—by Protection—to foster “home industries,” until we could fulfill our every want. There are one thousand necessities, from sardines to cinnamon, camel's hair to quinine, which we will never supply by any product of home, however hotbedded or hothoused of Protection. It was urged that Protection was a mantlet wherewith to make secure the American workman from arrowish “competition with pauper labor over-seas.” Its effect, direct, was to bring him into that penniless competition. Protection drove off foreign competition; it left less for the foreigner to do. The “foreign pauper workman”

thereupon took steerage passage for America. In two weeks he was "competing" with the American workman—this "foreign pauper workman" whose work had been lost, because his foreign employer lost, through Protection, the American market. They said Protection would promote the wage of the American workman. There are guilds which Protection can never reach. There are doctors, and blacksmiths, and lawyers, and farmers, and teachers, and carpenters, and preachers, and bricklayers, and a brigade of trades besides. No Protection, however craftily devised or honestly dealt forth, could touch pleasantly one of these. And yet of the twenty-eight millions of work-folk in America they make twenty-three and one-half millions. Only four and one-half millions toil for "protected industries." And by the same tariff thought of Protection cheat and swindle! the wages paid folk who work for "protected industries" are lower than those of unprotected and unprotectable trades. Witness the five-dollar a week wage of the Fall River mills; the eight-dollars a week, for five months in the year, at the coal holes; the fifty-five-dollar a month which the friendly Congressional Committee, headed by Oates, reported as the highest average wage paid by Carnegie, when the cut was made that called down the blood and murder of the Homestead strike. The collection of proofs to show a Protection mendacity might be lengthened indefinitely. No; Protection, based on lies, to enable the few to deplete the many, has been publicly a bloodsucker and privately a blight. It has made a huddle of millionaires and a horde of vagrants. It has also taught this civic truth: Never take your President from a manufacturing State.

Take him from the regions of agriculture; from the kingdom of farms.

And because sundry millionaires have made more millions, they call the country prosperous. Mere wealth in a country doesn't mean prosperity. It is the distribution of wealth. A community of one thousand souls, and each with fifty thousand dollars, would be an aggregate of fifty million dollars; and it would be a tale to tell of a people prosperous and well content. But a community of one thousand souls, where one had fifty million dollars, and nine hundred and ninety-nine not one dollar among them, would be a den where all the serpents of slavery, ignorance, misery, and degradation would coil and hiss and strike.

Protection has had but one beneficiary: the protected manufacturer. It took from others and it gave to him. Protection has had but one purpose: to beat down foreign competition and give to the protected manufacturer the American market, uncontested, as his own. Foreign manufacturers have been driven away. That's why our papers are each year able to chronicle an excess of exports over imports; and so witlessly gratulate themselves and us on the "prosperity" thus expressed.

It is at this mile-post that the rede of Havemeyer is overtaken. "Protection is the mother of Trusts!" The latter had logical suggestion from the first. Protection struck down competition from abroad. Trusts would strike down competition at home. Add Trusts to Protection—or, with expenses fraud-bloated and dropsied of much crime, a "tariff for revenue only"—and competition completely disappears. Also, with Trusts, much of the cost of production fades away.

Salesmen are sent adrift, work-folk laid off, mills shut down, production pinched to the market minimum. Your transcendent Trust works both ways. It hires fewer men, and so cuts down expense. It kills off competition, and leaves an open path to higher price. Trusts put down the cost price and put up the selling price; swell the intake while restricting the outgo.

There is a law called the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. By its sure terms every Trust is outlaw—a wolf's-head; and that, despite the paid-for word of a Trustbred Attorney General, who, with a Trust conscience, holds a Trust commission as a Cabinetee. The Trusts are felons by word of law. Republicanism insists that they are the people's friends. The Trusts condemn working-folk to idleness and low wage. Republicanism declares them to be beneficent. The Trusts, having silenced competition among their members, and protected by a breakwater tariff against European competition, have, in one year, while cutting down expenses, boosted prices from fifty to one hundred and fifty per cent. And, as usual, a doltish public pays the penalty. And, equally as usual—for such is its benign notion of the beautiful—Republicanism declares that Trusts are heaven-sent blessings from Above. Such is the Trust-owned Republicanism of to-day. It isn't the Republicanism of Lincoln's honored time. Lincoln's Republicanism made for the slave freedom. Present Republicanism pays twenty millions of dollars for a realm where slavery flourishes, and approves that bondage by direct and patronizing recognition. Lincoln's Republicanism spoke from his seat in the House against an American throne. Present Republicanism has its

satrap in the Orient and keeps a Sultan on its salary list.

There one has a weak and half-told story of the Trusts. They are veriest vines of rapacity clambering on the people's needs. This is the age of a saurian business—the age of the mammoth frog and giant lizard of commerce—the age of an ophidian trade. But the flood comes! The glaciers make themselves prepared! In the raving madness of this money-rush, honor, conscience, justice, wisdom, all are trodden underfoot. Men go on and on: they gather one million! five millions! ten millions! fifty millions! one hundred millions! two hundred millions! aye! three hundred millions! and still they press crazily forward! There is no frontier to their voracity, no limit to their senseless heat for gold. They have gone beyond lines of necessity, of comfort, of luxury, and pushed into regions where dwell only Anxiety and Danger, and where no good thing ever walks. Verily! there is an insanity of avarice that takes without want and seizes beyond power to enjoy! It is insanity—as much as that which yells in any padded cell to-night. And the public question becomes: Are we to let these maniacs of millions desolate a nation and lay waste the last prospect of popular right?

Look where one will, one's eyes rest on a Trust. Flour, coal, beef, leather, oil, milk, iron, steel, sugar—there isn't an item, except a stunted few directly farm-born, that isn't dominated of a Trust. Competition is dead—Trust-slain. The buyer is thrall to the seller. The consumer's last shilling is subject to Trust whistle and must come at Trust call. Nor has the end been reached. There is yet to be a little and still a little

more of Trust preparation. Then will these corps of a lupine Money move upon the people. There will be three of these armies of darkness: There will be the Money Trust direct; a combination of the Banks. This is to be the guardian of the country, and rule at once its currency and credit. There will be the Manufacturing Trust, including the coal holes. Last, and yet not vilely least, there will be the Transportation Trust; and the railroads will act as one. These legions of greed have but one purpose—to devour the people. They will agree among themselves; certainly they connive such ignoble harmony. The public is to be stripped of every groat—of its last robe. Then the spoilers—the Bank Trust, the Railroad Trust, and the Manufacturing Trust—will cast lots among themselves in division of the garments.

One is fain to yawn disgustedly as one gazes down the coming public years. And, betimes, one longs for that simple hour of the fathers, when every man could say a prayer and shoot a gun—and did. Does it come to you who read, that, save in Civil War, never until 1877 at Pittsburg, was the soldier brought to fix bayonet against the citizen? For one hundred years, except in the Whisky Insurrection of a day of Washington, when no blood flowed and the question of labor had no part, nothing of that deadly sort was called for to maintain American folk in civic order. Those hundred years were free of any foulness of a Republican Protection. Is it coincidence? or is it cause and effect? For a century no Federal bayonet nor bullet was demanded in the fortunes of manufacturing. For the last quarter of a century—an age of Protection to find its criminal climax in the Trust—

the Federal soldiery have had constant calling out to police strikes and put down riots. And, by the casual way, does it occur to you that folk don't strike for fun? and that a riot has a reason? Bad, truly! but still a reason; and one not possible of bayonet removal. A score of times since 1877 the Federal troops have been summoned to a campaign against labor. And whatever timidity, or vacuity, or servility may say or think, those bayonets were each time prying and digging at the corner stone of freedom.

What is to happen? During two years, Trusts formed and—stock and bonds—created six billion dollars of new credit. Over sixty per cent. of the amount was water—a falsity! a hope! a hunger! a trap! In the same two years only one hundred and thirty million dollars, new money, were added to the circulation. And these proportions of Trust and currency construction are still observed. What should be the story? What is credit? It's a wolf—a mouth that howls for money. The banks are gorged with Trust securities. They wait for money—for lenders and buyers. For every dollar that exists there are twenty demands. The Trust-mongers want to sell, at least, the water in those six billions. Then let the storm break how and when it will. And so they crowd and jostle and struggle for customers for those Trust “securities”! It is all the banks may do to preserve order in this hungry herd and stave off slaughter.

Folk talk of Prosperity. Man! it's the Prosperity of drunkenness! the Prosperity that speculates but doesn't earn—that forays but doesn't work! Trust “securities” to the siren song of billions have been new-hatched. They are hunting money. And of those

billions of "securities," more than one-half reposes on nothing but appetite and fraud. To lure customers for these "securities" the Trusts put up prices of commodities. They must show a dividend on those billions' worth of "securities." Then they may find buyers—hoodwink fools into parting with their money for those false "securities." Your Trusts are rigged to rob in all directions. They pillage the consumer with higher prices, and delude investors with unbased, watered "securities." It is a brave game, this Trust game! It is the swindling offspring of the swindle, Protection. Both do credit to the party which created them—a party which has not drawn one breath of patriotism since the days of Grant.

Boldly, your lesson of the Trust is the thought commercial. And as apparent as a lemon-squeezer! And as crushingly effectual! Wages are cut, employment is cut, and men are made idle. The idle men compete with those at work, and wages are thereby pared still more. Competition being dead, the consumer is searched and re-searched for his final dime. It's a flourishing system; albeit, pushed to its last expression, the system that kills the goose that lays the golden egg! But the Banks may be expected to attend to that. They will supervise the intemperance of the other Trusts, and interpose to sustain the goose with just enough of life to "lay."

Since Chaos wedded Nyx, and the hideous slumbers of Disorder and Darkness dwelt together in their ebon bed, posterity has lain under no such danger as to-day's. Money—the Trust—drags down the hours as wolves drag down the deer. Money should beware. Money should take exceeding heed lest it dig a pit for its

own feet. It deals with the Anglo-Dane. No feeble race is this; though of that hard and sullen patience slow to be commoved. Revolution is the lesson of this race. It has crushed thrones beneath the heel of its hates; kings have not waited to look it between the eyes in the hour of its anger. I write as one of most indifference. The world is my tent, and where ink and paper find each other there shall I live.

There will be those to cavil for that I print of Richard Croker while he lives. Of such I ask, is a man the better subject for being dead? Or rather, is he no subject until the clods have covered him? We should all be sextons on such terms. I write of Richard Croker as he was and is; his epicedium is yet to be chaunted. As I look backward on what I have told in this book, I am content. I have spoken some decent truths of him most lied upon of his place and day. And I have admitted well of the "machine" for reason readily declared. Were a theory of politics, to include the "machine," presented for my sanction, I would say "no"; just as I would turn a negative on a theory of social existence which included the rum shop and the brothel. But the trail of my experience has not been traveled in vain; I have not now to learn that difference between the theoretical and the practical which all who live this life of ours must account for and accommodate. In theory I might not applaud the "machine." For a precise and kindred reason of theory I would not indorse an army. In the abstract I might see faults in what, by Richard Croker, is done and left undone. But theories and abstractions fall before the practical. Richard Croker deals with conditions and with men as they are. The town is not

his handiwork; the "machine" is not his child. The error of all errors is the dark error of defeat. Richard Croker will not disavow the practical to follow a theory to destruction. He receives, of necessity, a situation of politics ready-made; and he does his best with it. And I say again he is a worthiest influence of his town and time. I have put down the truth of him. Also, I have had, on subjects, various and several, the unpent pleasure of saying what I thought and why I thought it.

THE END.

